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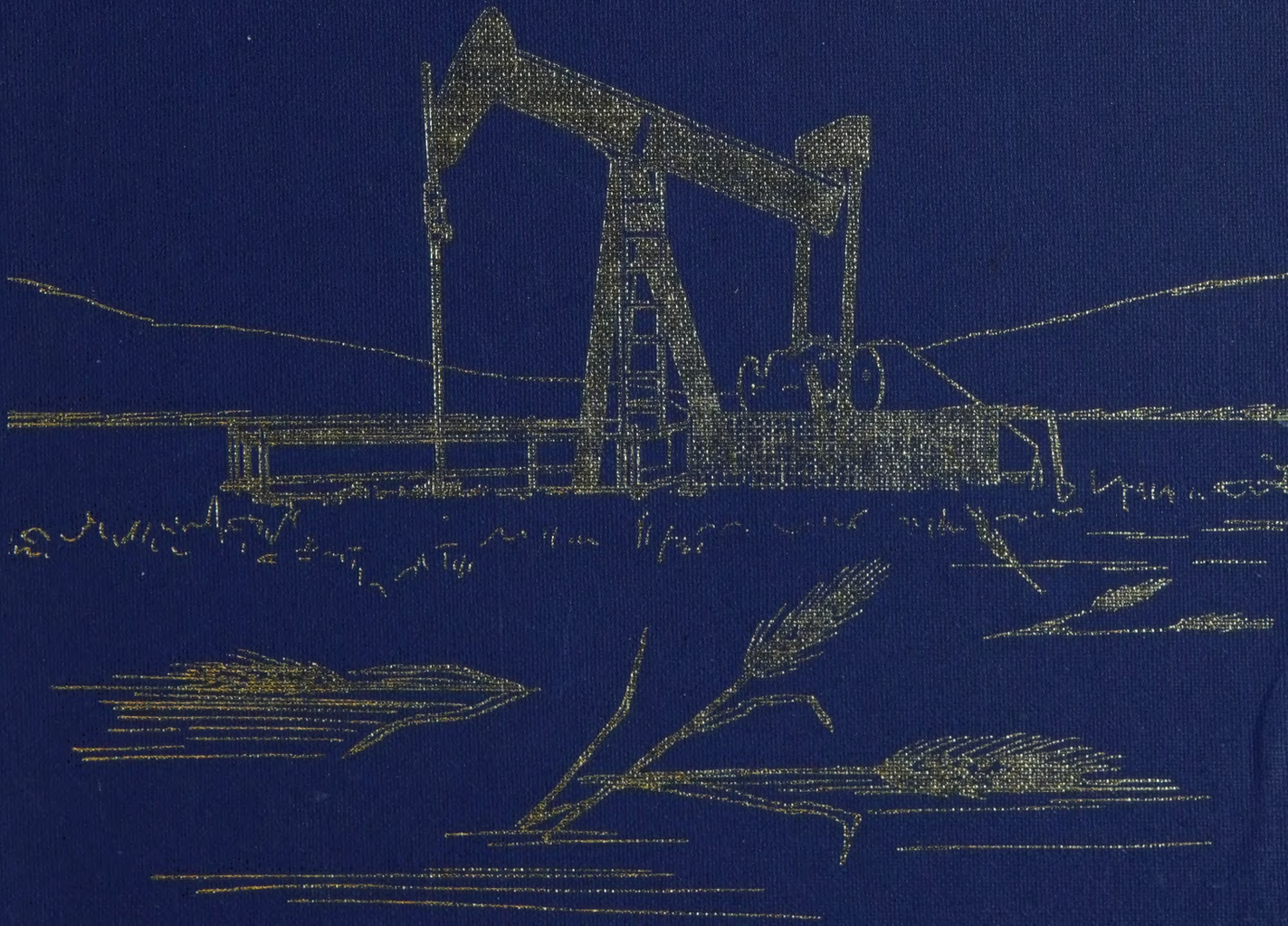

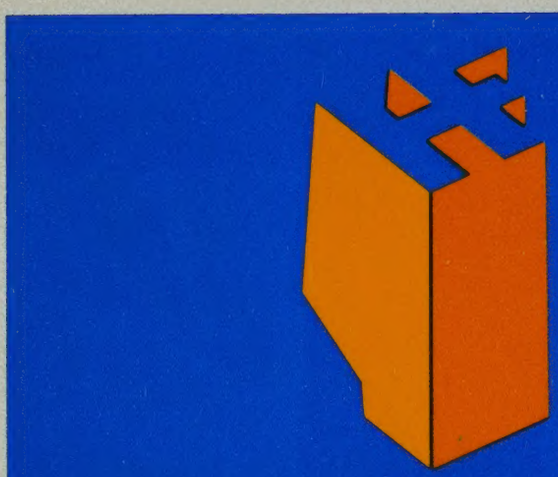

Heritage Fund

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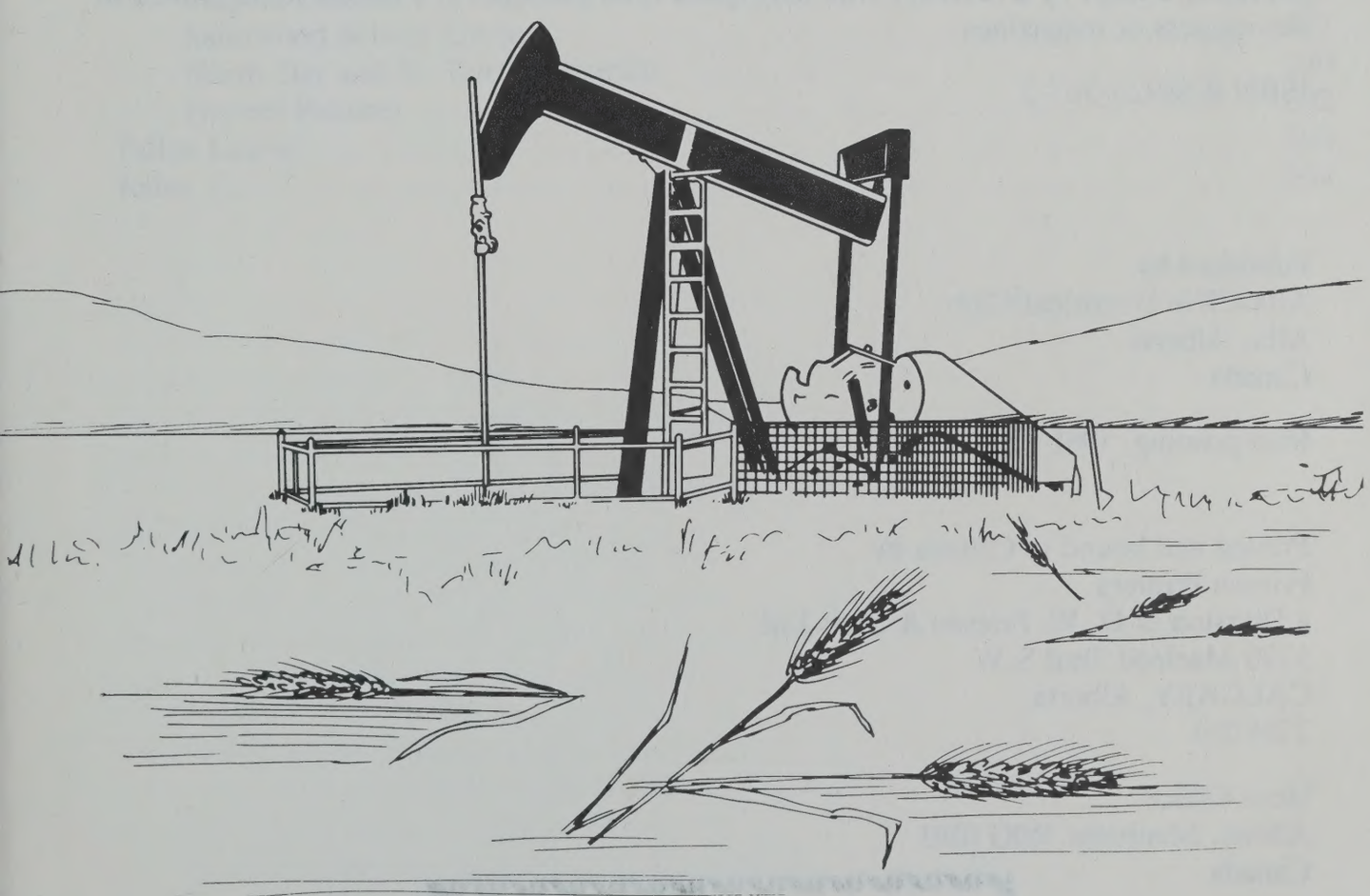

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An Appreciation

Once again we are indebted to the New Horizons Program and to the Alberta Cultural Activities for financial assistance without which we would have had great difficulty in printing this book. Our thanks to all those who have contributed the articles and photographs which have gone into the making of this book, and to Alice Whitfield for the cover design.

Dedication

As with "Pioneers and Progress", our second book "Gleanings After Pioneers and Progress" is dedicated to the memory of those who first broke the land and made the history we are attempting to record.

Our Committee

President: Wm. Pethybridge
Vice-President and Editor: Beatrice Parlby
Secretary: Marjorie Ludvigsson
Treasurer: Dave McDermand
Assistant Editor: Alice Nielsen
Researchers: Eileen Danser, Howard and Iona Thomas, Alice Whitfield

Foreword

When "Pioneers and Progress", a history of the Alix-Clive area was first completed, we breathed a sigh of relief, happy that our dream had been fulfilled. But it was not long before our attention was being drawn to people not mentioned and stories not included. Our second book, "Gleanings after Pioneers and Progress", is an attempt to fill in at least some of these omissions. We are all familiar with the Bible story of Ruth who went out into the fields to pick up the gleanings left by the reapers harvesting the crop. The word "Gleanings", first mentioned by Alice Nielsen, seemed so appropriate that we chose it for our title.

Our thanks to all who have contributed material to round out a more complete history of our past. No reaper can hope that every head of grain will be gleaned. It is with regret we know some will still be missed.

In the Bible, Leviticus 19:9,10, the Israelites were given this command: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of the harvest . . . thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger." Perhaps we should be happy that some heads of golden grain are still left to be picked up by other gleaners, hungry for history, who will follow us. Meanwhile, what we have enjoyed collecting we hope you will enjoy reading.

Beatrice G. Parlby, Editor

About Photographs — Many of those included in "Gleanings" are of people and events whose stories have already appeared in "Pioneers and Progress".

ALIX

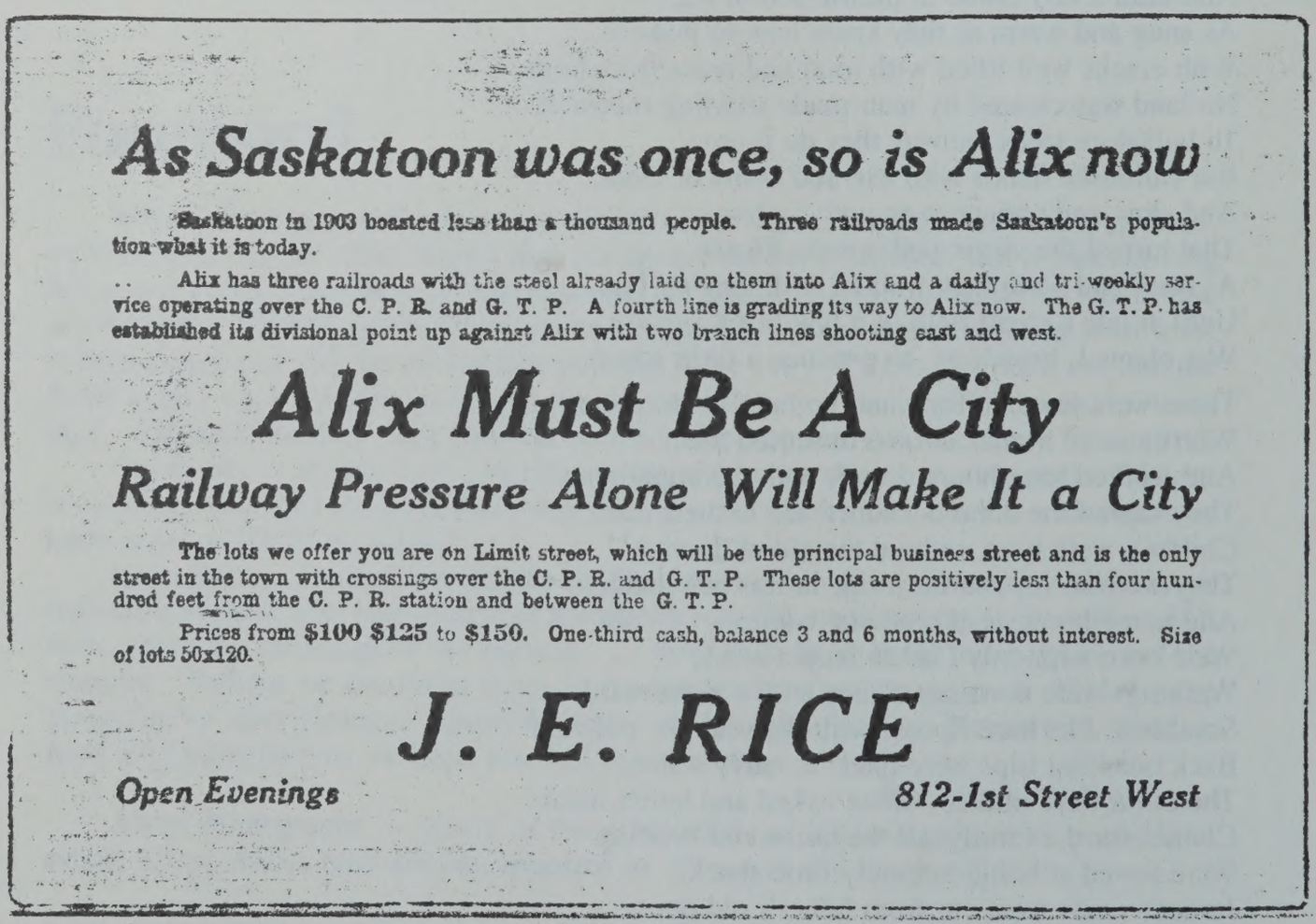
The Pioneers — by Ella Jane Jewell
(from "Gems" — by permission)

They came with little wealth to take up homesteads,
But with determination to find a home, and to make good.
To own a quarter section was their day dream,
They sought a place to grow their family's food.
They came by covered wagon, or by railway,
And drove for days to find a likely looking place.
There were no roads, no signposts, by the wayside,
Of buffalo path perhaps a tiny trace.
It took them days to find the place they looked for,
They slept in wagons or under stars at night,
And ate meals cooked at little campfires,
Then travelled onward with a dream in sight.
Until at last each found what he was seeking,
And built a tiny home of prairie sod or logs
As snug and warm as they knew how to make it,
With cracks well filled with mud and moss from bogs.
No land was cleared by man-made snorting monsters
To bull-doze trees the way they do it now,
But calloused hands with axe and hours of labor,
And slow and patient oxen with a plow
That turned the virgin soil, single furrow,
As back and forth they walked with lagging feet
Until at last a small field of a few black acres
Was planted, broadcast, to produce a little wheat.

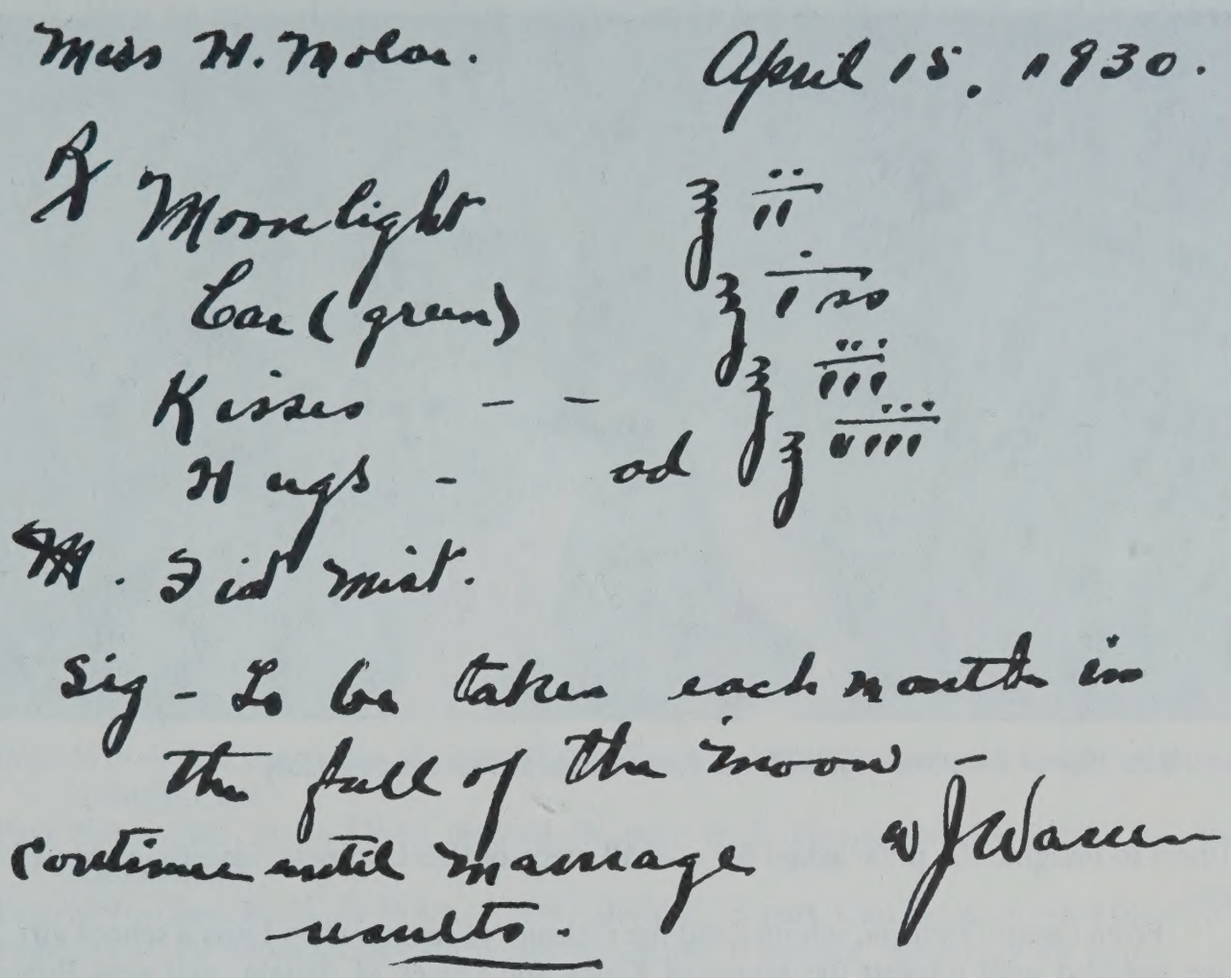
There were few comforts and no luxuries for women
Who came to homes in land unsettled then,
And worked long hours, happy and uncomplaining.
They shared the dreams and trusted in their men.
Children were born without the aid of doctors,
They were so few, so far away, in this new land,
And many homestead mothers' babies
Were born with only Dad to lend a hand.
Washings were done in tin tubs with a washboard,
Scrubbed, like bare floors, with lye soap the only aid.
Back breaking trips were made to carry water,
The cows were milked, bread baked and butter made.
Clothes for the family, all the quilts and bedding
Were sewed at home in lonely little shacks.
Junior's pants were cut from father's old ones,
And sheets and pillow cases made from flour sacks.

As mothers worked, they patiently taught the children
To read and count. No one should be an untaught fool.
And then at last the great day finally happened
When every district had a little one-roomed school.

I remember many teachers in our district,
Some young, still in their teens, but very good,
Able to teach all grades and handle all the problems
From cleaning schools to chopping kindling wood.
We sometimes cried when the year's term was ended
If "Teacher" wasn't coming back that fall.
Most of them came from some far eastern province
To unknown hardships, and we loved them all.
Sometimes a minister on horse came to the districts.
They preached in schools, christened, buried, sympathized,
And, like the teachers, learned to live with the hardships
So homestead kids could grow up civilized.
The pioneers are gone now, they rest from weary labor;
The country school bell's silent, in its yard no childish laughter,
But they who started this and every district
Have given all they had to us who follow after.
No child today will ever know the hardships
First settlers faced, the loneliness, the fears;
And I am proud I was born on a homestead,
I was the daughter of two early pioneers.


As Saskatoon was once, so is Alix now
Saskatoon in 1903 boasted less than a thousand people. Three railroads made Saskatoon's population what it is today.
Alix has three railroads with the steel already laid on them into Alix and a daily and tri-weekly service operating over the C. P. R. and G. T. P. A fourth line is grading its way to Alix now. The G. T. P. has established its divisional point up against Alix with two branch lines shooting east and west.
Alix Must Be A City
Railway Pressure Alone Will Make It a City
The lots we offer you are on Limit street, which will be the principal business street and is the only street in the town with crossings over the C. P. R. and G. T. P. These lots are positively less than four hundred feet from the C. P. R. station and between the G. T. P.
Prices from $100 $125 to $150. One-third cash, balance 3 and 6 months, without interest. Size of lots 50x120.
J. E. RICE
Open Evenings
812-1st Street West

Advertisement in an Edmonton Journal, about 1906.


Miss H. Moller. April 15. 1930.
℞ Moonlight
Car (green)
Kisses — —
Hugs — ad
℔. 3 ict mist.
Sig - To be taken each month in the full of the moon -
Continue until marriage results.
W J Warren

This prescription was given to Hilma Moller, later Mrs. Ray, as a joke by Dr. William (Bill) Warren. The ingredients sound attractive.

Nearing a Century — by Hester Rice, as told to Molly Nielsen

In November of 1971 I enjoyed a visit from Alice Nielsen and Bea Parlby. They came with a tape recorder to see what I could contribute to information on the early history of the Clive and Haynes Districts, in which I was fortunate to have lived.

Now, nearing my Century Birthday, I reflect on the great changes that have taken place in my life. How crossing the Atlantic in a cattle boat, and fearing storms and icebergs, was a frightening ordeal for two or three weeks. Now my son and his family and other relatives are air-borne in luxury, and are transported to my door in a comfortable car from the airport.

As a girl our transportation was the donkey or horse, pulling a two-wheeled cart, or the Irish jaunting cart. In Alberta I have seen oxen, driven from a stone boat. We had many a ride in the old lumber wagons over side hills, mud holes, and sometimes sloughs and creeks; bumpity bump we went. What a luxury when we got a democrat or buggy. That was smoother. Now we travel in cars on well-kept pavement and gravelled roads.

At one time we would see children trudging to and from school on foot, and on ponies; now we see the school buses loaded with children passing by. We have gone from our little country schools to big consolidated ones.

We have seen threshing done by flail, stack threshing by steam engines and separators, stook threshing done by gasoline tractors and separators, down through the years to the big monsters of combines we now see in the harvest fields.

In lighting we have come from the old smoky tallow candles to the coal oil lamps of many kinds, and the lanterns that cast long shadows on a winter night; eventually to the wonder of electricity. Just press a button and, of course, pay the bills.

On hot summer days in June men used to perspire, making a narrow grade across a small slough or deep mud hole with a slip scraper pulled by mules or horses. They would shovel by hand too. Compare that to the huge and plentiful road equipment we have now, and we realize that Alberta has come a long way since the time it was part of the North-West Territories.

We remember the wide open range without a fence for miles. It is hard for us Old-

Mrs. Hester Rice on Christmas Day, 1978, with her son, Bob, and her daughter, Molly.

Timers to imagine the price asked for a small piece of that land now, seventy-eight years later.

From Queen Victoria, whom I had the pleasure of seeing when I was a school girl, I have watched with interest the reigns of Kings and Queen of Britain, and now Prince Charles and Princess Diana are in the limelight in Merry England.

I have lost two of my sons. Bill passed away February 15, 1972, and Bob on April 12, 1980. They weren't well in their later years, and I am glad they don't have to endure pain and discomfort any more. They were very good to me, and are sadly missed.

I have four children living: Molly Nielsen of Alix, James Edward Rice of Cork, Ireland, Hettie Bugg of Bentley, Alberta, and John Busteed Rice of Armstrong, B.C. My son, Jim, and his wife paid me a nice long visit in 1968. In 1978 Jim and his daughter, Hester Dennehy, visited Alberta and B.C. Hester was named after myself, and I was delighted to get to know her and to visit with Jim again. I see the rest of my children oftener, but they are nearer. Jim and Hester visited us again this spring.

I have two grandchildren in Ireland, eight in Alberta and B.C., and three foster grandchildren in B.C. I have six great-grandchildren in Ireland and fifteen in B.C. and Alberta.

How fortunate I was to be able to stay in my own home until I was ninety-six years old. It was a lovely peaceful setting. The wrens returned every year on May 20, so I knew when to welcome them. On a few occasions a beautiful buck deer with long antlers used to stand outside my bedroom window, and he stayed in the grove until hunting season was over. The pheasants did the same, and they were gorgeous. Squirrels would chatter in the spruce trees that my husband and I had planted by hand. In the slough in view of the house ducks and beaver would swim around, and we could see the beaver's house. My family and friends used to go to watch them in the evening. The little ones were curious and fearless, they would come quite near. The frantic mother beaver would pound the water with her tail, to no avail. The youngsters sat, as if to say, "Mothers!!!", and "who's afraid of the big bad humans?"

Often in winter people skated on the slough.

In late May the many apple trees burst into bloom, and mingled their scent with that of the lilacs. It was a foretaste of Heaven.

My mail box kept me from being lonesome. How I looked forward to mail days. I wrote many letters. Some of the letters will be around after I am gone. People have told me they have kept some and re-read them. I kept writing until a few years ago when my eyes failed.

When my birthday came around it was great. Friends would keep calling for about a

week. How we enjoyed those little tea parties, and when the friends said good-bye I'd not see some of them for another year or more.

Christmas seasons were busy, but how we all looked forward to them, with the calling of friends, cards and letters (from Home) or Ireland. Cold or warm, my little house would bulge on Christmas Day with my children, and their families, and a few friends. Christmas at Grandma's and Grandpa's were very fond memories.

I hope to be well enough on July 15, 1981 to enjoy my Hundredth Birthday, to see all my family and friends.

Corrections to "Pioneers and Progress"

Some readers of "Pioneers and Progress" have drawn the Editor's attention to a few errors or omissions occurring therein, which are shown hereunder.

Page 35 — September 22, 1967 (not 1969) was the date on which Miss Mary Sanderson was honoured on her retirement.

Page 46 — Elevator Agents

Alberta Pacific Agents: Add Ken Lynn after Oscar Sabasch.

Alberta Wheat Pool Agents: Add Bert McAllister after Tom Cunningham.

Page 67 — Add Herbie Ekvall to the Honour Roll of Alix and District Volunteers, World War II.

Page 570 — Add the names of Grace (Curr) Trout and David Curr to the family of Robert Donald Curr.

Page 658 — Sec. 30 — SW¼, divided, W. part, H. E. Gessleman (100 acres), (not Inez Gessleman).

Page 659 — Sec. 36-39-24-W4th — NW¼ divided, E. part. Curt Peterson is not the owner.

Page 789 — Dr. Montgomery story, last paragraph. It was not "several of the pupils", but "several of the young men of the district who had helped to build the log church".

Page not identified — Harry Patrick taught at the South Buffalo Lake School between 1930-1934 (not Ripley School).

L SH

Page 865 — Dave McDermand's brand should be: MO

There are also some errors in the Index.

Allen, George should be 282
Beck, Robert and Jen (not Jan) 721
Beck, Robert Thomas 289
Becker, Lewis (not Louis) 101
Cleef, Jack (not John) 108
Cook, Bruce ..... 125 and 521
Cook, Lyle 726
Cook, R. B. ..... No story
Cosentino, August 224
Gray, William B. (not Billy) 728
Grose, Wilmer 307
Handley, Gordon 308
Law, Cecil 333
McLeod, Roderick John 631
McLeod, Roderick William 341
Neilson, Richard (not Nielsen) 352
Norris, Emery (Pete) 352
Sims, John and Oscar and **Joseph** .. 151
Tucker, Archie ..... No story
Turner, Alf, Henry and Steve 219
Wilton, Talmage (not Thomas) 165
Alix and District Agricultural Society (not Alix Agricultural & Athletic Assn.) 52
Alix Board of Trade and Agriculture (to be added) 39
Early Boy Scouts (not Alix Boy Scouts) 79
Add Alix Girls' Club 85
Clive A.G.T. Directory .... 268 and 385
Clive Telephone Service 268

There are as well many names in the Index listed as having stories on Pages 508, 550, 654, 659, or 684, which are not to be found on the page specified.

However, a careful perusal of the stories that do begin on the pages thus numbered will reveal, somewhere in the account, the name being sought.

Page 262 — "Unknown" in picture is Lena Fix.

Page 371 — The James Thomas Story. "old 49 Chev." should be "Model 490 Chev."

Page 598 — Sargent School 1937. "Unknown" on Norman Seeger's right is Gwen Jeglum.

Page 312 — Extreme back row is Harold Thomas.

Page 597 — Centre photo, George Reid is between B. Abbot and B. Cunningham.

Page 643 — "Unknown" is Shorty Matthews.
Page 342 — Celia is between Ella and Kate.
Page 598 — Top photo, Third row: Gwen Jeglum, Norman Seeger, Barbara Barry.

Pioneers to Progress in Agriculture — by Ellen Mueller (nee Nielsen)

The rural scene of today is vastly different from a few decades ago. Farming was a way of life, but as time goes on farming practices gravitated towards being a way of earning a living, and has become a straight financial business operation. It is still true that basically we need to have the love of the land to be interested in agriculture.

A quarter section of land, with the farm family milking a few cows, feeding a number of hogs and chickens for their own use, and selling agricultural products was the economic unit which began the field of Agriculture. It was home and livelihood for a majority of Central Alberta farmers. Farming then was a total co-operative effort by all family members, and continues to be even in our modern mechanical world of Agriculture. We have strong feelings for the old farm where most of us were born and lived all our lives. One of the main attractions of the old farm was the variety. You never had the same job three days hand running. In a brief description of the winter season we would cut wood, haul coal and water, and there were all the animals to care for, and clean out the barns when you could. You would visit your neighbors and attend social functions in the local one-roomed school house. Spring would find farm families get a bit itchy to tramp around and wonder how soon you could be on the land. We started to clean grain, order garden seeds, and raise baby chicks. Men were awake around the clock delivering baby pigs and calves with rough masculine hands, but with great tenderness and thorough care. Many a farm kitchen would see a weak baby calf or pig or poultry as a new family addition until they were strong enough to join their mother in the animal kingdom. Of course it was a grand feeling, as it is now in 1980, to walk across the field and feel that the land is ready to start working on it.

We will remember the haying season as one of the heaviest and most frustrating jobs of the whole year. Whether you used a hay loader or pitched it by hand, or baled it, there is a lot of hard work involved in haying. It was a welcome sight to see the farm wife coming across the field with cool drinks and a bountiful lunch.

Pressure of using all available drying weather in the fall saw farm families within the community working together with big threshing gangs. All family members were busy in harvest time. Our mothers, with the assistance of neighbor women, prepared vast amounts of nutritious meals for often twenty to twenty-five people for days on end, and without the modern plumbing and appliances we have today. Women would sigh with relief when the crops were harvested. Now we have combines and we don't do nearly the exchange of work, but still a neighbour is always ready to take the time off to give his neighbour a hand if he needs assistance, and this way of life is very common to this day.

In retrospect, when we look back on the old farm, we would think that the most reliable part of it was the closeness of the people in the community, how they helped each other, how we made our own good times. From community ball games to sliding down hills on scoop shovels (when Dad would let us have them), to skating on a slough after hours of removing snow. It was the simple things that made our life so worthwhile, and those memories are still vivid and very precious.

The homesteaders were finding in time that the once adequate quarter section was no longer a viable unit for family living without outside subsidizing income. To manage a comfortable farm family unit it was necessary to expand the land holdings, increase livestock inventory, and enlarge the size of machinery. Thus came about the increased need of credit. The day was past whereby a farmer paid all his debts as he sold his agricultural products. A new financial program was realized to meet the needs of the progressive farm family. In the era of the half-section farmer, many second and third generation families expanded the original farmstead through the media of Farm Credit, Alberta Development Corporation, and other lending agencies.

Another scene was being unfolded as farm families recognized the need to specialize, in the fields of hog operations, dairy operations, poultry operations, feed-lot, and other expanded farming operations. This enabled farm families to make an economical unit on small land holdings. Often the new specialized program would support two families.

Through the times it has always been wise to have family farms involved in more than one commodity. Security was insured by being active in more than one income producing commodity, in case supply and demand of a product lowered the market value to a disastrous financial return. Often farmers were involved in grain growing along with another specialized agricultural operation.

In the 1970's, with many farm families specializing in different fields, we were aware that our economic position depended greatly on world wide export market programs, world wide pricing of import and export food products. We were no longer a true independent unit that merely had to look after ourselves. We were needed to feed our fellow man, as populations grew, as producing land was diminishing in Europe, Asia, Russia, U.S.A. and Canada. We were advised to increase food production. Thus new farm practices were developed, by continuous cropping, increased fertilization, enlarging beef, pork, poultry and dairy enterprises. Mr. Farmer had to wear another hat, and that was the Hat of a Business Person, the Hat of an intelligent and informed administrator. Mr. Farmer was responsible for a large farming unit, to keep the family farm a sound economical unit, to program plans that would see the farm benefit from the fine line between cost of production and profits. Farm wives were needed to keep extensive farm records, to be involved with educational Agriculture extension programs, to be active and informed in banking, accounting, law and estate planning. It is a comforting thought that all through the decades the family farm, even though threatened by large corporate farms to become extinct, is still active with all family members working towards common agricultural goals.

With increased land holdings, larger and more powerful machinery was necessary to adequately complete seeding, haying and harvesting. Also with specialized farming new methods of harvesting crops, such as silage programs, eased the haying chore for many farmers. It was eased in two ways. As Alberta's weather is very unpredictable, the silage program enabled farmers to cut, haul, and pack forage into pits or silos even on drizzly damp days. The silage equipment took away the hot and uncomfortable manual labor. General livestock producers found silage highly accepted by cattle, nutritious, and gained tonnage per acre. Recently another new method has developed called a High Moisture Barley program, whereby cereal crops are combined in the soft dough stage, kernels are crushed in rollers and elevated into pits or silos. This new method is a great asset in completing harvest in early fall. The harvesting of forage and cereal crops by silage and high moisture barley operations increases quality and tonnage per acre, which assists in meeting the increased cost of seed, cultivation, pesticides, herbicides, fertilizer and harvesting. Perhaps more comforting to all family members is that we have a better chance of competing with the weather to complete harvest. Specialized livestock feeding operations continue to bring additional need for feed grain production. In 1979 Alberta farmers produced nearly 295 million bushels of barley, oats, and mixed grains. Grain producers in Alberta sow more oats and barley than those in any other Canadian province, over 6.5 million acres annually.

In 1980 in Alberta the trend is to larger, more economically sound, farming operations, brought about by consolidation of existing operations. It is interesting to note that in 1956 the average farm size was 579 acres. Today's average farm size is just under 870 acres. In many areas of Alberta and Central Alberta the farm sizes are above the average acres per farm. Many farm families operate 1,000 to 4,000 acres, with the assistance of large powerful machinery, technological trained labor, business trained personnel, lending agencies, advice and direction from the Extension Department of Agriculture, Accountants and Lawyers. Increased farm size has made the province's farmers more efficient in spite of the steady upward trend in farm input costs. Last year the total Alberta farm capital was estimated at $22.0 billion, with an average investment per farm of $366,600.

A major portion of the increased capital involved in agriculture continues in livestock production. We have the largest livestock population of Canada's western provinces, 50% of the cattle and calves, over 40% of the hogs, and nearly 55% of the sheep and lamb. We consume 220 pounds of meat per person annually, and most of our meat production is placed for other Canadian and export markets.

Agriculture in the 1980's will truly be needed by all man-kind living on Earth. Industrial expansions and urban sprawl are threatening to encroach on our prime producing

land. Land use policies are needed to protect the remaining agricultural land for the livelihood of future generations. Other countries are looking to Canada for their food and fiber needs as they have lost their prime land; what land they have left is treated with great protection.

People active in Agriculture have never been known to strike, work eight-hour days, or shrink from massive responsibilities. Agricultural families are dedicated people who care for their fellow-men. My husband, children and myself are proud to be farmers, and we feel we are needed and appreciated. Working with Mother Nature has been a great challenge and very fulfilling. Many people have had a share in the history of Agriculture in Alix, Lacombe, Stettler, Clive, Tees, Haynes, Joffre, etc. It has been a matter of progress step by step, sometimes slowly and frustrating, but always hopefully, with all concerned doing their share towards provision of that basic element of existence, FOOD.

Alix Agricultural Society — by Alice Nielsen

On April 11th, 1908 a group of fifty-five residents of the Alix area, business men, farmers, ranchers and clergymen, applied to the Minister of Agriculture of the Province of Alberta for the formation of an Agricultural Society under the Provisions of Agricultural Societies Ordinance, and on June 11th, 1908 the Ordinance was signed establishing the Alix Agricultural Society.

R. W. Sanderson was the first President, and W. L. (Bill) Pettit was the first Secretary-Treasurer. The first show was in 1909 in a building on Main Street, and the races were also run on Main Street. A picture of the fair grounds shows a rail fence, and I believe it to be the fence leading to the first bridge over the C.N.R. tracks, near the present coal tipple.

However their first big project was to buy fourteen acres of land west of Diamond Lake, known also as Alix Lake, for $564.00. In 1910 they built a large building and held the first Fair in it that year. Pictures show the beautiful building, and the beautiful displays of vegetables and other exibits.

The Fairs carried on with Mr. Robert Whitfield Sr. as Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural Society, and year after year the exhibits of livestock, poultry, hogs, cooking, handicrafts, gardening, etc. grew in size and quality. Farmers all pitched in to fill the classes with their entries, and the ladies did the same with their exhibits. Another building was later erected on the grounds, and sometimes dances were held in it.

The last big Fair was in 1940, when World War II was in progress. After that the buildings were closed, and the Central Alberta Dairy Pool creamery in Alix used them for storing crates, boxes, or whatever. In 1956 they were sold by the Alix Athletic and Agricultural Association, torn down, and the materials used for rebuilding in other locations.

Alix Fair, 1921.

LAND TITLES ACT, Sec. 57.—The land mentioned in any certificate of title granted under this Act shall by implication and without any special mention therein, unless the contrary is expressly declared, be subject to—
(a) Any subsisting reservations or exceptions contained in the original grant of the land from the Crown;
(b) All unpaid taxes, including irrigation or drainage district rates;
(c) Any public highway or right-of-way or other public easement, howsoever created upon, over or in respect of the land;
(d) Any subsisting lease or agreement for a lease for a period not exceeding three years, where there is actual occupation of the land under the same;
(e) Any decrees, orders or executions against or affecting the interest of the owner of the land which have been registered and maintained in force against the owner;
(f) Any right of expropriation which may by statute or ordinance be vested in any person, body corporate, or His Majesty;
(g) Any right-of-way or other easement granted or acquired under the provisions of any Act or law in force in the Province.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

Issued on instrument registered at _____ o'clock
_____ m. on the _____ day of _____
A.D. 19 ____
Number _____ Book _____ Folio _____
_____
Registrar N.A.L.R.D.

Duplicate Certificate of Title.

North Alberta Land Registration District.

Assce. Fund Value $564.00 Unearned Inc. Value $564.00 Refer Cert. No. 2.H.8

This is to Certify that The alix Agricultural Society

is now the owner of an estate in fee simple
of and in All that portion of the North East quarter of Section Thirty Three (33) Township Thirty Nine (39) Range Twenty Three (23) West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta Dominion of Canada. described as follows:- Commencing at the intersection of the Southerly Boundary of Railway avenue, of record in the Land Titles office for this Land Registration District as Plan 2885. A. H. with the North Boundary of the said quarter Section; Thence South Fifty Two (52) Degrees and Twenty Minutes (20) East and following the said Southerly Boundary of Railway avenue Five Hundred and Eighty Eight and Seven Tenths (588.7) Feet to its intersection with the Westerly Boundary of Barnard Street as shown on said Plan:- Thence South Thirty Seven (37) Degrees and Thirty One (31) Minutes West and following the said Westerly Boundary of Barnard Street Five Hundred (500) Feet to the Northerly Boundary of Alberta avenue:- Thence North Fifty Two (52) Degrees and Twenty Nine (29) Minutes West and following the said Northerly Boundary of Alberta Avenue One Hundred and Fifty (150) Feet:- Thence South Thirty Seven (37) Degrees and Thirty One (31) Minutes West Five Hundred and Eighty Six (586) Feet to the Northerly Boundary of Kraft avenue:- Thence North Fifty Two (52) Degrees and Twenty Nine (29) Minutes West and following the said Northerly Boundary of Kraft avenue and the same produced Five Hundred and Nine (509) Feet:- Thence North Thirty Seven (37) Degrees and Thirty One (31) Minutes West Five Hundred and Eighty Eight and Thirty Seven Hundredths (588.37/100) Feet to the North Boundary of the said quarter Section:- Thence East following the said North Boundary One Hundred and Twenty Six and Eighty Seven Hundredths (126.87/100) Feet to the point of Commencement. Containing Fourteen and One Tenth (14.1/10) acres more or less Reserving unto the Canadian Pacific Railway company all Coal and also reserving thereout all other mines and minerals

IMPORTANT NOTICE
It will be to the interest of every Owner and Mortgagee to furnish the Land Titles Office, Edmonton, with his full address (Post Office and Street number) or any change in address where Notices of dealings with this Title may be sent.

subject to the encumbrances, liens and interests notified by memorandum underwritten or endorsed hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal this Twenty Third day of July A.D. 1937

R. McLeod as Registrar
North Alberta Land Registration District.

P.O. Address Alix Alta

Duplicate Certificate of Title for Alix Agricultural Society's Fair Grounds.

Through the years the fair grounds were known as the Sports Grounds, and used for the 1955 show, the annual Sports Day activities, chuck wagon races, ball games, and the like, under the auspices of the Alix Athletic and Agricultural Association. Unofficially it became a gathering place for motor cycle groups. The Light Horse Association established a gymkhana area in one corner of the grounds; the Alix Ball Association improved a ball diamond for their use.

Then in 1976 it was made known that the Alix Agricultural Society would have to re-organize or the land would be annexed by the Village of Alix. The 1976 value of the land was estimated at $1,000.00 per acre. A meeting was held in the Alix Community Hall on Dec. 8th, 1976 with Mayor H. Ambury in the Chair. The Executive elected at the meeting were: President William Barritt; 1st Vice-President Mrs. Judy Brown; 2nd Vice-President

Mrs. Bea Parlby; Secretary-Treasurer John Ditto. Fifteen Directors were appointed. Of these only Jim Hazlett, Glen Barritt, Tom Knight, Sid Herbert, Maurice Biette, and Ken Smith remain in the organization.

In connection with the 1978 Civic Holiday Fair Day there was a tractor pull at the Fair Grounds with the Agricultural Society in charge. The tractor pull expenses were high, and little profit resulted. The tractor pull was repeated in 1979.

In late 1979 the Alix Chamber of Commerce requested the Alix Agricultural Society to assume responsibility for organizing the 1980 Alix Fair Day, and the Homecoming to be held in connection with the 75th Anniversary of Alberta as a Province. The Executive then were: President Jim Hazlett; 1st Vice-President John Ditto; 2nd Vice-President Tom Knight; Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. Yvonne Serediak. The Directors were: Dave McDermand, R. E. Waddy, Glen Barritt, Ken Smith, Mrs. Alice Nielsen, Mrs. Milly Hazlett, Sid Herbert, Mrs. Bea Parlby, Dale Marshall and Jim Serediak. These were the people who did a tremendous amount of work, all volunteer, for the three-day program of events on August 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

Invitations were sent to 1300 former Alix and district residents in the Province of Alberta, and to 350 who now reside outside of Alberta. A building and kitchen equipment were purchased from the Free Methodist Camp and moved to the Fair Grounds. All labor was donated, so Provincial Government grants were available. The building was altered to serve as wash-rooms, office, and concession booth, where the huge cook-stove and stainless steel sinks, counters, and tables were put to good use. Connections were made with the Village lines for water and sewer services. A new race track and a new entrance to the grounds were fashioned. All the labor was donated by devoted members and friends, who worked long hours day after day.

The Society's finances were always a problem. There had been a drive to 'sell a square foot of the building for $10.00'; benches bought from the Free Methodist Camp were painted and re-sold; matching grants were available from the Anniversary Fund; so the work progressed.

Other local organizations took responsibility for parts of the Homecoming and Fair; i.e. the Rebekah Lodge for the Bench Show of handicrafts at the Rebekah Hall; the Horticultural Club for the Flower Show at the Community Hall; the Canadian Order of Foresters for the Pet Parade; the Canadian Legion for marshalling the Main Parade on August 22nd; the Light Horse Association for the Horse Show and Gymkhana; etc. The Agricultural Society organized the Art and Grain Shows at the Community Hall. The Alix Lions Club and the Village of Alix looked after the Wine and Cheese Party at the Alix Arena; the Agricultural Society sponsored the Barbecue and Dance at the Arena, and the events at the Fair Grounds. These events included a cattle show, horse races (chariot, pony express, and others), a mid-way, rides on Tommy Knight's horses, a miniature railroad, the afore-mentioned Gymkhana and Horse Show, ball games, and a demolition derby to create excitement, although the entry of more cars in the race would have added to the interest. Homecomers found in these events many opportunities to meet and greet old friends.

While 1128 suppers were served at the Alix Arena on Aug. 23rd, a great many of the Homecomers did not sign the official guest book, then or during the other events. Of those who did it was noted that addresses were given from as far away as Perth in Western Australia; Eauby in England; Winder in Georgia and Fort Worth in Texas, U.S.A.; Chatham, Peterborough and Windsor in Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba; Estevan, North Battleford and Saskatoon in Saskatchewan; eighteen points in British Columbia; and fifty-five points in Alberta.

Among activities not previously listed could be mentioned the Pancake breakfast on Saturday, the ecumenical church service on Sunday, and the Community Choir that entertained at the Wine and Cheese party on Friday. Another entertainment at the party was a parade of wedding gowns and wedding garments worn by residents of Alix during each decade of the present century.

Rain curtailed the final events of the last day, but on the whole the first big Fair in forty years was very successful. A profit of $4,850.21 was realized which, plus grants of $944.07, gave the Alix Agricultural Society a total of $5,794.28 to show for their efforts; a satisfying result of a project undertaken by thirteen members with a dream, and $38.00 in

the bank! A mighty vote of thanks is given the workers, and to the capable Secretary who held the reins.

Now with grants and money on hand the Society is contemplating acquiring a larger building. A building on the Fair Grounds should encourage younger members of our District to generate possibilities in the future. This day, December 9th, 1980, the same Executive is again putting its shoulder to the wheel, conducting a membership drive, and planning for the future.

ALIX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

1908 1908

Special Prize

1908 — Special Prize.

1927 — Second Prize.

35. Shares

SHARE CERTIFICATE

No. 32.

The ALIX AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY, Limited

NUMBERED FROM 510. TO 544. BOTH INCLUSIVE

CAPITAL, $2,500

2,500 SHARES OF $1.00 EACH

This is to Certify that R. F. Sanderson.

of Alix. in the Province of Alberta, is the registered owner of Thirty-five — fully paid Shares of the par value of One Dollar each in the Capital Stock of The Alix Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

In Testimony Whereof the duly authorized officers of the Company have hereunto subscribed their names and caused the corporate seal to be hereunto affixed at Alix, in the Province of Alberta, this 11th day of February A.D. 1910.

G. H. Darlow
SECRETARY

A. Manzer
CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS

N.B.—Transferable only on the books of the Company, in person or by attorney, on surrender of this certificate...

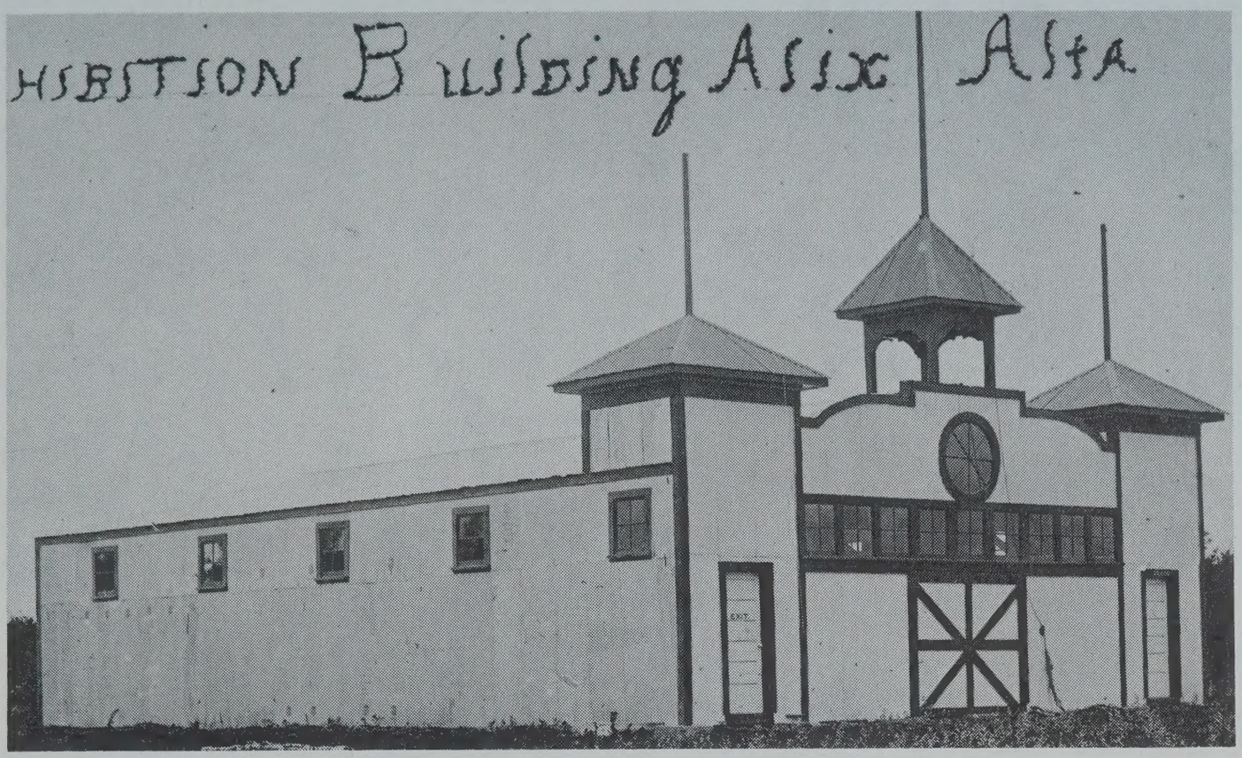
The Alix Free Press, Printers

Share Certificate, The Alix Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

Maypole Dance, Alix Sports Day.

Covered Wagon in Parade, Alix Sports Day, 1955.

Alix Agricultural Society



1909-1910 — Alix Agriculture Fair Building. Chas. Pinnell sent this card to his wife, Ida. He says, "I bought these cards off a little youngster in town. The poor little "Nipper" looked cold and wanted to sell out before going home."

1910 — Judging Ladies' Saddle Horses. Costumes not far behind England.

Main Street in Alix, 1908-09. "Was this when Main Street was used for a temporary Fair Grounds?"

Horticulture

Alix Horticultural Club, 1957. Mrs. P. Jamieson, Ann Schnepf, Mrs. W. D. Clarke, Maude Cunningham, Susan Parlby, Mrs. Edith Woodward, Mrs. Irene Parlby, B. Parlby, Dorothy Hayes, Myrle Primus, Olive Allan, Winnie Rodgers, Celia Mansbridge, Elizabeth Peterson, (seated) Vivian Jennings, Eileen Buckley.

Horticulture Club Judging Gardens. Dorothy Hayes, Celia Mansbridge, Min Thorp, Ann Schnepf. Early 1950's.

Alix Horticultural Club at Allan residence, 1957. Mrs. P. Jamieson, Celia Mansbridge, Peggy Purkis, Dorothy Hayes, Alice Nielsen, Elizabeth Peterson, Eileen Buckley, Olive Allan, Margaret Semple, Maude Cunningham, Alma Primus, Ann Schnepf.

Alix Sports Day, 1967. Mr. and Mrs. John Bonham, Johnny Hornett with Donna Jean.

I.O.D.E. Quilting Bee — Jamie Holsworth, Donna Jean Hornett, Edith Holsworth, Dorothy Hayes, Marion Baranyk, Eileen Buckley.

Agriculture-Horticulture Flower Show in the Arena. Drowned out from a leaky roof are: Kay Sutley, Dorothy Hayes, and Celia Mansbridge.

The Alix Buffalo Story, 1972, In Three Parts — by B. Parlby

Part I. An enterprising young stockman, Bill Howitt, bought a buffalo cow in calf at sale at Killam, Alberta, in February 1972. The buffalo was shipped to Alix and was safe in Bill's truck when he stopped at the curling rink to see how the games were going. Two or three young farmers from south of town were passing by, and the idea came to them, "What a good joke it would be to let the animal out of the truck!" No sooner said than done. Once free, the animal ran away and rapidly disappeared.

Part II. Time: 1:30 a.m. Scene: H. Parlby's home, four miles northwest of Alix.

Knock! Knock! Knock! on the door, The Parlbys, awakened, came down and opened the kitchen door to discover two young men.

First Young Man: "Please could we use your telephone to call a wrecker? We are stuck in your pasture. We were hunting a buffalo and got stuck in the snow when we tried to turn."

Parlbys, incredulously: "Buffalo?"

Second Young Man: "Honest, Mrs. Parlby, X is telling the truth. Bill Howitt lost a buffalo, and we're helping to hunt for it."

Just then the First Young Man returned from the phone with a serious face.

"Earl will come with the wrecker to help us. But the buffalo got onto the C.N.R. tracks and was killed by the train."

The boys walked out to meet the wrecker, and the Parlbys went back to bed.

Part III. Time: about 3:00 a.m. Scene: Joe Drushka's home.

Joe, engineer for the C.N.R., has recently come in from a late run, and is fast asleep in bed. "R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r" goes the telephone. Joe's wife, Nancy, wakes and answers it.

Nancy: "Joe has just got to bed after a late run. I don't like to waken him. Could he call in the morning?"

Voice "Wake him! This is the Superintendent speaking. I want to talk to Joe Drushka, himself."

Joe is aroused and comes to the phone. "Hello!"

Voice: "What is this I hear about your killing a buffalo, Drushka?"

Joe: "That's right. I ran into a buffalo between Alix and Mirror. I wasn't drunk, and IT WAS A BUFFALO!"

Joe finally convinced his superior and went back to bed. Later he said, "I should have said 'a cow'. Then they would have believed me."

Finale: The pranksters repaid Howitt the price of the buffalo cow ($600.00), and the incident became the community joke.

(Note: It is believed that this was the first buffalo to be killed on a C.N.R. line, the buffalo herds having disappeared from the territory long before the C.N.R. came into being.)

The Alix Creamery Fire — by M. L. Ludvigsson

The Alix Creamery of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool, which had been the main industry of the Alix area for over sixty years, was destroyed by fire early on Monday, February 16th, 1976.

It is believed that the fire started in the freezer room, raced up a wall to the ceiling and attic area, and spread to the roof. The roof was ablaze when the fire was discovered about 4:00 a.m., and the Alix Fire Department was called. The roof collapsed shortly afterwards, and the burning rubble ignited the whole building. Units from the Bashaw Fire Department and a water truck from Lacombe aided the Alix firemen in keeping the fire from spreading to neighboring buildings.

The fire was fed by the stocks of butter in the buildings, and for a time by the flow of natural gas through a ruptured line. The wrench had broken when an attempt was made to shut off the main valve in an outside man-hole, and another wrench was brought from Red Deer. The frozen ground had to be dug up to get at the valve. Firemen were also hampered by the limited amount of water in the reservoir, which had a capacity of 50,000 gallons. A new reservoir with a 300,000 gallon capacity has since been constructed.

A railway car-load of butter had recently been received, and much of it was consumed, but a great deal of butter melted and found its way through the floor drain to the sewer system, where it congealed. The lift station was soon plugged solid. Bill Robinson,

1976 — The remains of Alix C.A.D.P.

1976 — Back view, Creamery Fire.

town foreman, estimated that from twelve to fifteen tons of butter were dug out of the lift station with shovels and buckets, and trucked to the nuisance grounds. Tanker truck-loads of boiling water from the Chevron (Nevis) gas plant went down the man-holes in Alix to liquefy the butter solidifiied there, and to flush the lines. It was a good two weeks before the sewers serving the western section of Alix were back to normal, and the smell of burned butter pervaded the atmosphere for several days after the conflagration.

The cause of the fire was never learned. There had been about 350,000 pounds of butter in the buildings that week-end, and the loss of buildings, equipment, and stock was valued at a little over $1,000,000.00. Bill Homme, engineer, lost several pieces of his own metal-working machinery which he used in his work.

The Alix Creamery had served in many capacities during its sixty-odd years; grading eggs and poultry, and manufacturing buttermilk powder, as well as producing butter. Other stories in this book tell of people's involvement in these operations. At the time of the fire the Creamery was mainly used to print and wrap butter, butter that came by rail and truck in fifty-pound boxes from far and wide, even as far as Quebec and New Zealand. The wrapped butter was shipped to all the outlets of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

The Alix Creamery was not rebuilt. Gradually the rubble was cleared away, and the giant symetrical chimney stood as a land-mark for some months, until demolished in June 1976. The Creamery property, including one storage building that still stood, was acquired by the Village of Alix in August 1978 with the proviso that it be used only for community purposes, and not for commercial or industrial enterprises.

The Creamery had its own well and plumbing system, and long before running water was general in Alix, people would obtain hot water in cream cans from the Creamery for dish-washing at public functions, such as wedding banquets at the United Church basement, etc. The Alix arena and curling rink got the water for flooding their rinks from the Creamery across the street. The Creamery well is now incorporated into the Village of Alix's water system.

Work in the Alix Creamery provided the starting point of the careers of many local people. There were eighteen employees at the time of the fire, who were absorbed into the staff of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool's Red Deer operations. At this time, early 1981, Lief Olson, Dave Mose, Jake Schumacher, Bill Homme, Shirley Ray, and Bob Edmondson are still on staff, but Bill Homme and Shirley Ray are the only ones who still reside in Alix and commute daily to their work. Bob Edmondson was the Manager of the Alix Creamery in 1976; he is now Production Manager in Red Deer. He was also the Mayor of Alix in 1976, and his move to Red Deer required an election to fill the vacancy on Village Council.

Douglas Marshall, now General Manager of the C.A.D.P. at Red Deer, began a lifetime experience with that organization in 1936 by carrying bricks and mixing mortar for the construction of the Alix Creamery's big chimney at the pay of Twenty-five Cents per hour. He recalls that the bricks came by boxcar, probably from Medicine Hat, and the brick-layers were a Mr. McIntosh and Joe Wright from Red Deer.

The whole economy of the Village of Alix and the mental attitudes of its residents suffered severe shock when the Creamery disappeared. The Village's biggest tax-payer was no longer in business, the employees moved to Red Deer to be nearer their work.

In time adjustments were made. The Creamery property has been landscaped, and various ideas have been proposed for its use, such as a hospital, or a senior citizens' lodge, but these have not materialized as yet. The land sits there, waiting, to be as useful in the future as it was in the past, when its buildings provided cash and careers for hundreds of people during the Creamery's long life.

Early Memories of Alix — by Anthony Larsen

I lived in Alix from the time of my birth in 1919 until 1935. Although my memories of Alix before 1925 have faded, I still have a clear recollection of my last ten years there. It is this period, as seen through the eyes of a young person, about which I propose to write.

First, however, I should say something about my parents since my father, N. A. Larsen, was one of the town's leading businessmen in the 1930's, and Meadow Creamery, which he opened in 1916, was the fore-runner of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

Meadow Creamery in Alix around 1930.

My father was born in 1876 on a farm in Denmark. As a young man he was thoroughly trained as a dairyman. A keen desire to advance in his profession took him first to England, where he worked in, and managed, several small creameries, then in 1912 he came to Canada, where he worked in Calgary for a few years in a creamery owned by Pat Burns.

His ambition to own his own creamery led him on a search for a small town in Central Alberta without a creamery. I will always believe he settled in Alix because the rolling hills of the countryside reminded him of his childhood home.

My father built the Meadow Creamery in 1916 in partnership with Mr. C. Christiansen and Mr. L. Hoegh. He soon took over full ownership of the business and his partners moved on to other interests. Mr. Christiansen later became the first manager of the Northern Alberta Dairy Pool in Edmonton.

My mother, who was also Danish, worked for Pat Burns at his home in Calgary, and for a short time after my parents were married in 1918 she too helped with the business. When my father built the Creamery he partitioned off a few rooms for bachelor living quarters, and these became my parents' first and only home in Alix.

As the Creamery grew so did our interesting multilevel apartment, which had hardly a room that could be entered without first going up or down a few steps. Living in the Creamery did allow us the luxury of cold running water in the kitchen, but this was a dubious advantage because there were no drains. Since my father's only real interests were the business and his garden, the possibility of our moving into a house never entered his mind. We lived in the Creamery until 1935, when we moved to a farm near Cloverdale, B.C.

My father died in Vancouver in 1960, and my mother died there a few years later.

Many young Danes came to work in the Creamery in those early days. Some moved on after a season or two, others stayed, and in due course became creamery owners themselves. Among those that stayed were Oli Borke, Alfred Miller, Neils Hviid, Chris Toppenberg, Laurence Ekland, and Leo Bensen. Many local residents also worked in the Creamery over the years. Among the first were "Lottie" Golder (who married Chris Sorensen), Fred Setters and Art Foster.

Except for the local farmers who brought in their own cans, nearly all of the cream came by C.P.R. or C.N.R. and was carried from the station by wagon in the summer and by sleigh in the winter. The first teamster I remember was a Mr. Holcombe. Later on Jack Pears looked after the team, and met every train at both C.P.R. and C.N.R. stations. I wonder how many still remember how warm and cosy the C.N. waiting room used to be on those cold winter afternoons when the train was late. I am sure no one who saw them will ever forget the profusion of plants and flowers, and the many canaries, in the C.P. waiting room when Ike Sweet was the station agent, and looked after them with his wife's help.

As the Creamery grew my father decided to produce his own electricity, and he bought a large second hand electric motor which he rewired himself so that it worked as a generator. This was belted to one of the big steam engines. From then on there was no need to light our lamps until the steam engine was shut down for the night. When the old outdoor skating rink was built, wires were run across the road to provide electric light for evening skating and hockey games. This arrangement was popular with everyone except the engineer, usually Art Foster, who had to keep steam up in the boilers. This arrangement continued off and on until the great day when Calgary Power came to town.

About 1922 the Government began to station cream graders in every small creamery. Clarence Johnson was the grader for many years, and a popular Alix resident in the late Twenties and early Thirties. Some of the earlier graders were not so well trained, and the July 25, 1924 edition of the Alix Free Press carried a story of a difference of opinion between my father and the cream grader that led to a court case, and resulted in the Meadow Creamery having to pay a fine of $85.00 and costs. Apparently my father refused to accept the lower grades awarded by the Government representative, and paid two farmers more for their cream than the grader felt they deserved.

This same copy of the Free Press carried advertisements by Chinn and Fisher who operated the Alix Garage, Ernie Pears who owned the Meat Market, the L. A. Thompson Hardware who offered nose bags at 45 cents each, and R. W. Peacock who was selling gingham at 20 cents a yard.

December should have been a quiet month, as cream shipments fell off with the onset of cold weather. That was the month, however, that the staff turned their hand to packing Christmas turkeys for the city trade. In those days turkeys arrived from the farm with head, neck and feet still securely attached, and for a week or so everyone worked from early morning until late at night fitting these birds into large boxes and shipping them off. Each staff member received a turkey for Christmas, but I used to wonder how much they enjoyed their gift after handling several thousand birds.

I started school in the old white schoolhouse directly across the road from "Grannie" Mitchell's house. My first teacher was a Miss Scorgie who did not stay long in Alix. Later teachers were Harriet Stone, Mary Sanderson, of course, and Mr. George Smith in Grades Nine and Ten. Some of the classmates that I remember were Paul Ditto, Eldon McGonigal, Annie Whitford, Stan Ennis, George Bissett, and Earl Sargent. In later years Bonnie Siebert, Ida and Henry Cole, and Jean Waterman come to mind. Those who remember Jean's brother Bob will be interested to learn that he became a doctor, and is still practicing in White Rock, B.C. A few people will also remember Trenna Hunter, who became a nurse and retired a few years ago from the position of Director of Nursing in the Vancouver Health Department.

Back to earlier days. I wonder how many people remember taking their shoes to "Dad" Shepherd for repair, or their washing to the Chinese steam laundry on Railway Street, next to the small hotel and dining room run by Mrs. Garrett. We younger children were convinced that the Chinese laundryman damaged the clothes by squirting a mouthful of water at them through his teeth. Another memory that will always linger is the over-powering smell of steak or liver and onions that was so often wafted from the Chinese restaurant next to "Jimmy" Wong's.

From a young boy's point of view Alix was blessed by having poor drainage, since every spring the melting snow created wonderful ponds where we built rafts and ventured out onto a foot or two of water. Two such ponds stand out in my memory; the hollow behind the elevator that Alex Bissett managed, and a low spot behind Edgar's Hardware.

In those days there was a sandy beach on Haunted Lake, with a raft for diving, a few picnic tables among the poplars, and a grassy field for ball games. But oh! those blood-suckers! I have a vivid memory of a group of us walking home one day after swimming, and of hanging over the railing on the old wooden bridge that carried the road across the C.N.R. tracks. That was the day Frank Henry dropped his bathing suit into the smoke stack of the train passing beneath us.

Does anyone remember R. W. Peacock who operated the small general store opposite Wilton's? I can still see him delivering groceries in a children's wagon, and weighing out jelly beans one by one to make quite certain that we got our nickel's worth and not one bean more. We soon learned to buy our candy at the Chinese store where we always got a full scoop, and no effort was ever made to weigh them.

We used to use Parlby Creek for swimming and fishing, and on a few occasions even for skating. The only fish in the Creek were suckers that had to be caught with a brass wire made into a snare. Once caught these fish were useless, except to a few of the more enterprising older boys who sold them to the local Chinese for a nickel each.

Diamond Lake was much lower than it is now. The C.P.R. had opened the dam when they stopped pumping water from the Lake to the water tower that stood beside the track, across the road from the skating rink. Even so, we skated on the lake every fall, and one Hallowe'en some of the more venturesome boys hauled two or three outhouses onto the ice and out to the middle of the lake. This would have been only a minor annoyance, except for the fact that it began to thaw the next day, and Jack Brethour and the other owners had to mount a quick rescue.

I wonder how many remember Sharp's Circuit Shows who were responsible for our weekly movie in the old Legion Hall? Somehow I managed to get the job of putting up the posters announcing next week's show, and of playing the records that kept the waiting audience entertained until Jack Tallents turned out the lights.

Even the briefest comments about Alix in the early Thirties would be incomplete without some mention of the Cubs and Scouts, and Dennis and Peter Marryat. There were not too many things for young people to do in a small town in those days, and Cubs and

Scouts met a great need. At first we met in the girls' basement at the school, then the Town Council let us have the top floor of the old Fire Hall, now the Masonic Hall, across from the school, since it was no longer needed as a school classroom.

I was the leader of the Fox Patrol, which had Ernest Andrews, Mac Clark, Jack Setters, Donald McKinnon, and Kent Smith as the other members. As I recall, the Eagle Patrol was led by Stan Loughridge, and had Bob Straub, Harold Patrick, Sidney Mansbridge, and Harold Rogers as members.

The history of Scouting in Alix has been well covered in "Pioneers and Progress". What is lacking there is a tribute and 'thank you' to the leaders who gave us so much of their time, when I am sure there were many other things they would have preferred to do. During my time in Alix our Scoutmaster was Dennis Marryat, and I will always be grateful to him for giving me the opportunity of belonging to the Scouts.

It is now forty-six years since I left Alix, and I still think it was the best place in the world to grow up. For those who may remember me, and wonder what happened to me after I left, I have just retired after working for over thirty years as a doctor in the British Columbia Health Department, and I live in Victoria, B.C.

Memories of Alix and the C.A.D.P. — by Jane Greenwood Bentley

My Mother and Father, Mr. and Mrs. John Y. Greenwood, farmed near Lousana for most of their married life.

Soon after the Dairy Pool was formed they began shipping cream to Alix. That was in the middle Twenties, and in 1935 my Dad was elected to the Board of Directors.

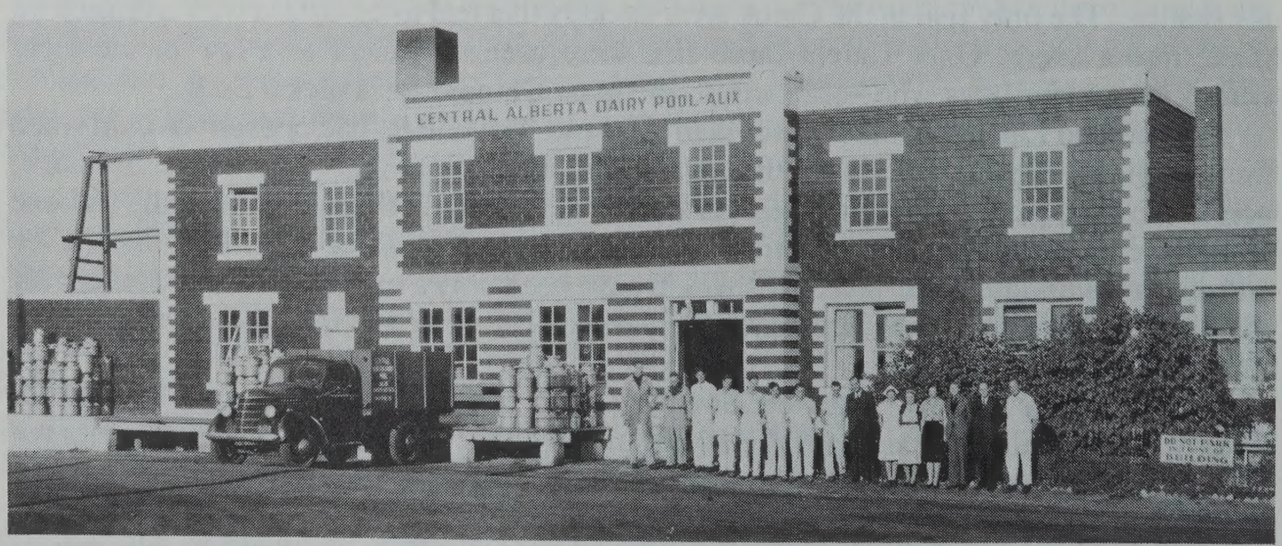
He was on the platform on September 5, 1936, when the newly-built Milk Condensery was officially opened by Premier William Aberhart. Our family was there that day too, and I remember touring the plant in that throng of people after all the speeches were done.

My Dad went to the banquet that night at the Auditorium Hotel, with all the officials, while we went to the big free dance in the Armoury.

The first cans of milk were put out under the brand name of 'Alpine Evaporated Milk', but this was later changed to 'Alpha', a name which is now famous.

I was born in Calgary but grew up in Lousana, and then went to Calgary for a secretarial course. Jobs were scarce for 'inexperienced people' when I graduated, and my Mother suggested that I send in an application to the C.A.D.P. for 'summer work'.

In March, 1940, my application was accepted, and I arrived by train to begin work in the office at the Creamery on Tuesday, the 26th of March. I stayed at the Alix Hotel for the first few days, and then on Sunday, March 31st, I went to board with Mrs. S. C. Andrews.

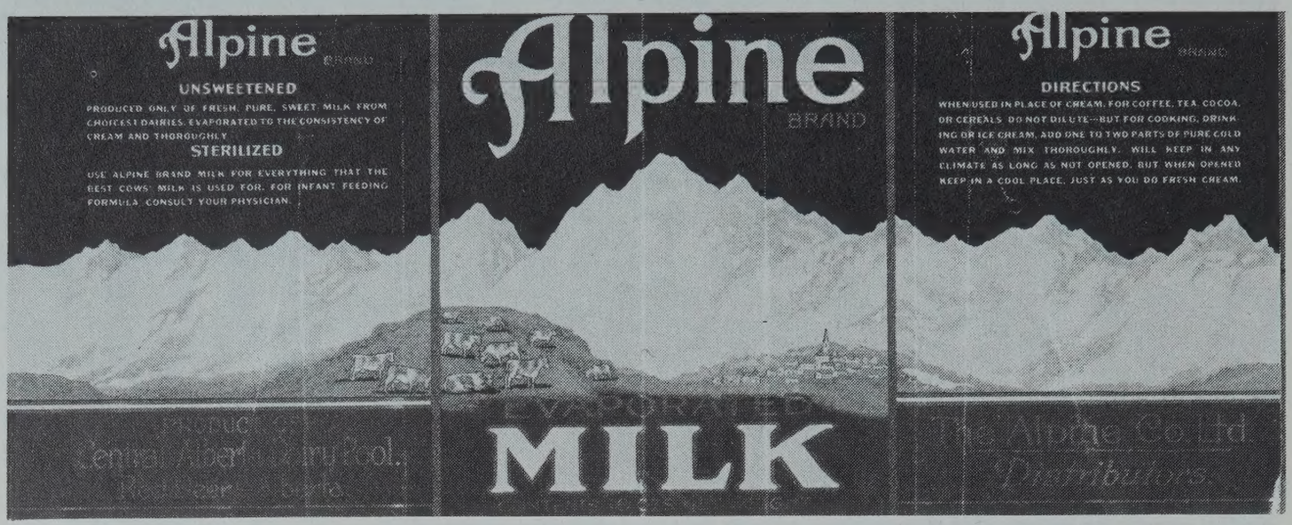


C.A.D.P. Alix Staff, Oct. 7, 1940. L-R — Johnny Hennel, Johnny McMahon, George Kuffler, Dunc Wilton, Ian Sanderson, Harold Patrick, Walter Carlson, Jack Pears, Robbie Oldring, Alice Whitfield, Ethel Rouse, Jane Greenwood, Mac Clarke, Harry Price, A. J. Anderson (Plant Manager).

Creamery Dray with Mr. Holcombe (driver), and N. A. Larsen and son Anthon.

Cream cans at Meadow Creamery before renovation. Anton (Anthony) Larsen in front.

Sign on outside of creamery.


Alpine
BRAND
UNSWEETENED
PRODUCED ONLY OF FRESH, PURE, SWEET MILK FROM CHOICEST DAIRIES. EVAPORATED TO THE CONSISTENCY OF CREAM AND THOROUGHLY
STERILIZED
USE ALPINE BRAND MILK FOR EVERYTHING THAT THE BEST COWS' MILK IS USED FOR. FOR INFANT FEEDING FORMULA CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN.
Alpine
BRAND
EVAPORATED
MILK
Alpine
BRAND
DIRECTIONS
WHEN USED IN PLACE OF CREAM, FOR COFFEE, TEA, COCOA, OR CEREALS DO NOT DILUTE—BUT FOR COOKING, DRINKING OR ICE CREAM, ADD ONE TO TWO PARTS OF PURE COLD WATER AND MIX THOROUGHLY. WILL KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE AS LONG AS NOT OPENED. BUT WHEN OPENED KEEP IN A COOL PLACE, JUST AS YOU DO FRESH CREAM.

Alpine Evaporated Milk Label.

Since this was my very first job it was all very new and interesting, and I had a lot to learn. Ethel Rouse soon showed me how to do most of the work, such as writing cream cheques, 'posting' butterfat in the huge ledger books they had then, as well as taking dictation and typing letters, etc. Harry Price was the 'Boss', and Robbie Oldring supervised our office work.

Mr. A. James Anderson was the Plant Manager at that time, and I soon became acquainted with the workers in the plant. I remember a new process that was going on there, besides the butter-making and egg-grading, and that was the making of Buttermilk Powder, and it rolled off huge, hot drums. I still remember the smell.

Another crew that I soon came to know was the big 'army' of truck drivers, who picked up the cream cans from all over Central Alberta, from Rocky Mountain House in the West to Consort in the East.

We sometimes made out as many as six hundred cheques in one day, and most of them were handed to the truck drivers to deliver on their next run.

Mr. Ellis A. Johnstone, the General Manager of the C.A.D.P., came to Alix frequently from Red Deer, but Alix was still the Head Office of the Company.

In June, 1940, Ernie Andrews, a schoolteacher, was added to our staff in the office for the summer months. Ernie was a fine pianist, and I soon found that he was also a good accompanist for my singing. We performed together at quite a few functions that first summer, and I think I must have sung 'There'll Always Be An England' a half dozen times, usually followed by 'Wish Me Luck As You Wave Me Goodbye'. Quite often the audience joined in the singing. I can remember singing those two songs outside at a 'Lawn Dance' one night, but I can't remember whose lawn.

The War was not going well, and it was a worrisome time as France, Belgium and Norway had fallen, and England was standing alone against Hitler.

I soon made friends in Alix, and there were some whom I had known before I came to town. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith. He was the Principal of the Alix Consolidated School from 1931 to 1942. He had been my Grade 8 teacher in Lousana, and they were both good friends of my family.

Since one of the truck drivers, Wilf Crossley, was from Lousana, I was able to have Saturday night 'home for the week-end' rides to Lousana. It was nice being close to the family again, and they usually drove me back to Alix on Sunday night, or on Monday in time for work.

We worked six days a week from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., but often found ourselves working later to catch up. One thing I remember about the Creamery is the enormous amount of overtime we did. We would usually go back after supper and work late, mostly trying to get caught up in the 'posting' of butterfat in the huge books, while sitting on high stools.

We were not paid overtime. Our salaries were very low by today's standards, but we worked hard because the work had to be done — and we liked our work. The office was often very hot in the summertime, and sometimes we installed a fan.

C.A.D.P. Alix Staff, Oct. 7, 1940. L-R, Front Row — Jack Cleef, Walter Carlson, Harold Patrick, Murray Clarkson. 2nd Row — George Kuffler, A. James Anderson (Plant Manager), Harry Price, Jane Greenwood, Alice Whitfield, Ethel Rouse. 3rd Row — Jack Pears, Ian Sanderson, Johnny McMahon, Johnny Hennel, Robbie Oldring, Mac Clarke, Dunc Wilton.

Every so often the men would go away on a 'picnic'. One of enjoyable things about being a cream shipper was the picnic or 'field day' often held during the summer in different districts. The men on the staff would go out to organize them and keep things going for the day. Quite often a busload of farmers and their wives would arrive in Alix or Red Deer for a tour of the plant, plus lunch and supper. These trips were also organized by the Company. The Western Farm Leader, a small newspaper published in Calgary, would nearly always have write-ups of these events, sometimes with pictures.

There were movies in Alix once a week on Wednesdays, and we nearly always went to them. On Friday nights there were often dances held in the hall and we went to those too, usually in groups.

In the summer of 1940 I joined the small choir in the United Church, and we had choir practice once a week. Because I was also an Anglican (and still am), I went to the Anglican service on Sunday afternoons a couple of times a month.

I can remember some nice visits with Ethel Rouse out at her family farm, and they talked for months about how many cobs of corn I could eat. I could also milk cows, and often 'helped out' that way. We didn't always go out there in a car, either. I can remember that Ethel and I walked to the farm a few times, and it was five miles!

As my Dad was a Mason, after I'd been there for six months I made application to join Electa Chapter No. 10 of the Eastern Star. I enjoyed my association there with the members very much, and even after all these years I am still a member of Electa Chapter. I was initiated on November 14, 1940.

In June of 1940 I moved from Mrs. Andrews' house to a room in the home of Mrs. Isa Anderson, but continued to have my meals with Mrs. Andrews until the end of September.

Then I started going to the home of Mrs. Myrtle Findlater for dinner and supper. These 'arrangements' were not unusual there. Several people lived in one place and ate in another, or in a restaurant.

At the end of August Ernie left our staff and Mac Clarke came to work with us. For the next few months we did very little overtime.

In February, 1941, I got my first holiday, and went by train to Calgary for five days.

In March each year they held a Drama Festival, and usually put on three plays for at least two nights. I was asked to play the piano between plays at the 1941 presentation.

On March 8th, 1941, Mr. A. J. Anderson left Alix to work in Calgary for the Alberta Produce Company, and Harry Price was promoted to Plant Manager. After that we often saw Harry running around the plant with white coveralls over his business suit, grading eggs, testing cream, etc., and dictating letters in between.

In April Irene Timpe joined our office staff, and that summer we did an awful lot of overtime, two or three nights a week.

We still found time to play baseball, and had a girls' team coached by Harry's Dad, Mr. W. H. Price, the C.N. Station Agent. We played one night against the 'Married Men', and beat them by 29 to 23. (That was baseball?) I got hit in the face by a ball and it really swelled up. I was told the next day that I looked like a 'Ubangi Maiden'.

In May, 1941, the C.A.D.P. purchased a new refrigerator truck, and we promptly decided to put it in the 24th of May parade, and we decorated it with flags and streamers. Garth Durant of Botha was to drive it on the East route, so he drove it in the big parade that wound through Alix on the holiday.

They often had teas in Alix on Saturday afternoons, and we usually got an hour or so off to go for our 'tea break'.

In June Mary Bates came over from the Red Deer office to work with us until the end of September. After she left Mrs. Findlater's I moved in as the Star Boarder. There I met the new schoolteacher, Mary Campbell, and she became a member of our 'group' at dances, movies, skating, etc.

In the fall of 1941 my Dad had an operation in the Stettler hospital. Since my brother, Kendall, was now in the R.C.A.F., my Mother and Dad decided to leave the farm for the winter, and went to live in Bashaw for a couple of months while he recuperated.

At the end of January, 1942, they rented the Bissett house in Alix, and were there until the end of March. It was a great pleasure for me to have them in town, and they already had quite a few friends there, including Mr. and Mrs. Smith. I still remember listening to one of Winston Churchill's great and moving speeches on the radio at their house one Sunday afternoon.

In January, 1942, the movies stopped in town, and when they began again in April they were on Saturday nights, and now operated by Bill Godwin and Evelyne.

In March, 1942, Jean Walper began working in the office, transferring from the butter department of the plant, and in April Walter Nelson began working with us.

Irene Timpe left for the Coast to be married in June, but before she left all the ladies of the town gave her a real 'Surprise Party' shower.

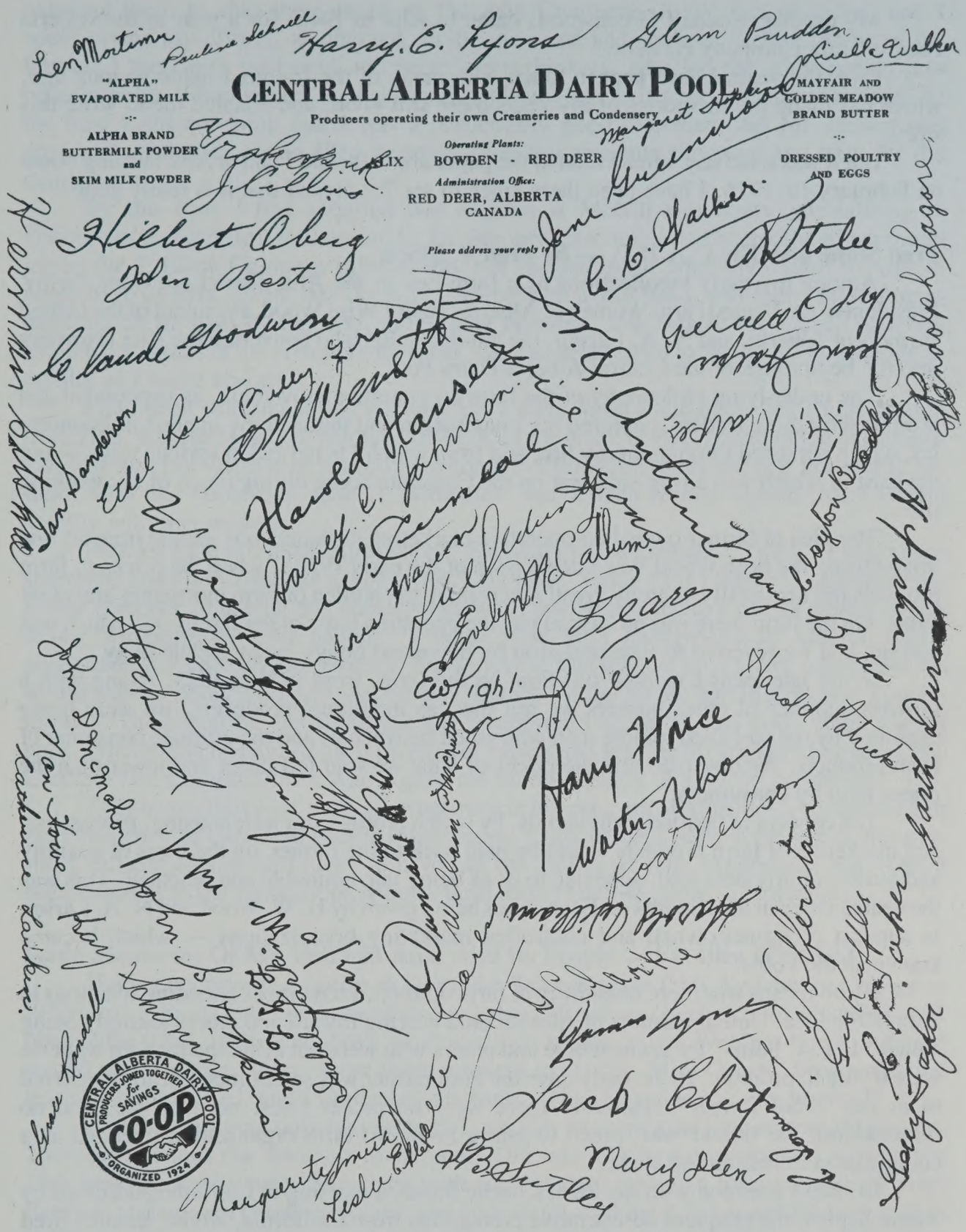
In May we got an 'Audiophone' in the office, which meant we could now talk to the Butter Room and the Egg Room. It was quite a novelty.

One of our regular entertainments in those days was listening on the radio to the Lux Radio Theatre, which for one hour dramatized the most recent movies, with the same Stars playing their movie parts. We also listened to the 'Hit Parade', which for half an hour played the 'Top Ten' songs. These were all 'live shows' — not recorded.

It is very hard, in today's world, to describe the 'loyalty to the job' feeling that we all had towards our work. We liked our work and we were a 'team'. It is a feeling that stayed with me throughout most of my working years, and perhaps I got a good 'grounding' while at the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

When I first went to Alix I planned to stay just for the summer, and then go back to Calgary. I had ambitions for a singing 'career', and the need to take more lessons was always in the back of my mind. But as time went on I found I enjoyed living in Alix so much that I stayed two and a half years. If it had not been for that 'ambition' I might be there yet.

Near the end of the summer of 1942, on a holiday in Calgary, I heard of a job but,


CENTRAL ALBERTA DAIRY POOL
Producers operating their own Creameries and Condensery
"ALPHA" EVAPORATED MILK
ALPHA BRAND BUTTERMILK POWDER and SKIM MILK POWDER
Operating Plants:
ALIX BOWDEN - RED DEER
Administration Office:
RED DEER, ALBERTA CANADA
MAYFAIR AND GOLDEN MEADOW BRAND BUTTER
DRESSED POULTRY AND EGGS
CENTRAL ALBERTA DAIRY POOL PRODUCERS JOINED TOGETHER for SAVINGS CO-OP ORGANIZED 1924

Central Alberta Dairy Pool. Signatures, Employees Past and Present, Sept.-Nov., 1942.

because of the rules of the newly-established Government Employment Office, I had to quit my job in Alix before applying for one in Calgary. Consequently on September 14, 1942, I worked my final day for the C.A.D.P. and headed for Calgary to a new job.

My 'career' has not made me famous, but I have had many enjoyable years with my music. I've been thirty-seven years in Central United Church Choir, some of them as soloist. There were fourteen years of singing in a ladies' group known as The Choral Belles, and five years singing in a group on the 'Back to the Bible Hour' on radio.

In 1949 I was married to Vernon Bentley, and Mary Campbell was my Maid of Honor, We are still living in Calgary.

Mary, who left Alix in 1943, is Mrs. George Hodgkinson in Edmonton, and has only recently retired from teaching school there.

My brother, Kendall Greenwood, came to Alix in 1946, for a year in the Alberta Pacific Grain Company elevator.

Over the years I have kept in touch with many of the friends I made so long ago, which has made my memories of my years there still vivid, and enabled me to write this story.

But it was a sad day when I read in the paper about the old Plant at Alix burning down on February 16, 1976. I have been there since to see for myself that it is really gone.

Fred Stone and The C.A.D.P. — by Fred V. Stone

Among my early recollections as a farm boy in the Alix district are Irene Parlby, President of the United Farm Women of Alberta, Henry Wise Wood, President of the United Farmers of Alberta, and N. A. Larsen, the guiding spirit who converted the Alix creamery into the beginnings of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

The under-lying philosophy of the farm co-operative movement, as expounded and promoted by these leaders, captured my imagination and initiated my interest in Economics, which persisted throughout my life, and from which I benefited in various ways — not the least of which was a ring-side seat on the Canadian scene during much of my working life.

The idea of farmer-owned co-operative marketing organizations gained impetus and drive during the post-World War I depression of the early 1920's, when the prices of farm products fell drastically, thereby greatly increasing the burden of farm mortgages and other debts. On the farm there was no cash to pay the operating costs of the family car, which was laid up, and we reverted to transportation by horse and buggy, or by saddle pony.

In my late teens I worked full time on the farm, from 1921 to 1925. Along with a growing number of other farmers we felt that, as individual producers, we were being exploited by the so-called middle men who stood between us and the ultimate consumer of farm products. We observed that the prices of what we sold fell faster and lower than the prices paid by consumers.

The concept of patronage dividends, by which profits from warehousing, processing, and marketing of farm products would be paid back to the farmer, on the basis of quantity and quality of products sold, appealed to us as being fair, equitable and practical. This was the centre-piece in the lectures on Economics being given by H. W. Wood and N. A. Larsen in support of farmer-owned and controlled marketing organizations — which became known as the Pools.

By no means was there unanimity of farm opinion. I remember attending meetings in Alix of the local United Farmers of Alberta, and hearing myself and others jokingly being called "U.F.A. bums" by townspeople and others who were not in sympathy with what we were trying to promote. In the early days the Pool farmer was sometimes jeeringly referred to as the "Fool farmer". However there were no picket lines, no violence, and no intimidation. No farmer was forced to join a Pool. No farm organization operated as a combination in restraint of trade.

In 1923 I attended with my Dad, Charlie Stone, a meeting in Lacombe addressed by Aaron Sapiro, the eloquent co-operative protagonist from California, whose lectures fired enthusiasm that helped launch the Alberta Wheat Pool. One of our neighbors, a successful farmer who was known occasionally to over-indulge his thirst, and who was a confirmed and confident individualist, began heckling Sapiro. After a couple of questions Sapiro sensed that the audience was growing impatient with the heckling and, pointing a long accusing arm at the questioner, he bellowed "Are you sober?" The audience knew the answer, and our genial neighbor, known locally as the "cabbage king", fell silent.

Larsen, as I recall, was no orator, but he had a well-stocked mind. His delivery was hesitant and somewhat ponderous. The content however revealed sure knowledge of all aspects of the creamery and dairy business, as well as firm commitment to the principles and the practical application of co-operation. He was confident, positive and persuasive — and he was a good businessman.

One summer in the late 1920's or early 1930's I worked for him as an agent canvassing for members. My job was to interview farmers, and address small meetings in local school houses, with a view to signing up new members for the Central Alberta Dairy Pool and

inducing them to ship their cream to the Alix Creamery. A car was provided, and I concentrated my efforts, as directed, in the area east and south of Stettler. Some of the farmers I met were well read and pretty deep thinkers, who led the conversation into broader fields of Economics such as money and banking, tariffs and international trade. At the time I did not think that I was a particularly good salesman, but Mr. Larsen was apparently satisfied, for in 1934 he invited me to come into the plant and train for the managership.

By this time I had acquired two degrees at McGill University, specializing in Economics and Political Science under Dr. Stephen Leacock. I had been offered a training job by the T. Eaton Company in Montreal, but decided to see what my friends in Alberta might have to offer. I went into the Alix Creamery on a trial basis, and found myself manhandling cream cans by day and, in the long evenings, listening to Mr. Larsen patiently explain the details of the creamery business. He was determined to impart his knowledge as rapidly as I could absorb it.

I had been working at this job only a few days when a telephone call came through from Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Agriculture in the U.F.A. Government in Edmonton. Much to my surprise he asked me to come to Edmonton to see the new Premier R. G. Reid, who had succeeded John E. Brownlee. Mr. Larsen readily agreed that I should comply with this request.

Premier Reid offered me the post of "Secretary to the Premier". I said, "I don't have shorthand and I don't operate a typewriter". He said, "I didn't say I wanted a stenographer. I want someone to handle this correspondence", and he pointed to a pile of papers on his desk. "Furthermore", he added, "I know your farm background in Alberta, and I understand you have taken courses in Economics at McGill. We might have some ideas we would want to bounce off you. As we say, 'Let's try it out on the dog first and see how he reacts'". Upon hearing that forthright job description I accepted, and said I could start at once. Whereupon he handed me an armful of papers and sent me off with Fred Smailes, the Civil Service Commissioner, who signed me up for a salary of $147.50 per month.

Thus began thirty-six years of experience in government and business, culminating in the Presidency of Canadian Pacific Investments. Looking back now, at the age of seventy-six, I still consider myself lucky to have had the four years farm experience, and to have been exposed to the thinking of Alberta farm leaders before going to University.

Some Memories Of My Years In Alix, And Its People — by Alice Whitfield

Having completed a course in Domestic Science at the Olds Agriculture College in 1930 I was anxious to try my new skills, and also to finish my High School education, so I obtained a small apartment above what was then known as the Woolgar house, which I shared with Bonnie Sibert. From there we went to school. Miss Geneva Brown was the teacher and Principal, and I remember thinking, "How tiny she was, but mighty!"

As I was studying only two subjects I was able to spend part time sewing for people. There are two jobs that stand out in my mind. One was making a dress for Mrs. Gassnick's 25th wedding anniversary. She came with dress pattern designed for a young girl, with flounces and uneven hemline. As she was quite stout, making it fall gracefully was quite a challenge. The other job was enlarging corsets for Nurse Magle. She was a very large woman and couldn't buy corsets to fit, so we had to add pieces. We had many a laugh trying to cover all the rolls to make a neat fit.

Around 1911 Mr. Larsen came to Alix from his native country of Denmark. He was interested in the dairy business, so started a small creamery known as the Meadow Creamery. The Danes were famous for their dairy products, so his business flourished as the population grew. Mrs. Larsen was Danish too. She was a very kind, soft spoken woman, with real golden-blonde hair. I remember she could make lovely Danish pastry. Mr. and Mrs. Larsen had one son Anton, and he now lives at the Coast.

About 1931 the Meadow Creamery had grown into a Co-Operative movement with Mr. Larsen as its manager. A marketing outlet had been obtained in Vancouver, known as the Mayfair Butter Co., and Alix Creamery was to be its supplier of wrapped butter. It was at this time that I joined the staff of the Central Alberta Dairy Pool to wrap butter. I will try to give some history of the process of the cream to the wrapper.

1933 — C.A.D.P. Butter Room. Alice Barker, Maisie Grey, Chris Sorensen, Mr. Larsen, Jim Martin, Leo Benson.

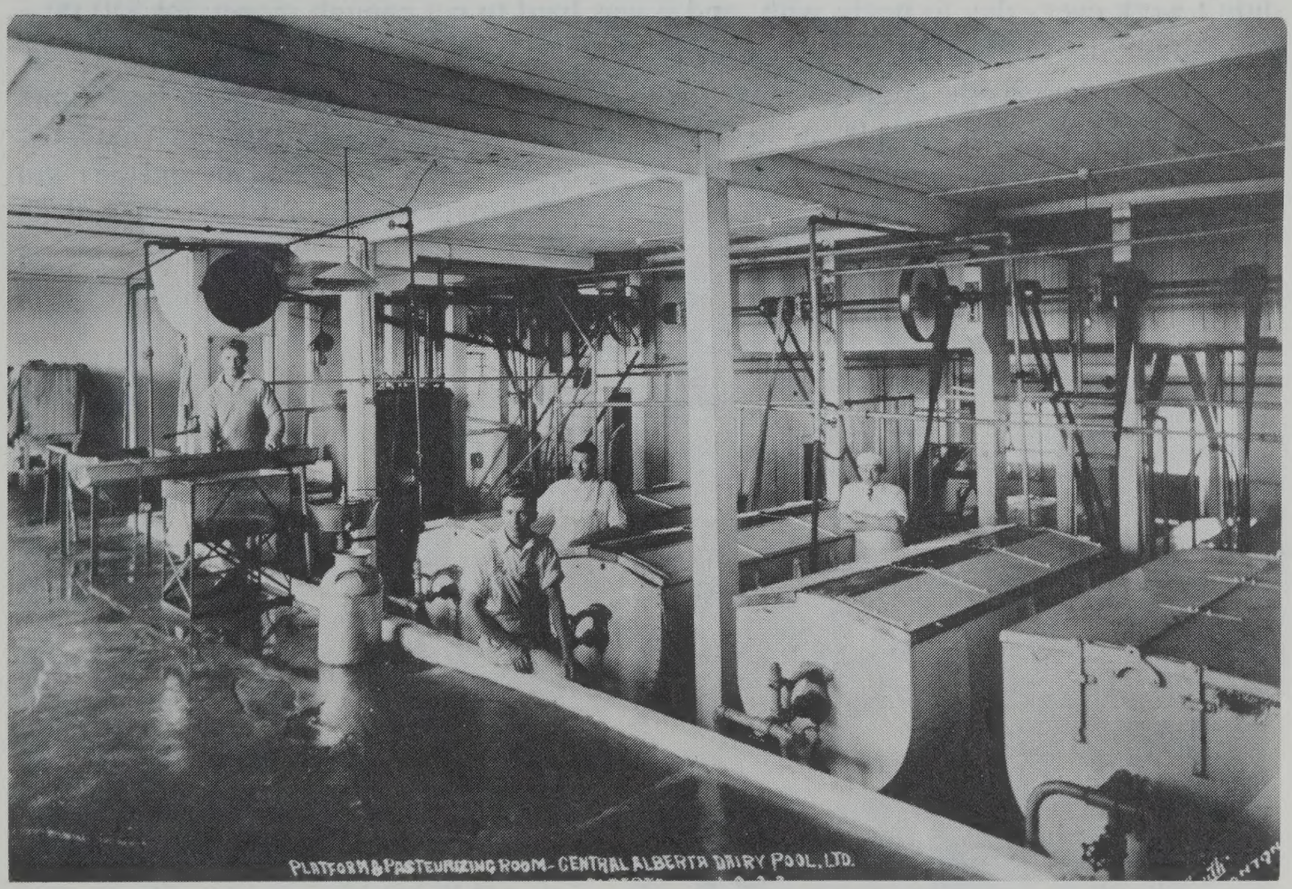
C.A.D.P. fleet of trucks, 1935.

The C.A.D.P. had a fleet of trucks which covered different routes in Central Alberta to pick up the cream from the farms in five or eight gallon cans, at least twice a week, and transport it to the plant.

The cream was unloaded onto a platform in front of the creamery. From here it was put on the scales and weighed. Mr. Clarence Johnson was the cream grader, and he would put his ladle into the can and take a little out to taste to see if it was sweet or sour, or tasted of other things. He also put a little in a bottle to go to the cream tester. Clarence had quite a collection of animals and what-nots found in the cans, mice, bugs, buttons, stockings, and one time it was a baby skunk. But the worst time for tasting the cream was when the cows were on a stink-weed diet. This procedure determined the grade, as to whether it was called Special, No. 1, or No. 2. (Of course it was always sweet to the farmer, no matter the taste.)

From the cans it was dumped into large pasteurizing tanks, according to its grade. Johnson was a big strong man, and he would take two of the eight gallon cans full of cream and dump them, one with one hand and one with the other. He was helped on the platform by Lawrence Ekland, Neils Hviid, Leo Benson, John McMahon, and Jack Pears, and others as the years passed.

Mr. Toppenburg was the cream tester, and from the little bottles of cream which Clarence filled he would determine whether it tested 32, 40, or 42 pounds butter-fat, or as the case might be. This information, along with the grade and weight, was then relayed to the office where Mr. Davies and Mr. Setters, and later Harry Price, made out the cheques for the farmers and did the book work.



C.A.D.P. Platform and Pasteurizing Room, 1933. Lawrence Ekland, Nels Hviid, Clarence Johnson, Chris Toppenburg.

Once the cream was pasteurized it ran into three churns in the butter room, where Mr. Chris Sorensen was the butter-maker in charge. Here the big churns turned and rattled and banged until the cream turned to butter and butter-milk. From the churns the butter was emptied into large wooden tubs, with 1,000 to 1,200 pounds of butter from each churn.

The next process was printing and wrapping. This was done by four people. The butter was put by handfuls into the printer or squeeze machine, which molded the butter into a long strip the shape of pounds, and then cut it with a wire into the proper length. Each pound was then put on a scale to be weighed. If it was a little light we put a dab on, if it was

too heavy we took some off. But after a few adjustments to the wires, and if the operator was a good steady feeder, the butter came out pretty even and we could get busy. Some of the men who worked on this machine were Lawrence Ekland, Leo Benson, Jim Martin, Art Foster, and any of the others who were not busy on the platform.

It was Kay Grey, and later Maisie Grey, and myself, who took the butter off the scale and put a Meadow Gold wrapper around it for First Grade butter, and other names for other grades. To put the wrappers on you used both hands at once to close the ends, and one became quite good at it with practice. These pounds we packed into boxes of fifty pounds each, and they were put into the cooler for storage until shipping time.

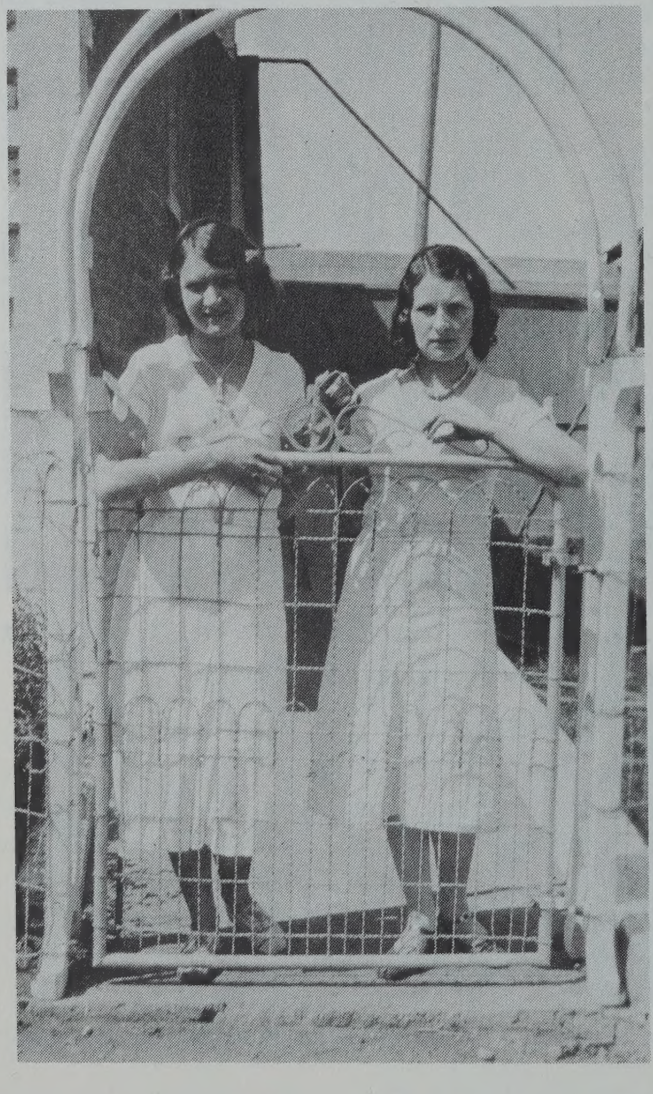
Some of the boys wore wooden clogs, as there was always water on the floor and the clogs were easier on the feet than rubber. They made a great clatter on the cement floor.

Sometimes the ammonia would leak from the ice plant, or it was being cleaned, and we would have tears running down our cheeks. There was one advantage; if you had a cold it would be gone by night.

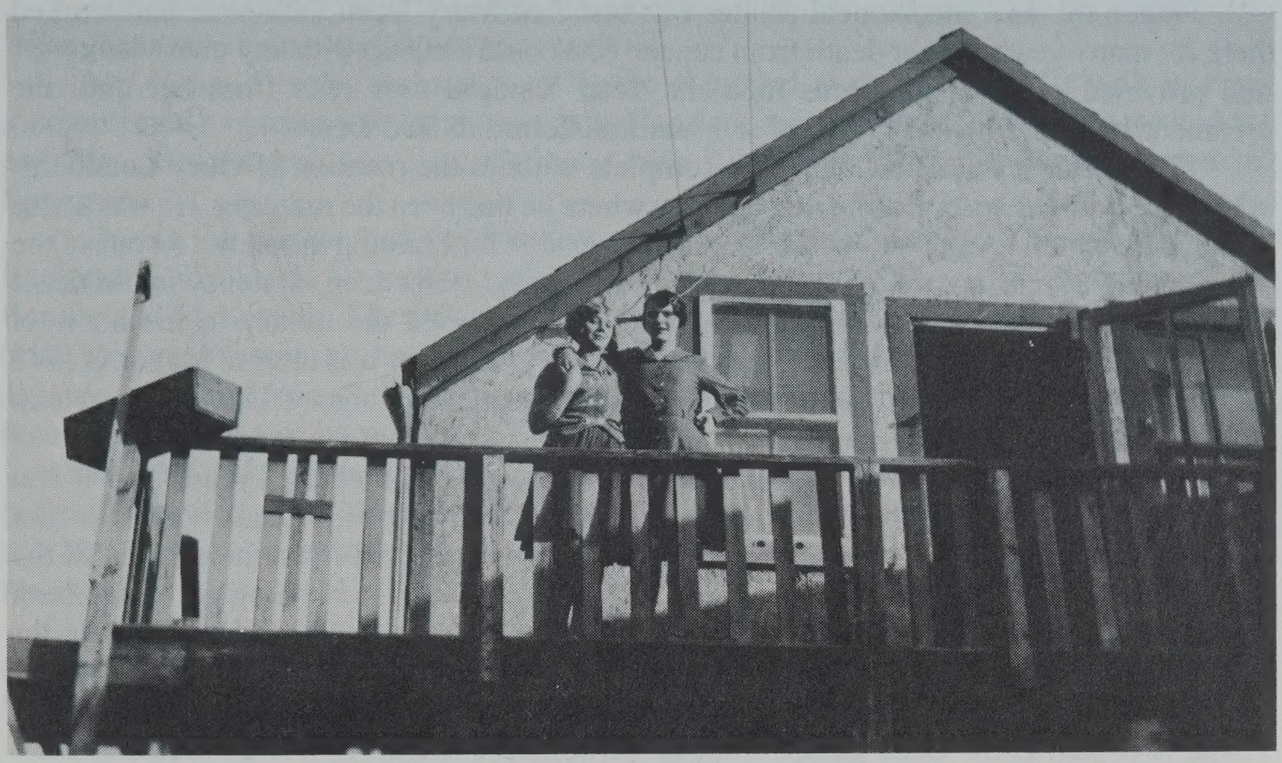
Some days we worked long hours, others not, depending on the supply of cream. Ten churnings of 1,000 pounds was a regular occurrence and had to be printed all in one day. 1,000 pounds an hour was our goal, and sore arms and shoulders were felt at the end of the day; but we also had our fun and companionship. Sometimes we wasted a bit more time than necessary, and Chris Sorensen was always right there with a look or a word or two to keep us on the job. I realize now it was his responsibility to get the orders filled, and there was little time for leisure.

We were paid thirty cents an hour, so a ten hour day gave us $3.00. Of course we didn't work every day to begin with, and it was hard to get enough money for $10.00 a month rent; not much left over to buy anything.

Art Foster was the engineer in charge of the boiler room and machinery. Bert Smith also worked there. Art was a friend to all, and I can remember buying a second hand radio from him for my folks. I didn't know anything about installation so he took me and the radio up to my home five miles north of Mirror and hooked it up for me. I can still see the look on



Creamery Staff — Butter wrappers Alice (Barker) Whitfield and Kathlene Gray.



Bonnie Sibert and Noel Wiggins on balcony at Woolgar house.

C.A.D.P. Condensery, Red Deer, at its opening on Sept. 5, 1936.

my father's face when the voices and music came from it. He said, "I've heard everything now, music coming right out of the air".

Around 1932 poultry and eggs were added to the business, and in the fall the turkeys were loaded onto the dray from the farm trucks or wagons. They were piled as high was possible and as many as would stay on. (Very sanitary delivery in those days!) Needless to say it was not unusual for a few to fall off and be spoiled in transit (but they made good dinners). I can remember Jack Pears, Frank Brooker, and Gene Deen driving the old team with the dray.

One of the girls doing the egg candling was Katie Walper, and you could find her in the dark room looking through the egg against a light to see if it was fresh or had a chicken in it. A lot of the eggs came in cracked, and they tried making what they called Melange from the cracked eggs by beating them and freezing the mixture, but it didn't work out too well. Another product was powdered buttermilk which did have a really good market while there was plenty of cream.

When the new mechanical printer was installed Mary Deen took over, and worked there for many years till her death from cancer. She could keep up with any man's language and provided many a humorous moment. Jean Yandeau took over from her until the creamery burned down in 1976 and she was transferred to Red Deer.

The creamery story wouldn't be complete without the mention of Okey Lundberg, who came with his wife, Ruth, from Rimbey where he had been the manager. He was active in the Alix Athletic Association, which was responsible for building the arena. At one of the fund-raising events, a car bingo, it was Okey who stood waist deep in money in the ticket office. Pop Walper, who was the town Policeman, escorted the money to the home of President W. E. Jennings, where he stood guard all night. Okey was elected Mayor in 1948 and served in that post until 1960 when he was transferred to Calgary. During his term in office natural gas and water and sewer services were installed in the village.

Ruth Lundberg served as 4-H Girls Club leader for a number of years, and it was during this time that two Alix girls, Wanda Waddy and Betty Stone, brought honors to Alix by winning Canadian top honors in 4-H Club competitions held in conjunction with the 1953 Toronto Winter Fair in the Food Club category, repeating the winning performance of Elaine Primus and Barbara Foster who had represented the Alix 4-H Garden Club at the 1952 Toronto Winter Fair, and won.

Ruth and Okey had two children, David and Leslie. David is in Drayton Valley, and Leslie is in Red Deer. Okey passed away at Vernon, B.C., and Ruth lives in Red Deer.

I lived for a while in 1931 in the little house beside Ralph Toepfer's with Bonnie Sibert and Winnie Dye. It was during that time that I met Gertrude Horton, a bank employee who roomed with Mrs. Yarwood. She gave me my first lesson in Art, "Pastels", for which I have always been thankful. Other bank employees were Charlie Gathercole and Helmut Koch. Mr. W. D. Clarke was the manager, and I remember him saying how hard it was to keep well dressed with suits at $15.00 each as the pay was so low.

In the early years of the Thirties and Forties Alix had its own orchestra which supplied the music for a lot of the dances, with Lawrence Pettit and Glen Rouse playing the saxophones and Mary Sanderson at the piano. Lawrence and Glen had the misfortune to be the first polio victims in the area, leaving them with leg problems. Lawrence and his brother, Dan, went to B.C. with their mother, after the death of their father. Mrs. Pettit became a very well-known tea cup reader for many years. Cecilia, the daughter, married the brother of Geneva Brown, and they moved to the Coast too.

Charlie and Ellen Clarke came to our town in the Forties. Charlie worked as a mechanic in Jennings' Garage, and Ellen was a very popular school teacher. It was during this time that she wrote this poem for the opening of our Electric and Novelty Store in 1948.

Prayer For A New Building

May nothing evil cross this door,
And may ill fortune never pry
About these windows; may the roar
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith, these rafters will
Withstand the battering of the storm.
This store, though all the world grow chill,
Will keep us warm.

Business shall walk softly through these rooms
And benefit all those who come inside,
And may your customers often come
To look about and buy with pride.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout,
And though these sheltering walls are thin
May they be strong to keep hate out,
And hold love in.
Wishing you the best
Sincerely
"A Friend"
E. S. Clarke

The school principal in 1932 was Mr. George Smith. He was known to the children as "The Deacon", being very quiet and reserved.

Mr. Henry Brooks also came to be the Principal at the school. His wife was an accomplished musician who taught music and tap dancing to many of the young people. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had one son, Carman, who is a doctor, and the family moved to Edmonton.

During the war we had the Schulers and their daughter, Shirley. They managed the Red and White Store for awhile, later moving to Calgary after selling the business to Benson and McKinnon. The latter were followed by Dave and June Goodman. Dave came from Montreal where he had been employed by Kraft Foods. They had two beautiful daughters Gail and Wendy. On leaving Alix they went to Calgary where Dave passed away. June is remarried and lives in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Page took over the Alix Drug Store from the Henry's. Floyd played a very active part in organizing the gathering of scrap metal for the war effort. Mr. and Mrs. Page had one daughter, Joyce. Mr. and Mrs. Page and Joyce moved to Stettler and ran the drug store there until Floyd died. Mrs. Page is a sister to Mrs. Myrtle Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Bowles were active members also about this time. Ted was a mechanic at Jennings' Garage too. They had one daughter, Joan, and also brought up Rose Bowles' brother's children, Jean-Ann and David. They now live in New Westminster, B.C.

Another character of our village was Charlie Toplus, known by the children as "Toppy". He was just a short man, and he built the little house by the Masonic Hall. He also had a small car. He was a friend to all the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graham came to Alix in the Thirties, and Frank became the local Watkins Man for many years. They have two children, Faye and Bill. Mr. and Mrs. Graham now reside in the Lacombe Nursing Home, but many of Frank's paintings are hanging in the Alix homes.

In 1965 I read in the Calgary Albertan where they sponsored a contest for a young girl to be "Cinderella" for the Stampede week. Fifteen-year old Angela Schnepf came to mind, as she was doing a fine job helping her father care for the family since her mother's death. She was a successful candidate, and I was privileged to go with her to the Stampede as her "Fairy Godmother".

Our week in Calgary as guests of the Albertan and Stampede was very exciting. Angela was given a cowgirl outfit, among other things. Her highlights were meeting Walt Disney and having her picture taken with him. He told her to never wear glasses to cover her beautiful eyes, use contact lenses. She met the members of the Dave Clark Five band, and talked to Oscar Brand. Riding in the Calgary Stampede Parade in a Chrysler convertible,

Alix Laundromat, 1961.

her lovely smile captured the interest of the Fluoridation Committee of Alberta, who said that she came from a spot in Alberta where "the water was fluoridated by God".

Angela is now a teacher and is married to Gordon Piffer. They live on a farm between Mirror and Bashaw, and have one son.

Alix Hotels and Hotel Keepers — by M. L. Ludvigsson

Hotels are temporary homes for the travelling public, and are an essential part of both growing and settled communities. The present Alix Hotel has been part of the Alix scene since it was built in 1904, which was before the C.P.R. came to Alix. It was then called the Imperial Hotel, and managed by William Spurrell. In 1911 the proprietor was "Dad" Lee, and "Maw" Garrett was the cook.

The Grand Hotel was built about the same time, on the spot where St. Rita's Catholic Church now stands. In 1911 it was a two-storied building with twenty-two bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs there was a long hallway and parlor, a kitchen with a Chinese cook who was reputed to be a "character", a dining room, waiting room and bar.

George and Lulu Bell ran it about two years, selling it in 1911 to a Mr. King, who in 1914 sold it to Mr. Frisch. Daughter, Freda Frisch, worked in the Post Office, and daughter, Minnie, in the Creamery. The Frisch family left soon after prohibition came in, and the hotel stood vacant until a farmer bought it and tore it down.

(Most of the preceding information is in "Pioneers and Progress" of 1974, or the "Historical Panorama of Alix and District" compiled in 1967 by Miss Mary Sanderson.) A photo of the Grand Hotel is on Page 33 of "Pioneers and Progress".

There was also the metal-sheathed Hotel Nelson, across Main Street from the Alix Hotel. For many years the proprietors were Ray and Stella (nee Garrett) Baker, whose son is named Garth. The Hotel Nelson was later acquired by the Alix Hotel, and demolished in the early Seventies after Eric and Roberta Sissons purchased the hotels. Now the Revelstoke Company piles lumber on that corner lot.

Rev. Louis Mott, the first resident Anglican minister, held church services in his rooms at the Imperial Hotel before the original St. Pancras Anglican Church was built.

Mrs. Alice Bearchell's story tells that her father, Thomas John Curr, had the Imperial Hotel for a time during the early days, and lost it in a poker game.

For a number of years during the Twenties and early Thirties it was called the Happy Valley Hotel. It is not known just when it ceased to be the Imperial Hotel, or when it became the Alix Hotel.

Mrs. Barbara Foster, who worked for twenty-eight years in the Alix Hotel, recalls a succession of owners and operators, not necessarily in order, nor the dates the changes in

Barbara (Findlater) Foster.

Barbara Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Miciak.

ownership occurred. Such facts as are available from her and from other informants include the following.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott in the early Twenties, whose daughter, Elsie, married Paul Toepfer, an uncle of Ralph Toepfer. There was also a son, Frank.

Mr. Francis, no further information.

Mr. Glenesky, whose daughter, Anastasia, was a pianist.

"Cap" or "Colonel" Frank Eaton managed the hotel for a time in the Twenties.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelly were the owners about 1930; their sons were Frank and Ab.

In 1934 the hotel was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bullock from Delburne, who remodelled it and put a fireplace in the bar. Bob was an avid hunter and fisherman, and catered to hunters in the fall; some hunters even came from the United States. Bob had a red Chesapeake hunting dog that rode on the running board of his car, in the days when cars had running boards connecting the front and rear fenders. The Bullocks kept the Alix Hotel for seven years. In 1925 Bob Bullock had married Evelyn Knights of Lousana, a sister of Mrs. Bob Tarzwell, and they had three daughters, Margaret, Nancy and Ann. Mrs. Bullock now lives at Kelowna, B.C.; her husband is dead.

Then there was a "Granddad" Lawton; he had a daughter Hazel. The Lawtons moved to Bentley.

At another time the owners were Bill Kostenuk and Walter Proctor in partnership.

The Miciaks were running the hotel about 1947-48; their son, Mike, married Jean Williams, the Carroll School teacher who boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Ned Barritt. The young couple went to St. Albert and ran a hotel there.

Mr. and Mrs. Chartier came to the Alix Hotel about 1948; their children were Bob, Theresa, Jan and Vicky. Bob married Gloria Roberts of Alix, and the couple have operated hotels and motels in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan; they are presently in Moose Jaw, Sask.

Joe and Eva Pasutto followed the Chartiers, and ran the hotel for twelve years. Their sons, Allan and Donnie, grew up in Alix, The Pasuttos went to Lethbridge, then to Edmonton, but have been in the Capri Hotel in Red Deer for a long time.

Sam and Alice Schultz were the next owners; they kept it three years. Their daughter, Betty, is a nurse at Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz are partners in the Banff Park Lodge.

Cliff and Shirley Martin followed; their daughter, Sherry, married Jim Walker. Mr. and Mrs. Martin retired to Vancouver Island, but have since moved to Vernon, B.C.

Les and Ellen Gray and daughter Beverley came from Bentley and bought the hotel in 1969. They sold it after eighteen months, but stayed in Alix. Mrs. Gray passed away in 1980. Les Gray drives a school bus.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franchuk came to Alix from Empress, but went on to Whitelaw after only four months. A stepdaughter, Patty Roller, stayed on in Alix for three years with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gould to continue her schooling.

Fred Kirschner had the Alix Hotel for a short time, then sold it in 1972 to the present owners, Eric and Roberta Sissons, who have enlarged and remodelled the hotel and the beverage rooms.

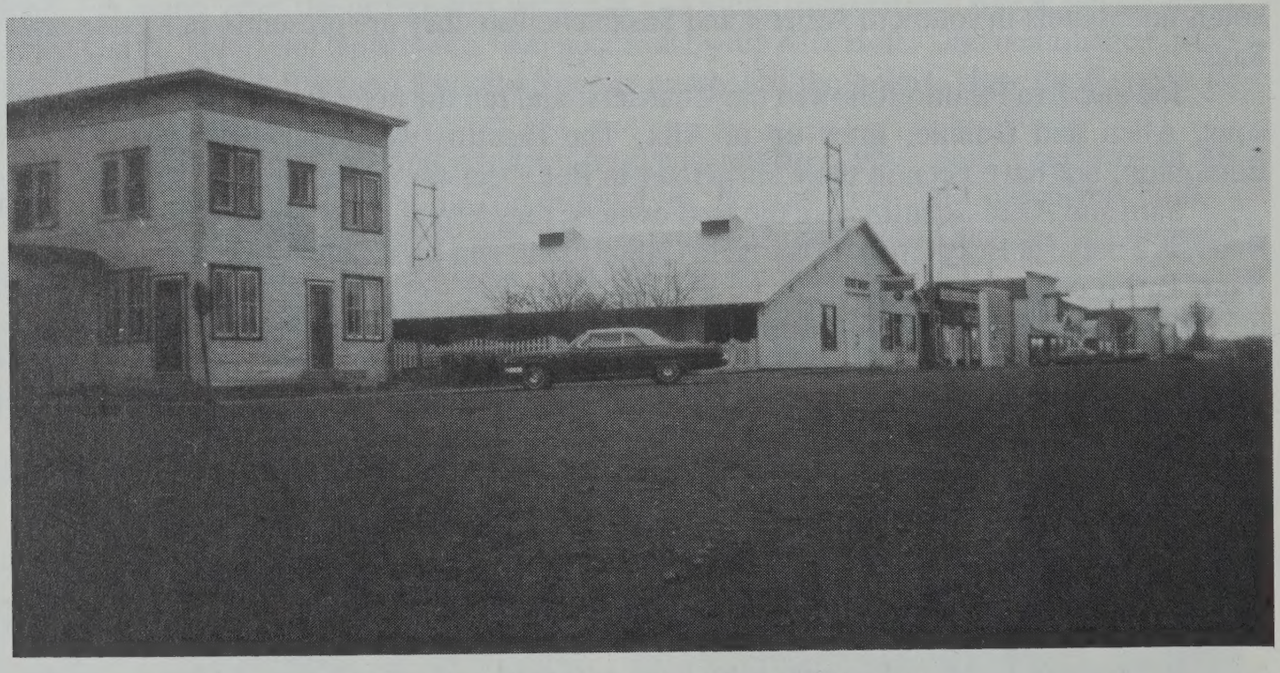
The coffee shop has also been a popular part of the hotel services. The succession of managers there has not been traced, but Mrs. Linda Watt is in charge at present. Mrs. Madeleine Gould preceded her. Mrs. Gould was the manager when the Martins took over the hotel, and she continued until after the Sissons became the owners. She also worked in the coffee shop during the Pasutto regime. Other coffee shop operators called to mind are Mrs. Agatha MacGregor and Mrs. Gwen Jarvis; the Strohscheins in the Forties; Cleo and Mary Toepfer; and fond mention is made of Mary DeZutter's pies.

The Alix Hotel has also sheltered some permanent residents, retired bachelors such as Noah Rahn, Ernie Cameron and Jack Nixon.

Noah had been a cook on Lacombe County work crews. He always picked up the mail for all the hotel people, and was at the Post Office at 8:30 a.m., with his cigar, waiting for the sorting to be finished. Mrs. Gould remembers that at the coffee shop he always had a half-order of dinner, and he appeared at exactly 5:05 p.m. for his supper.

Alix Hotels and Hotel Keepers

Grand Hotel, beside it are a Barber Shop, Pool Room and Cafe.



Nelson Hotel, 1964, and Revelstoke Companies Lumberyard.

Alix Hotel, 1964. Legion-Scout Hall (formerly U.F.A. Hall) and Lymbery Motors beyond.

Re Alix Post Office — by M. L. Ludvigsson

A letter from the Post Office Department, Canada, dated at Ottawa on January 11th, 1905, has come to light. It replies to a petition made by J. D. Parker, A. N. Bergman, et al of Bullocksville, Alberta, which recommended Mr. W. B, Grey for the Postmastership of an office at the townsite known as "Alexia" or "Alix", on the line of the Lacombe Extension of the C.P. Railway. The letter states that 'your representation in the matter will be duly considered'.

Alix Post Office — by Maurice A. Biette

The first Alix Post Office was in the Panrucker Store (N.W. 36-39-23-W4th) situated across Main Steet from the present Post Office. According to the Postal Department's official records it was opened in 1907, with the first Postmaster being Bill Pettit. The following is a list of all the Alix Postmasters and assistants, if known: (See also "Pioneers and Progress" Page 45.)

1. William Pettit, 1907-1920, Assistant John Tallents.
2. John Tallents, 16-7-20 - 1923.
3. John E. Brethour, 27-6-23 - 1950, Assistant Edith Sim.
4. Roy James Watt, 13-11-50 - Dec., 1954 or early Jan., 1955.
5. Sidney E. Herbert, 16-1-55 - Nov., 1969.
6. Ron C. Webb, 30-12-69 - 1973.
7. Cam J. Shantz, 8-11-72 - 1-3-73, Acting Postmaster.
8. R. A. Senft, 11-02-73 - 30-4-74, Acting Postmaster.
9. Mrs. G. F. Smart, 1-05-74 - 18-8-74, Acting Postmaster.
10. Maurice A. Biette, 19-8-74 - Present Postmaster; Velma Russell, Assistant.

From November, 1948 to December 30, 1975 Frieda (Becker) Smart was Assistant, with duty sometimes as Acting Postmaster.

William Pettit came from Ontario in the early Nineteen Hundred's. After failing to prove up on his homestead, (the Alex Findlater quarter where the Primus-Mehle pond is situated), he moved into Alix and operated a grocery store. He sold the store and became the first Postmaster in Alix.

John (Jack) Tallents came to Alix from Retford, England, in 1914. He went overseas in 1916, where he served in the army for three years during World War I, returning in 1919. He was Assistant to Wm. Pettit in the Alix Post Office until June, 1920, when Mr. Pettit became Secretary-Treasurer of the Lamerton Municipality. John Tallents then became Postmaster, July, 1920 to June, 1923.

John E. Brethour came to Alix in 1913 from Valentine, Ontario, where he was born. He served in the Canadian Army from 1915-1918, returning to Alix after World War I. He became Postmaster on June 27, 1923, and held that position until November, 1950. His Assistant was Edith Sim. When Frieda Becker began work in November, 1948 the Post Office was located on Main Street in the building known as the old Alix Post Office; in 1981 it is the Recreation Office.

Mail service from November, 1948 to May, 1954 was by train twice a day, 8:00 a.m. to Lacombe, and east to Coronation at 3:00 p.m. Mr. John Walper, known to young and old as "Pop", used to meet the trains, taking the mail by push cart to and from the C.N.R. and C.P.R. to the Post Office.

Roy James Watt succeeded Jack Brethour as Postmaster on Nov. 13, 1950, and remained in this position until early January, 1955.

Sidney F. Herbert grew up on a farm in the Lousana district. After four years of army service during World War II he became Postmaster in Lousana. In January, 1955 Sid became Postmaster of Alix Post Office, serving until retirement on November 30, 1969. During Sid's management of the Post Office a new office was built on Main Street, on the corner where Rouse's Store, later Deen's Cafe, used to be. The move to this office was made in September, 1960. At the time of writing Sid and his wife Edith continue to reside in their Lake Street home, and are active in community affairs.

Ronald C. Webb was born at Swalwell, Alberta. He joined the Calgary Highlanders in 1941, returning from overseas to Canada in 1944. In August, 1947 he became Postmaster at Swalwell. He married Velma Gibson in 1948. In August 1954 he transferred to Currie

Jack Brethour, Alix Postmaster from 1923 to 1951.

Barracks Post Office as Postmaster, until moving to Alix as Postmater in December, 1969. From February, 1974 to December, 1978 Ron was Postmaster at Carstairs. On retirement in 1978 Ron and Velma moved to Calgary, where they are living at present, May, 1981.

Cam J. Shantz came from Innisfail to be Acting Postmaster in Alix during Mr. Webb's sick leave.

Ronald A. Senft came from the Stettler Post Office and served as Acting Postmaster for a short time, beginning February 2, 1973. He was followed by G. Frieda (Becker) Smart on May 1, 1974. Frieda continued as Acting Postmaster until August, 1974.

Maurice A. Biette grew up at Brownfield where his mother (Mrs. Florence Biette) was Postmistress for twenty-seven years. Maurice joined the R.C.A.F. in December, 1942, where he served until April, 1946. On April 1, 1954 he began work as Postal Clerk in the Stettler Post Office, working as Clerk, Acting Assistant Postmaster, until August, 1974. On August 19, 1974 Maurice moved from Stettler, with his wife, Ellen, and family of three, Douglas, Gregory, and Glenis, to Alix, where he assumed the responsibilities as Postmaster, and continues at the time of writing.

The present Staff consists of: Assistant — Mrs. (Norman) Velma Russell. Part Timer — Mrs. (Wm.) Madeleine Gould. Casual — Mrs. (John) Diane Gessleman.

Until 1954 the mail arrived in Alix by C.P.R. and C.N.R. railway mail cars, and private contractors moved the incoming and outgoing mail from train stations to and from the local Post Office. In 1954 a new service called Highway Service came into use, thus eliminating the need of contracting the movement of mail to and from the railway stations.

Following is a list of Highway Service contractors:
Christianson's Transport, (Earl Christianson, Alix), 26-04-54 - 15-05-55.
Duffy's Transport, (J. L. Duffy, Lacombe), 16-05-55 - 30-08-57.
Rocky Mountain Transport, (Guido Blasseti, Red Deer), 1-09-57 - 30-06-60.
Miller Transport, (Wilbert J. Miller, Lacombe), 1-07-60 - 30-04-65.
Day Transport, (Art Day, Consort), 1-05-65 - 30-04-70.
W. E. Jennings Ltd. (Owen Jennings, Alix), 1-05-1970 - 06-76.
Avalon Contracting (Earl Williams, Erskine), 07-76 continuing.

(Note) The first driver on the Lacombe and Coronation Highway Service was Bill Reber, who has returned to Alix to retire.

North West Mounted Police,

Office of the Commissioner,

Ref. No._____ Regina, June 13th 1904.

Dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst. received by me this day,in which you request that a Constable of the N.W.M.Police should be staticned in your District.

I am having enquiries made relative to the condition of affairs in your District and,if possible,will meet your wishes in the matter.

Yours truly,

Commissioner.

W.B.Gray Esq,
Bullocksville,
Alta.

N.W.M.P. letter June 13, 1904.

North-West Mounted Police,

Ref. No._____ Calgary, July 2nd 1904.

Pinnell Bros.,
Bullocksville.

Gentlemen:-

I am in receipt of your letter of 24th ult., and beg to inform you that I have forwarded same to the Commissioner.

Yours truly,

Supt.
Commanding "E" Division.

N.W.M.P. Letter July 2, 1904.

North West Mounted Police,

Office of the Commissioner,

Ref. No._____ Regina, July 4th 1904.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th ult.addressed to Supt Sanders,N.W.M.P.Calgary relative to stationing a Constable at Bullocksville,Alta.

This matter has already been brought to my attention by Mr W.B.Gray. I have instructed Inspector Strickland to visit your district at an early date and report upon the necessity of stationing a Constable at that point.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

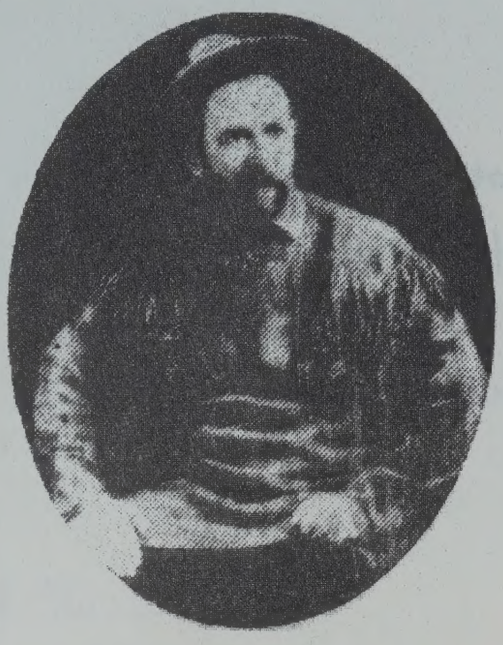
Commissioner.

Pinnell Bros,

Bullocksville,

Alta.

N.W.M.P. Letter July 4, 1904. (In 1981 the Alix District is still without a resident R.C.M.P. Constable.)



OFFICIAL AUDITOR

●

W. B. GRAY, J.P.

Police Magistrate

Registrar and Notary Public

STETTLER, ALBERTA

●

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

C.P.R. Lands

Agent for Hudson's Bay Lands

Billie Gray's business card.

Alix School Memories — by Margaret G. Vincent, nee Ennis

The following are a few memories of school at Alix during the years 1918-1929 when I attended.

In 1918 there were two schools in operation. One consisted of two rooms, one of which was High School and the other Primary. The Intermediate grades were housed in a one-room school which had been moved in from one of the country districts. There were three teachers. There were many double desks at that time.

The heating source was a Waterbury Furnace, which was really just an oversize coal and wood heater, which really wasn't very efficient. The heat all went up to the ceiling. As it was a consolidated school most of the children were rural, and many came quite a distance each day by horse or on foot. We brought our lunches, usually in tin pails; lunch kits weren't invented yet, or if they were, what family could afford them anyway? By the time we reached school on a cold winter morning our lunch was frozen. The pails were stored around the stove till noon, by which time if you were lucky they might be thawed out. There was very seldom any drinking water in the winter as it always froze too. The bathroom facilities were two-holers out back and they were mighty frigid. You weren't tempted to linger.

As the school population grew another room — first for High School and later for Intermediates — was utilized upstairs over the old Fire Hall, which was on the school grounds. There was a wonderful railing on those steps which was well polished by many little backsides taking the quick way down when teacher wasn't looking.

The only sports equipment I recall was a basketball and one court, and a baseball or softball and bats. We had no gymnasium. I doubt if we even knew what the word meant. In summer we had P.T. once a week outside. That was a real treat. However we never seemed stumped for games during recess and noon. Pom-pom pull-away was played between the Fire Hall and a wooden sidewalk in front of one of the schools. This was enjoyed by all ages. Then there was Run Sheep Run, Hide and Seek, and Red Light. I wonder if children still play those old games?

I wonder how many remember Buttermilk Creek? That's what we called the creek behind the creamery that flowed in, or was it out of, Diamond Lake. That was before we became pollution conscious. The creamery dumped their buttermilk in the creek to get rid of it. What a waste. Think of all the pigs it would have fed and fattened for market.

I've heard of many pranks which were pulled off on Hallowe'en. The older boys in the area were responsible for many of them, long after the youngsters had had their fun of Trick or Treat. I recall one of my older brothers confessing several years after to a prank on Mr. Darlow. Mr. Darlow had an office in a small building on Main Street north of the old pool

hall. Imagine his surprise the morning after Hallowe'en to see a buggy sitting astraddle the roof of his office. The young fellows had taken the wheels and shafts off in order to get it on the roof, and then re-assembled it up there. It must have been quite a chore.

Another time the victim was an elderly shoe-maker who had a small shop also on Main Street, with his living quarters in the back room. This place had but one door which opened onto the street. Imagine his surprise the morning after when he opened his door to find the exit blocked by his own privy, with the door invitingly open but no exit. He was a prisoner till the local drayman, Paul Toepfer, came around gathering all the displaced privies and returning them to their rightful owners.

Grandma Mitchell was a wonderful lady who lived just across the road from the school. She was known and loved by all the children.

Alix School Through the Years

Alix School, 1917. Mr. C. R. Carmen was teacher. He went overseas and was killed. Miss Pate taught the junior grades. Identified in the group — Harold and Charles McKenzie; Fern (Deen) Ralston; Lou Primus; Dorothy (Brown) Albert. Henry and Charlie Sargent; Maurice Brown; Jessie Dweak; Jessie Beatty; Stella Garrett; Les Pears; Dorothy Darlow; Edith Toepfer; Wesley Pate; Katherine Ross; Several of each family — Ennis, Gilmouths, Panrucker, and Zimmerman.

The Misses Brewer, teachers about 1914.

Alix School, 1928 — Grades 1 to 11. Jim Wright, Principal; Geneva Brown and Mary Sanderson, Teachers.

Alix Class, June 3, 1938. L-R, Back Row — Arthur Schafer, Willis McGonigal, Stanley Loughridge, Ernest Andrews, Mabel McDermand, Nola Todd, Agnes Loughridge, Stanley Roberts. 3rd Row — Irene Cockrall, Janet Tallman, Mary Mailer, Margaret Walker, Kent Smith. 2nd Row — Mildred Eller, Ruby Rouse, Lydia Madsen, Mabel Rogers, Annie McDermand, Hettie Rice, Margaret Howe. Front Row — Sydney Mansbridge, Harold Patrick, Mac Clarke.

Alix High School, April, 1928. Back Row — Lawrence Pettit; Norman Todd, Bill Bredo, Bernice Bell, Hazel Bonham, Peggy Ennis, Alice Sargent, Ruth Toepfer, Ethel Todd, Alice Peterson, Edwina Darlow, Leona Olsen. 2nd Row — Carl Carroll, Harry Price, Annie Mitchell, Katherine Docherty, Marjorie Bullivant, Nellie Findlater, Hazel Pears, Nan Howe, Mary Rasmussen. Front Row — Fred Rouse, Tom Docherty, Dennis Marryat, Les Brown, Joan Norris, Orma Thompson, Jean Mackie, Jean Hunter, Deloyce Brown, Mary Semple, Kay Gray.

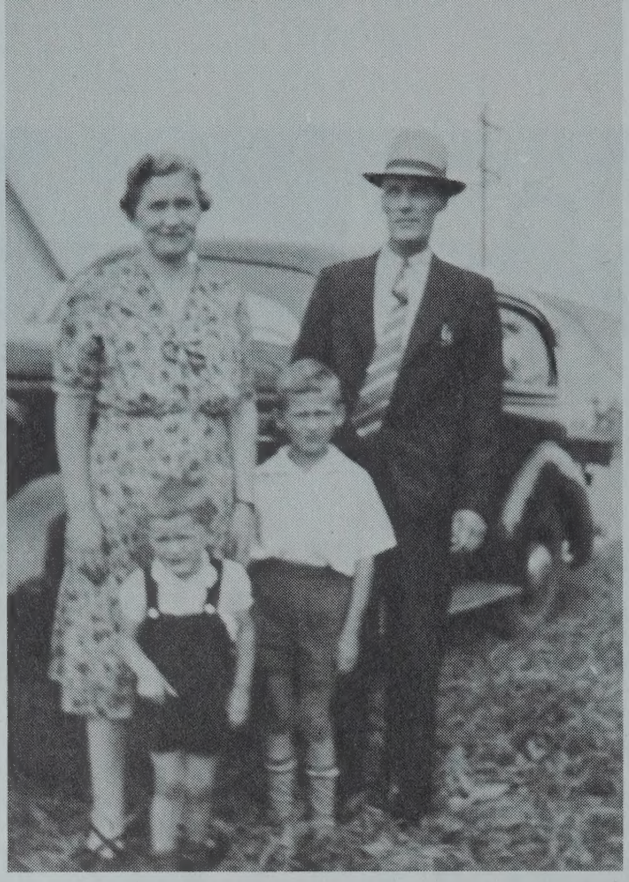
1940-41 Class, Alix School. L-R, Back Row — Ronald Buckley, Bert Hollings, Kent Smith, Quentin Sundberg, Lyall Sundberg, Matt Sawchuk, John Mansbridge, Roy Webster, James Sibert, Frank Cosentino, Jack Collins. 3rd Row — Mabel Rogers, Marguerite Smith, Mary Mailer, Hettie Rice, Margaret Walker, Janet Tallman, Nola Todd, Agnes Loughridge. 2nd Row — Catherine Larkin, Pearl Toepfer, Ruby Watson, Fern Carmichael, Isabel Larkin, Gladys Webster, Margaret Woolgar. Front Row — Ross Tallman, Nora Fewkes, Myrtle Loughridge, Kathleen Rogers, Helen Sawchuck, Raymonde Roberts, Randy Lagore.

Alix School, 1942-43. Teacher, Mary Campbell. Some identification uncertain. Back Row — Dick Sargent, Mary Lyle, Amelia Pidherney, Betty Deen, Miss Mary Campbell, teacher, ?, ?, Dorothy Butchart, ? Russell, Leon Deen, Gordon Williams. Next Row — Elaine Primus, Jean Clarke, Shirley McMahon, ? Skage, Gordon Mortimer, ?, ?, Joe Sargent, Maurice Simmons, Jackie Rae. 2nd Row — June Schnepf, ?, May Jennings, Jimmy Schnepf, Larry Taylor, Ronnie Rae, ? Coxton, Carl Primus. Front Row — V. Lyle, Janet Mortimer, Joyce Toepfer, Barbara Foster, Jean Ann Snell, Joe ?, Lillian Rowley.

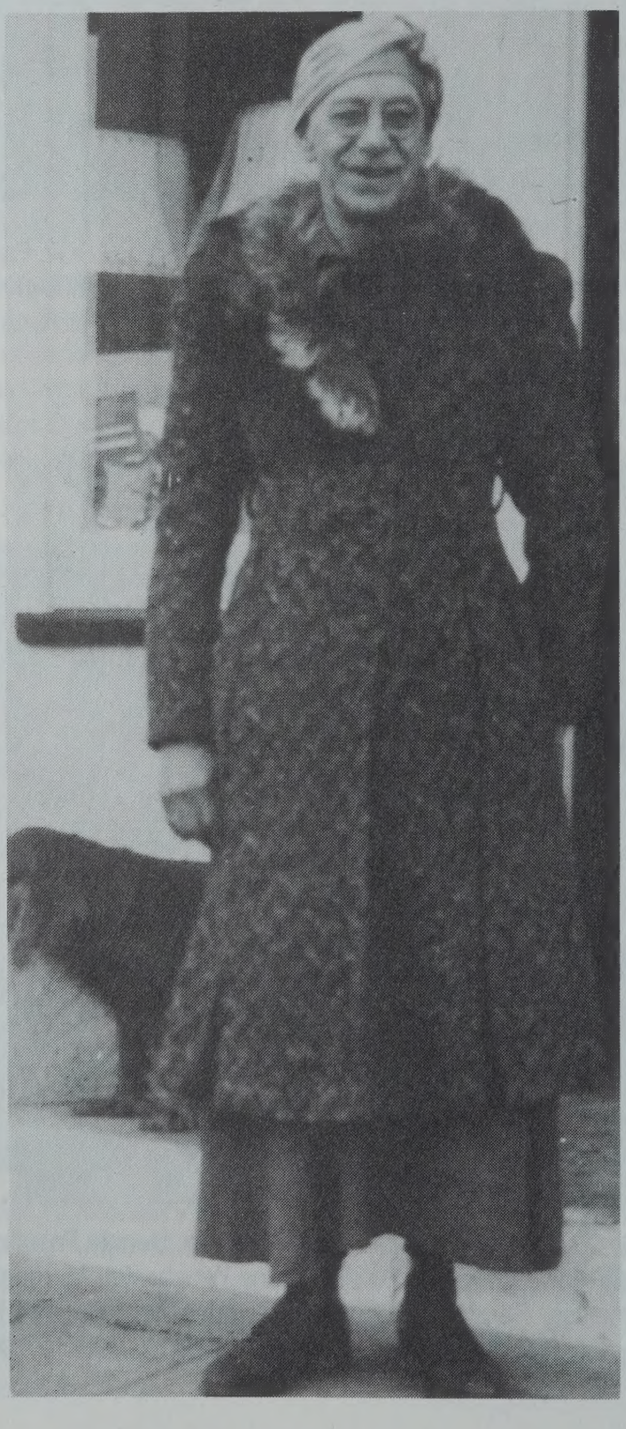
Miss Sanderson's Room. Grades 7, 8 and 9, L-R, (standing), Back Row — May Jennings, Jean Fulk, Joyce Toepfer, Joyce Giltner, Joyce Fulk, Jean Clarke, Janet Mortimer, Happy Nielsen, Amelia Pidherney, Rosanna Roberts, Wanda Waddy. Farthest Row, seated — June Schnepf, Eddie Kozdrowicki, Joyce Whitfield, Connie Lyle, ?, George Hopkins. Next Row, seated — Vanda Tyess, Hugh Thorp, Carl Primus, Elaine Primus, Lyle Walker, Gordon Mortimer, Miss Sanderson. Nearest Row — Evelyn Legare, Barbara Foster, Irene McLean, Leonard Deen.

Mr. Dick's Room in 1944. Back Row, L-R — Bob Sanderson, Joyce Fulk, Catherine Batchelor, Shirley Blair, Pat Warren, Connie Mattie, Owen Jennings. Centre Row — Alexie Norquay, Gloria Roberts, Helen Robson, Blanche Housen, Eva Ekvall, Joan Bowles. Front Row — Joe Rogers, Junior Sutley, Eric Mansbridge, Art McDermand, Douglas Cormack, Dave Cormack, Vern Lofstrand, Mr. Dick, Alton McCord.

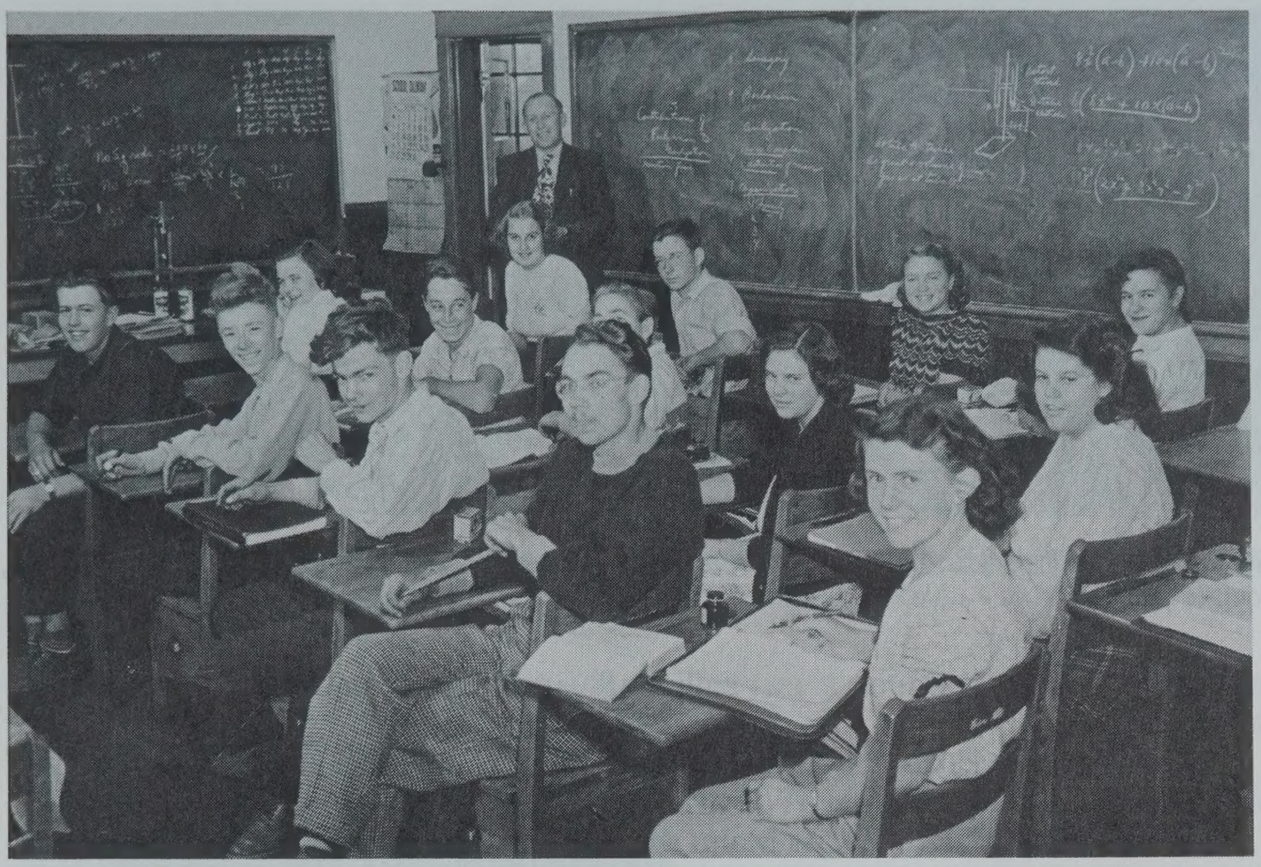
Alix High School about 1957-58. Back Row, L-R — Eric Sissons, Eric Nielsen, Ralph Morgan, Donnie Pasutto, Ken Shepherd, Earl Docherty, George McCord. Middle Row — Mr. Mel Fenske, Gene Winchester, Margaret Marryat, Margaret Drushka, Vickie Bell, Geraldine Jamieson, Geraldine Ditto, Ronald Rouse, Lynn Sutley, Mr. Henry Anderson. Front Row — Vanda Tyess, Mary Ann Pidherney, Sandra Hanes, Twyla Rouse, Bernice Ortwein, Gail Wilton.



The Principal of Alix Cons. School, Mr. George E. Smith, with Mrs. Smith, Russell and Vernon. Taken the day they left Alix to go to Redcliff, August 22, 1942.



Jack Tallents, Alix School Janitor. Initiation Day at Alix School, 1956.



Mr. Henry Brooks' Room. Mr. Brooks (standing). Back Row — Elsie Watt, Dave Lundberg, Merle McDermand, Madeleine Roberts. 2nd Row — Mary Jean Buchanan, Geoff Parlby, ?, Dorothy Mann, Betty Deen. Near Row — Joe Pidherney, Arlin Peterson, Glenn McLellan, Maurice Simmons, Claudia Ramsay.

The "Big Store" (Red and White) Burns — by M. L. Ludvigsson (Alix Correspondent to the Lacombe Globe, October 4, 1972)

Mr. and Mrs. George Dinnadge and daughters, Cathy and Robin, were fortunate to escape with their lives from their apartment above the George Dinnadge Grocery last Friday evening, September 29th. It happened this way.

The store seemed as normal when Mr. Dinnadge went upstairs for supper at 7:30 p.m. At 8:30 p.m. there was a "thumping" noise and a slight jar. Thinking a truck had hit the side of the building, Mrs. Dinnadge went to investigate, saw smoke in the hallway, and called her husband to get the fire extinguisher while she phoned the fire department.

The telephone was dead.

Her husband, carrying the fire extinguisher, found the stairway too smoke-filled for descent. He pushed the screen from a bedroom window and the family dropped to the roof of an adjacent storehouse, calling to passing young people to call the fire department, which they did.

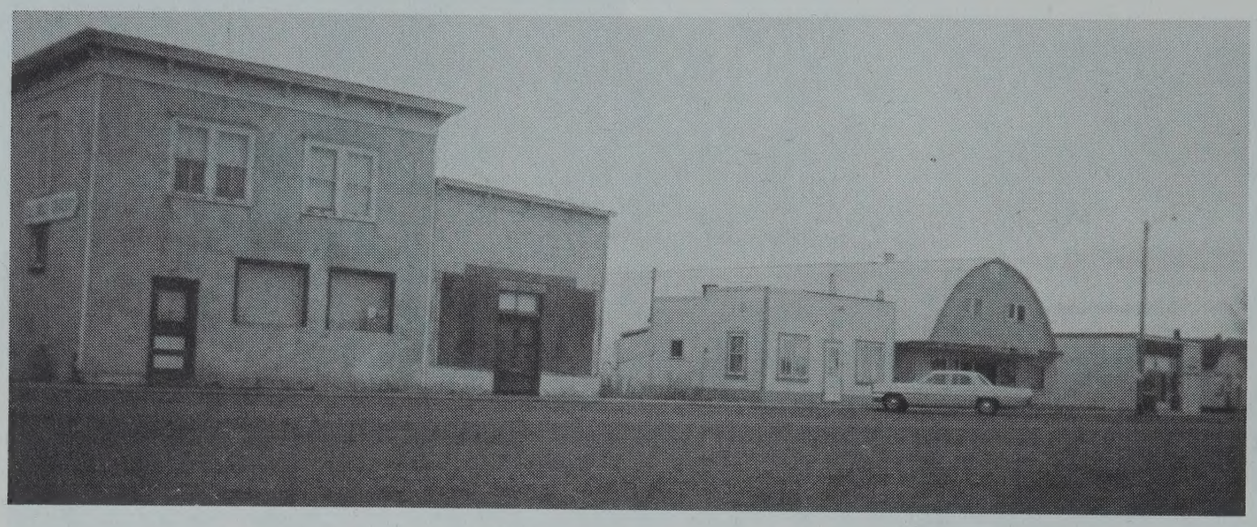
Mr. Dinnadge took time only to collect his shoes, the cat, and the till; and by the time he reached the ground the windows of the building blew out, no more than three minutes since the "thump" was heard. It must have been an explosion near the rear of the building that caused the "thump". The newly installed gas furnaces were at the front of the basement.

The resulting fire was hot, and potentially threatening to the next block, as a breeze blew sparks to the roof of the locker plant across the side street and to the buildings beyond. A sharp watch had to be kept, and the forecast of strong winds added to the anxiety.

A power pole caught fire, and electrical service to part of the town was cut.

The Bashaw Fire Department brought equipment to help, and great praise is due all the firemen as they contained the blaze. Undoubtedly the old fashioned ornamental metal sheathing on the building's exterior helped; and when the walls threatened to collapse Larry Wilton, operating the town's equipment, pushed them into the basement. The building had been his birthplace — at that time the home of his grandfather, Talmage Wilton.

The building had been a landmark for nearly seventy years. St. Elmo Sanderon, who came to Alix with his parents in 1906, remembers the basement for it being dug with horses



Alix Main Street looking S.E., 1964. Red and White Store, Former Alix Free Press (closed), former Bake Shop, Hairdresser's, residence — at different times. Circle Theatre; Liquor Store.

and fresnos shortly thereafter. It was built by Stuart Cruickshank, and first occupied by Panrucker and Holland.

Known for the latter part of its years as "The Red and White" store, it has changed hands several times, with Talmage Wilton and his family following Panrucker and Holland.

It was sold in turn to a Miss Malm and a partner whose name is not recalled. Bill Shuler had it next, and in the early 1940's Randy MacKinnon and "Smoky" Benson were owners and operators. They retained ownership of the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Goodman were the next storekeepers; then Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dolling, from whom Mr. and Mrs. Hans Olson took over in 1968. In mid-December, 1971, Mr. and Mrs. George Dinnadge became the operators, and had added equipment and made extensive renovations during their short tenure.

The loss of the pioneer building is a loss to every person who has been a resident of Alix, and a good many memories were evoked and discussed over the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Randy MacKinnon of Edmonton were in town Saturday viewing the wreckage of their one-time home.

Fire department volunteers would have appreciated it had ALL traffic detoured the area — unfortunately some drove over the fire hoses.

There will be a community shower for George and Laura Dinnadge on Thursday night, October 5th, at the Legion-Scout Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Ladies please bring lunch.

In the summer of 1978 the Alix branch of the Parkland Savings and Credit Union was opened on the site of the former Red and White Store, which was known in its early days as "The Big Store".

Links With History Demolished — by M. L. Ludvigsson

(From The Lacombe Globe of December 5th, 1979)

Two links with the past history of Alix disappeared during the last two weeks as Lindsay and Jim Lyle's heavy machinery rudely battered and demolished the cement block Andrews house, and also the small building next to Lymbery's Garage. Vacancy and vandalism in recent years had reduced them to eye-sores and fire hazards, and their removal improves the appearance of Main Street now. It was different in the past, and long-time residents were acutely disturbed by the neglect, decay, and final destruction of scenes of former delights.

Silas Colin Andrews and family came to Alix in 1911. He was the second owner and editor of the Alix Free Press, which he published until 1936. Shortly after his arrival he built the fine cement block house from blocks he and his wife poured, three every night so the story goes, until they had enough. The erection of the house greatly enhanced the appearance of Main Street then, and the Andrews' hospitality and public service enhanced communitiy life. Mr. Andrews passed away in 1936. Mrs. Andrews and family continued in the house until the mid 1940's. The house has since had a number of owners and tenants. Mr.

Alix Main Street, West Side, before the fires. Small building is W.I. building demolished in 1979. Building on far end is the Drug Store, now renovated.

Demolition in 1979 of the Si Andrews house on Main Street. He was an editor of the Alix Free Press.

and Mrs. Tom Cunningham lived there for some years; the last owner was John Penkala, now of Ryley.

It is thought that Art Soli started the little cafe next to Lymbery's Garage about forty years ago. It was a popular gathering place, and was operated under a number of names and by a succession of persons over the years. The names of some of the operators that come to mind, not in order of occupancy, are Harold Patrick, Dora Housen and Elsie Ekvall, Winnie Rodgers, Pearl Wilton, Mrs. Nancy Watt, Mrs. Vera Richards, Con and Agnes Elanders, William Shepherd, Mel Taylor, Jean Knight, Lucille Loney, Mr. and Mrs. John (Pop) Walper, Madeleine Gould, and others.

Since it ceased being a cafe it has been Alice Nielsen's Bakery, Frank Avery's home, and lastly the property of the Village of Alix.

Pool Hall To Museum — by M. L. Ludvigsson

"To collect, preserve, study, and exhibit those objects which will preserve the history of the settlers of Alix and the surrounding School Districts" is one of the main purposes of the Alix Wagon Wheel Museum, located in a building on the Main Street of Alix; a building that itself has a history.

It was built for a pool hall in 1929 by Oliver Siddons, replacing one that had burned down in 1928. It contained living quarters for the proprietor and his family, and at the beginning Mrs. Siddons operated the Alix White Lunch cafe near the front entrance. Mrs. Clark (Emma) Walker was her successor in the White Lunch.

Elsie Barrett, Rose Richardson, Milly (Hansen) Reid (behind the bread slicer) in Alice Nielsen's Bake Shop, located next to Lymbery's Garage. Building owned at that time by E. Pihlaja.

The pool hall was, like the barber shop, the gathering place for the male population of the area, particularly on a Saturday night, and particularly in the winter. The men enjoyed the warmth and fellowship for "just one more game", even though the women folk and children could be huddled in the vehicle on the street, waiting to go home. The pool hall, like the beer parlor, was considered to be "no place for ladies".

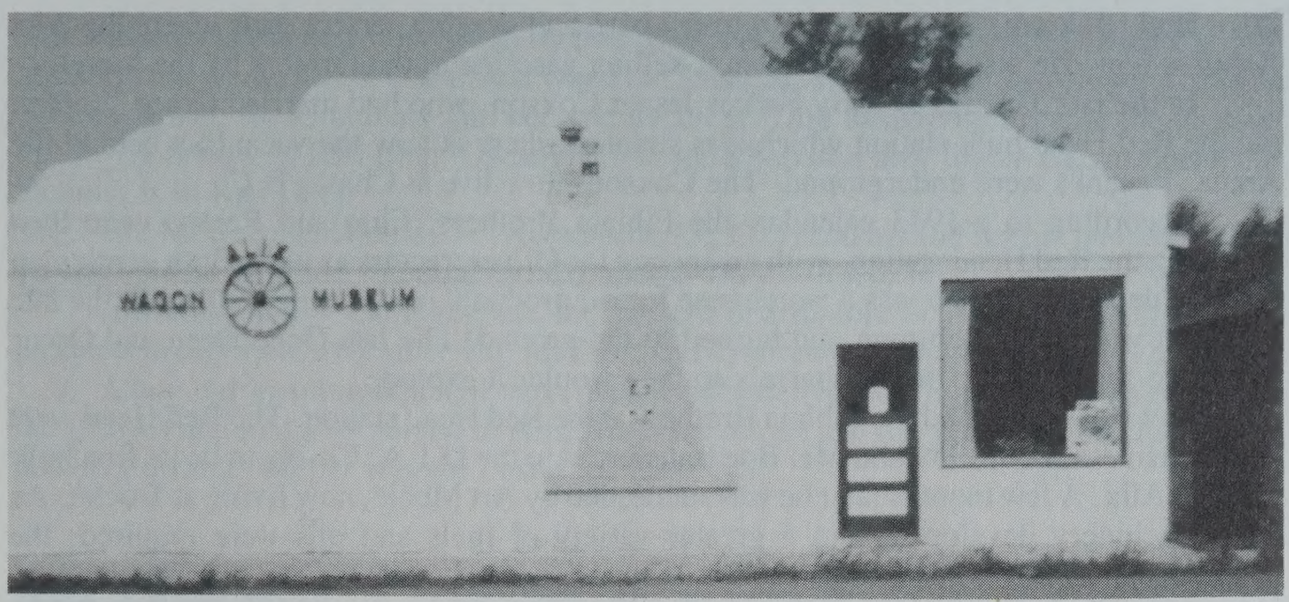
Oliver Siddons' successor as proprietor was Harry Odette. Mr. Odette installed a barber chair and cut men's hair although, it is said, not too expertly.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tyess and their daughters Emily and Vanda occupied the premises for several years. Mr. Tyess wore a hook to replace a hand lost in an accident. Emily married and lives in Red Deer; she managed the original Peacock Inn at one time. Vanda married Walter Scott, and they live at Wetaskiwin.

After the Tyess family came Mr. and Mrs. John Nolte, and children Larry and Marilyn. Interest in pool had waned, and after a few years the Noltes moved back to their farm west of Alix. They sold the farm in 1979 and moved to Red Deer, where both John and Vera Nolte worked as commissionaires, until retiring to Kelowna, B.C. in 1980. Larry lives and works in Edmonton; Marilyn is now Mrs. Aldin Ripka, and they live in Alix with their three children, Nadine, Wade and Pamela.

The last operator of the pool hall was Ben Hangs of Stettler, but his tenure was short. The building fell into disrepair after he left. It was purchased by John Penkala of Ryley, who sold it to the Alix Wagon Wheel Museum Association in 1974.

The Museum people and their friends renovated the building, and transferred to it the artifacts previously housed in the basement of the Drop-In Center. They acquired many more. The Museum houses and displays numerous links with the past history of Alix, for example — Grandma Mitchell's rocking chair, Jimmy Wong's abacus and coffee grinder,



1974 — Alix Museum renovated from Alix Pool Hall.

Lottie Bonham's hand made rug, to mention only a sample. Special displays are set up periodically, and when Alix has a parade, whether it be called Citizens' Day or Fair Day, the Museum Association enters a float depicting by-gone days.

In 1979, to mark the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Privy Council's ruling that "Women Are Persons", the Museum float portrayed a meeting of the "Famous Five" Alberta women whose persistence and determination finally exacted that pronouncement. One of the Five, the Honourable Irene Parlby, was a resident of the Alix District.

Impersonating the Famous Five on the float were Mrs. Peggy Purkis as "Irene Parlby", Mrs. Marjorie Ludvigsson as "Emily Murphy", Mrs. Eve Keates as "Nellie McClung", Mrs. Pauline McDonald as "Louise McKinney", and Mrs. Alice Whitfield as "Henrietta Edwards".

"The Persons Affair" float, July 28, 1979, Alix Wagon Wheel Museum. Eve Keates, Pauline McDonald, Peggy Purkis, Alice Whitfield, Marjorie Ludvigsson.

Bulk Oil Stations in Alix — by M. L. Ludvigsson

In the second and third decades of this century the livery barns gradually gave way to gas stations in serving the travelling public. In the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties horse power gradually gave way to tractors for pulling farm machinery, and as tractors became more common and numerous it became necessary to have depots or bulk stations within the community for petroleum products.

Bud (Beltram) Todd operated a livery barn and draying service near where the Alix Arena is now. He also had an oil agency, selling gasoline to the farmers by the barrel.

In the late Thirties or early Forties Jasper Coxson, who had married Grace Toepfer, ran the Red Head bulk station which was situated where is now the vacant lot behind the Arena. Its tanks were underground. The Coxsons now live at Chase, B.C.

According to a 1943 calendar, the Pihlaja Brothers, Eino and Reino, were then operating the Red Head station, with an agency for Oliver tractors as well. Both gentlemen are now deceased. There was a warehouse for oil products, and during a storm in the late Forties it was hit by lightning and burned to the ground. The late Gene Deen and Oscar Sundberg shot holes in the gas barrels so they wouldn't explode.

Mel Boe succeeded the Pihlaja Brothers at the Red Head station. The Red Head went out of business about 1959 and Mel Boe transferred to the U.F.A. Co-op, to be its first bulk agent in Alix. A few months later he was succeeded by Art Mehle, now living at Trochu. As farm machinery developed, and a greater variety of fuels and oils were required, the business expanded.

Alex Clark operated the U.F.A. bulk station from November 1967 to October 1970, when Jim Hamilton came from Edmonton to be the manager. That made two Jim Hamiltons in the district, the other being a farmer located at the corner of Highways Nos. 12 and 21. Oil-man Jim Hamilton was succeeded in November 1972 by the present operators, Marvin and Donna Groves.

According to information supplied by Imperial Oil Limited it would appear that George Blair (November 25, 1943 to May 17, 1945) operated its first bulk oil station in Alix. He was also the Alberta Pacific Grain Co. elevator agent. (See "Pioneers and Progress" page 46). George and Lois Blair, daughter, Shirley, and son, Tom, lived where Aldin and Marilyn Ripka reside in 1981. The Blair family moved to Stettler.

Jake Tucker was Imperial Oil agent May 18, 1945 to June 26, 1947. The Tuckers had a service station as well, with living quarters above it, on Railway (50th) Avenue. Jake and Eva Tucker moved to Red Deer where they still live, when they aren't wintering at Mesa, Arizona.

Lawrence E. Sharpe (June 26, 1947 to February 2, 1956) succeeded Jake Tucker in the service station and its living quarters, and as Imperial Oil agent. The family, consisting of Lawrence and Anne Sharpe, daughter Aurilee and son Dayle, later moved to the house on Highway No. 12 where Bud and Pat Spence live in 1981. The Keast family took over the service station and its living quarters, and later had the building moved to a site on Highway No. 12 (where Archie Austin's garage is now), and during their occupancy the building burned down.

The Sharpe family moved to Edmonton, where son, Dayle, has since passed away. Riley Carter worked with Lawrence Sharpe in Alix, delivering fuel; he also worked with Sharpe in Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Riley Carter are now in Red Deer.

Oscar Sabasch (February 2, 1956 to June 25, 1964) managed both the Imperial Oil

Imperial Oil delivery modes at Alix 1967 Parade. Jim McCullough driving the horses, Lorraine Walper in Centennial dress.

bulk station and the elevator, which by this time was known as the Federal Grain Co. Bill McDermand worked with Oscar, and when the Sabasch family moved away it was Bill who continued with the Company and became its agent. Don Longmore became the elevator agent. He is now in Red Deer. Oscar and Marjorie Sabasch now live in Calgary, and son, Dennis, is in Red Deer.

Bill McDermand (June 25, 1964 to June 25, 1974) and his son Archie had the longest service to date with the Imperial Oil Company. They still live in Alix.

Jim and Gladys Campbell are the present distributors of the Imperial Oil (Esso) products in this area, ever since Bill McDermand's retirement from the Company's service.

A horse-drawn Imperial Oil tank, once used to deliver fuel to farmers, was entered in the 1967 Centennial Day parade in Alix. Jim McCulloch and his team provided the motive power; Lorraine Walper was the costumed passenger.

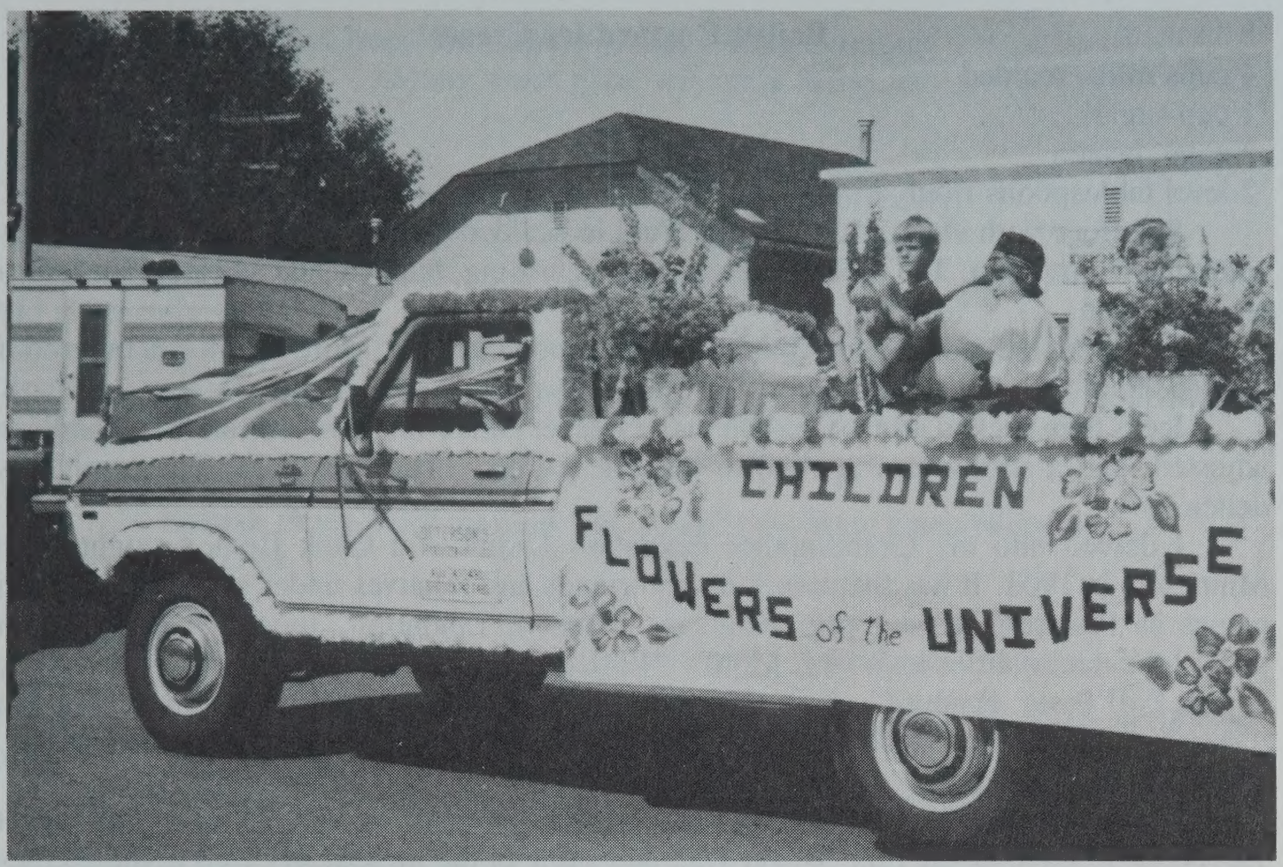
Alix Parade

Millie Hazlett and Alice Nielsen representing Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Todd in Alix Parade, 1979. (Driving Wa-Co pure-bred Apaloosa gelding.)

Madeleine Roberts in an Alix Parade during World War II.

Rebekah Lodge Float 1980, Alix Homecoming Year.

Mr. Peanut — Alix Parade.



1980 Horticulture Club Float, Donna Peterson driving.

Cooking Has Changed — by Alice Nielsen

Varieties were ample but simple, though tediously brought to the ultimate end — the table. All the fancy products were not to be had.

I remember my mother cooking soup for supper. She would put a meat bone on to boil, usually a shank of beef or any left over bones, turkey, chicken, ham or beef. This was cooked for hours on the back of the old stove to make a good rich stock. The bits of meat were picked off the bones, and the bones given to the dogs. Vegetables were added, potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and, of course, the friendly onion, sometimes pearl barley if we had it, then the soup was cooked longer. This, along with lots of home-made bread, was a treat for anyone. Dad loved it.

When my father came in half frozen from the -30° to -50° Fahrenheit temperatures in which he did his winter's work, hauling feed for animals, or wood, coal, chop, etc., sometimes having had dinner of half frozen food wrapped in a paper bag or news-paper, a hot meal was a welcome sight.

Picnics were a splurge of preparations. My favorite picnic lunch to this day is as Mom would make it. POTATO SALAD made with Mom's prize-winning salad dressing (she loved to enter it in Fairs). FRIED CHICKEN — The chickens were rounded up by us kids for Dad to chop off their heads. Then Mom cleaned them quickly, and soon there was the smell of chicken frying. M-m-m-m. SALMON SANDWICHES made from a large can of salmon (worth then about 25¢) mixed with cream and the salad dressing, also radish, lettuce and green onions (we never had garlic). Canned beans were a No-No, too expensive; much better were HOME BAKED BEANS with a liberal piece of salt pork for flavor. (Did you say "Yuk"?) Then, for dessert, my favorite was Mom's delicious LEMON PIE made from scratch.

For the school picnics or other gatherings we, and others also who had a freezer and could find enough ice, made ice cream. The ice was found under a hay-pile, or maybe some industrious farmer had stored ice packed in sawdust. There was always sawdust after the yearly wood-sawing bee in late winter. The ice was cut from a slough. Of course when it melted we found it contained a myriad of water insects, and therefore could not be used for cooling drinks.

To this day I marvel how she got this all ready for dinner at Buffalo Lake. We did drive a new Model T, but if it didn't work it meant the ponies and buggy.

However memories never fail us.

Boiled Custard Ice Cream

4 cups milk, scalded
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 level tablespoons flour

Sift flour with sugar. Add to eggs. Add to scalded milk. Cook until mixture drops smoothly from spoon. Too much cooking causes curdling, but by using a beater it becomes smooth again.

When cooled, add 2 cups cream, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. More cream can be used if desired. Pour into freezer can.

Ice is then packed around the can in the freezer pail, with plenty of salt. The handle is adjusted, and a strong arm applied to turn the paddles. Those paddles! The result was delicious.

I delved into my Grandmother Peterson's Ladies Aid Cook Book brought from Minnesota in 1903. It has the names of her friends and relatives under each recipe. Such names as Peterson, Westerberg, Knutson, Johnson, Lindholm, Jungquist and Ostrom proved the nationalities involved. Mom's "Boiled Salad Dressing" is in this book, as are Cream Puff Paste, Peanut Cookies (Mom made some of these for Dad and I to eat on the train when we travelled to Minnesota in 1916 for his Dad's and Mother's 50th Anniversary), and many other recipes.

I have a 1919-20 U.F.W.A. cook book that was given me by Mrs. Charles Cockrall. It was brought out after the First World War, and some of the ingredients used in the recipes are oleomargarine and lard. Mrs. Mull, a President of the U.F.W.A., has recipes in it, as do many Alix and District members, such as Mrs. M. V. Schnepf, Mrs. Semple, Mrs. Belle Stone, Mrs. Ennis, Mrs. A. G. Ditto. Mrs. St. E. Sanderson, Mrs. Geo. Nielsen, and Mrs. W. P. (Mrs. Walter Parlby?), and many more. The recipes were different from our recipes today. One was a Scripture Cake. It was used as a guessing game by reading the amount of the ingredients, and the Bible reference, and having the guests guess what is found in that.

Scripture Cake

4 cups (1st Kings, 4th Chapter, 22nd verse) — flour
½ cup (Judges, 5th Chapter, 25th verse) — butter
2 cups (Jeremiah, 6th Chapter, 20th verse) — molasses or sugar
2 cups (Nahum, 3rd Chapter, 12th verse) — figs
2 cups (1st Samuel, 30th Chapter, 12th verse) — raisins
1 cup (Numbers, 17th Chapter, 8th verse) — almonds
½ cup (Judges, 4th Chapter, 19th verse) — milk
2 tablespoons (1st Samuel, 14th Chapter, 25th verse) — honey
6 (Jeremiah, 17th Chapter, 11th verse) — eggs
2 teaspoons (Amos, 4th Chapter, 5th verse) — soda
A pinch (Leviticus, 2nd Chapter, 13th verse) — salt.

Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy and you have a good cake. Mrs. A. C. Mull.

Ginger Bread — Mrs. Jim Whyte (English)

4 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 cup treacle
1 teaspoon salt
1 level tablespoon mixed spices
1 cup shortening
1 cup sour milk
1 level tablespoon ginger
1 tablespoon soda
2 eggs

Mix dry ingredients. Mix beaten eggs, treacle, milk, add to dry mixture. Lastly warm shortening and add to mixture. Makes 3 loaves.

Chocolate Cake — Mrs. Bessie Peterson

(Many times prize winner at Fairs)

½ cup butter or shortening
1½ cups brown sugar
Cream together, add 2 eggs, and 1 teaspoon salt if using shortening.
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in
½ cup buttermilk
Add alternately with
2 cups flour
Dissolve 2 squares chocolate in ½ cup hot water. Cool. Lastly add to mixture. Bake in two layer pans.

Danish Soup (nick-named "Slickum") — Mrs. Cora Nielsen

1 cup prunes — cook
Add 1 cup raisins
1 thinly sliced lemon and rind
Cinnamon bark
Boil well. Add ¾ cup sugar, boil. Add ⅓ cup sago or tapioca. Stir constantly until sago dissolves.

This was always a favorite with the threshing crews, as well as with the family.

Salad Dressing — Grandma Peterson's Cook Book (won several prizes at Fairs)

1 tablespoon mustard
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon salt
½ tablespoon flour
1 cup sweet milk
1 cup warm cider vinegar
6 or 8 eggs yolks, left from an angel food cake
3 tablespoons melted butter.

Sift dry ingredients well. Warm vinegar, add butter. Mix egg yolks well. Add milk and dry ingredients. Stir well and add to vinegar, stirring constantly. A double boiler is safest. Cook until creamy.
NOTE: Over-cooking will cause it to curdle; then use a beater to make it creamy again.

Pull Taffy — from U.F.W.A. Cook Book

2 cups brown sugar
¼ cup water
½ cup molasses
1 teaspoon vinegar

Boil steadily but do not stir if you can help it. Boil until it snaps in water. Pour on buttered plates. When cooled sufficiently, pull until of a pale golden color. Serve in sticks, striped with the unpulled dark candy, or else cut with sharp scissors into bits the size of buttercup candles.

Spotted Dog — Grandma Rider's Christmas Pudding, by Elaine Pederson

3 cups flour
¾ cup sugar
1 cup suet
1½ cups currants or raisins
1½ teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
Milk to make a stiff batter.

Take a ten-pound sugar bag; dip it in boiling water. Spread out on table and sprinkle with flour. Place dough on cloth. Bring cloth up around pudding and tie with a string, loose enough to allow dough to rise. Pop into boiling water and boil 2 hours.

Serve with lemon sauce.

I still remember the smell of pudding boiling when we went to Grandpa and Grandma Rider's before 1918.

I vary this a little. I roll the dough like cinnamon roll; add layers of washed currants, chopped suet, sprinkle of salt and sugar. Roll up and place on a baking dish. Steam one to two hours. Serve with lots of lemon sauce.

Wild Meat

I have had little experience with this.

I never did this, but I am told the wild ducks, geese, etc. were hung by a string around their necks on the walls of the cabins or houses until they ripened. Sorry, I don't know how long this took.

My brothers would shoot rabbits and they were cleaned quickly, and either roasted or fried. The boys also killed porcupines, cleaned them, and cut away most of the fat. The carcass was soaked over-night in salt water. Mom made sage, onion, and bread dressing, laid it in the carcass, and baked or roasted it. The meat was very like pork. It made a nice change from canned or salt cured meat.

Soap Making — Mrs. V. Schnepf — U.F.W.A. Cook Book

7 lbs. cracklings, or any kind of grease
8½ quarts water
2 cans lye.

Put all together in a kettle and boil 1½ hours, then turn out. If not hard enough add a little more water when it is melted again.

NOTE: Strangely, when I was researching this recipe, I noticed that a lady on the T.V. Sesame Street program was demonstrating soap-making to a group of children. She had a pan of hot grease, cracklings showing, which she poured into a stone crock, then added the lye. A delighted child stirred and stirred. She watched carefully as it thickened, and when fudge-like consistency it was poured into a wooden frame or box. When it cooled it was cut into square blocks. Then she showed them how to rub the soap on a washboard, and proceeded to rub some clothes clean in a tub of water.

Hand Soap — Mrs. V. Schnepf — U.F.W.A. Cook Book

2 sticks caustic (instead of lye)
1 quart water in which a pint of oatmeal has been soaked, but do not use the meal.
1 quart lard.

Boil 10 minutes and mold into bars. As it is taken from the stove add a bottle of violet perfume.

To Clarify Fat — U.F.W.A. Cook Book

Put fat to be clarified on the stove. Add a pint of water and a teaspoon soda to every 2 lbs. of fat. Let boil until water has evaporated, then strain fat into a crock and it is ready to use.

More Cooking From the Past — by Alice Nielsen and Alice Simmons Sr.

Many recipes travelled across the ocean with our new citizens. The Christmas Pudding did this. Originating in Belgium this recipe came before 1900 with Alice Simmons' Grandma Roland and is still being used.

It was the custom when making it for each member of the family to stir, making a silent wish while doing so.

2 lbs. seeded raisins (seeds removed by family)
1½ lbs. currants (thoroughly washed)
½ lbs. mixed peel, lemon, orange and citron, slivered or chopped. Note: This could be bought, or made at home.
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon (scant) ginger
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon treacle
1 lb. white sugar
½ lb. chopped suet
½ lb. bread crumbs
1½ cups water

Mix **very** stiff with flour. Press firmly into pudding dish, place a plate on top to fit tight. Wrap in clean cloth and tie securely. Place in saucepan filled with water to one inch below top of basin. Boil for 24 hours, keeping water as the beginning.

Turn the lamp down when Mother brings in the pudding, with its bit of holly on top, and which has had some brandy poured over it and lit. The flames will have all colors, representing all the nations in the world. This is the Biblical story of the Christmas Pudding.

Custard Sauce For Christmas Pudding

(When multiplying this recipe always use these proportions)

1 egg to 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons sugar. Flavor can be extracts, or brandy or rum.

Cook in double boiler. When it coats the back of a metal spoon remove from fire and add flavoring.

More About Making and Preserving Food — by Alice Nielsen and Bea Parlby

Recipe for a Happy Day — From Renfrew, Ontario, Cook Book

Take a little dash of water,
A little leaven of Prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold,
Dissolve in morning air.
Add to your meals some merriment,
With thoughts of kith and kin,
And then as a prime ingredient
A-plenty of work thrown in.
Flavor it all with essence of love,
And a nice little dash of play.
Let the good old Book and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

Hops

In the early days it was not always handy to get yeast cakes, and people sometimes made yeast from hops.

Hops is a perennial vine that was used for decoration on houses and cabins. It died down each fall to grow again in the spring. Propagation is by roots.

When the green cone-like blossoms take on a yellow tinge they are harvested and dried.

To Make Bread With Hops — From 1913 Five Roses Flour Cook Book

Method: Put one cup of loose hops in a muslin bag and boil them in 3 quarts of water for 8 minutes. Have ready 1 quart of hot mashed potatoes. Add 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, and 1 tablespoon salt. Pour the boiling hop water over this mixture. Put it in an 8-quart pail with a lid. Add 4 more cups of warm water and beat thoroughly. Add flour to make a stiff batter. Cover and leave over night.

In the morning have 2 quarts of flour and more salt in a mixing bowl. Pour in the sponge and mix until stiff dough. Let rise. Mould into loaves and bake.

More about Making and Preserving Food — by Alice Nielsen

In the fall and spring every farmer butchered beef and hogs. The hogs were pickled in salt cure, then smoked. Odds and ends of pieces of meat were ground up and made into sausages. Some farmers were skilled in cleaning and using the intestines for cases for this meat.

A good sausage recipe is:

Allow one-third fat to two-thirds lean meat. To 10 lbs. meat allow 4 scant tablespoons

salt, 1 level teaspoon pepper, 2 level teaspoons sage. If desired, add 1 teaspoon ginger. Mrs. C. H. Bucknell, U.F.W.A.

Making Head Cheese required a terrific amount of cleaning. The hog's eyes and ears were removed, the head split open and the brains removed, the snout and teeth cut away. The rest was placed in a kettle and boiled till very tender. The meat was picked off the bones and chopped fine and seasoning added, salt, pepper, and ground cloves if chosen, or sage leaves rubbed to a powder. The head cheese was mixed by hand and pressed into straight-sided pans; pressed firmly, with a plate and weight on top. After two or three days it could be turned out and sliced thinly.

To Cure Beef — Corned Beef

The cuts of beef are arranged in a crock. Put 2 gallons of cold water into a large pan with 3 lbs. salt, ½ lb. of brown sugar, 2 oz. salt peter. Bring to a boil, skim, let boil for 20 minutes. When cold pour over meat. Press down with a wooden lid, weighted down with a rock. Ready for use in three weeks.

Our earlier folks had difficulties with eggs in the winter. The hen houses were crude and often very cold. Sometimes feed was only enough to keep them alive. With these conditions an egg for Easter was a welcome sight. So in the late summer eggs were preserved by various methods.

One way was with water glass, purchased in a can, and following the directions. The mixture was put into a crock and stored in a cold place. Eggs to be preserved were very fresh when put in. The preserved eggs were seldom eaten at the table, but were used for baking, puddings, and so on. Another method was to grease the eggs' shells throughly with salt butter, but other grease, like lard, was used. These were then packed in layers of dry bran or shorts from the home-ground flour, and even coarse salt was used. This was placed in pails or boxes. In spring the hens went back to work.

I have heard several young women saying they wish they knew where they could get one of the older cook books, the ones you could use without having to run to the store for special ingredients. It might be interesting if one of the oldest U.F.W.A. cook books could be reprinted.

Toothache was a common ailment. Dentists were far away, and often money was scarce. Even $1.00 for filling a tooth was too much, and the tooth was often let go until it had to be pulled, and that ended that. One young lady had a bad tooth. Someone advised her to put a small piece of plug tobacco in the hole. The tobacco was so strong it is unknown if the toothache was forgotten with the treatment.

A cold not cared for often turned into pneumonia. Men were often the susceptible ones, as they had to venture out for chores in any kind of weather. It was, in fact, survival of the fittest.

However poultices made from mustard and flour were spread on brown paper, and with an intervening cloth to prevent skin burn the poultice was applied to the chest, and sometimes to the back. These were left for 15 to 20 minutes, then removed, and replaced in an hour or so. The skin was liberally rubbed with grease, usually goose grease. This broke the congestion in bronchial tubes and lungs. Soon the patient was out again.

Poultices for infected injuries or boils were made from bread and hot water, cooked flaxseed meal, brown sugar and soap cooked, brown sugar and onions cooked; or soaking the infected part in salt or Epsom salts and hot water. Another treatment was with turpentine. Medical opinions are that its curative effect is imagination, however many people even today douse the injury with turpentine and wrap it in cloth. Many farmers use turpentine to treat hoof rot in cattle; old and young farmers believe in it.

Bannock — by Alice Nielsen and Bea Parlby

Bannock is as early as history, especially in the West. When trail riding, batching, trapping, it was easy to prepare, suitably filling, and needed no fancy recipe measuring. I suppose that is why I have searched and searched and can find only one recipe, which is in the 1920 Blue Ribbon cook book.

Bannocks (Army Bread)

4 level cups flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
1 level teaspoon salt

1 level tablespoon sugar
About 3 cups cold water. No lard.

Mix all together rapidly, pour into a bake pan. Bake about 45 minutes, or until no dough sticks to a sliver stuck into a loaf.

I believe that when baking over a camp-fire they probably didn't level the measurements. They probably poured it into a frying pan thinly, and rolled it to eat it. Or they might have rolled the dough around a stick and held it over the coals to cook. But I wasn't there.

Pemmican — by Alice Nielsen

An Indian Grandma over eighty years old lived west of here. She was a very neat house-keeper. Her house had a dirt floor but she laid dried hides on it. They were taken up every once in a while, hung up and cleaned, as one used to clean rugs, by beating them with a flail of some kind. The hides made the house, or cabin, very cosy.

She made pemmican by taking beef and pounding it to a mush, then she added any kinds of berries, raspberries, saskatoons, gooseberries, currants, and suet. These she pounded into the meat. Whatever other ingredients she used are not recalled. She wrapped the meat in a cloth and baked it. It was reported as very tasty.

Of course this isn't quite like the early Indians made, when the mixture was wrapped in skins.

Writing in the Family Herald some years ago Kerry Wood of Red Deer describes what some farmers have thought to be "petrified pemmican" when it was found in a field. It was, however, a peculiar fungus growth that thrives across Canada wherever poplars grow, and is called Indian Tuckahoe. It is related to the European delicacy, truffles, and like truffles it develops under the surface of the ground, out of sight. It is rarely found while growing, and by the time it is rooted up by plow-shares or hogs it has hardened to rock-like consistency.

All Good Housekeepers Should Know Why Some Things Are Done — from the U.F.W.A. Cook Book

Why do you take milk in your tea? Most people would answer "because they liked it that way". But the scientists have found a deeper reason, placing the custom on purely scientific grounds, says a writer in the New York Press. These learned ones discourse as follows:

We use sugar in our tea to prevent injury to the coatings of our stomachs. Whenever tannic acid and albumen meet they fall desperately in love with each other, get married, and live together ever afterwards as tannate of albumen or leather. Now, there is tannic acid in tea, and a lot of albumen in the coating of the stomach. The tannic acid weds as much of this as is allowed by the laws of chemistry, and so far injures the stomach.

But — Milk also contains albumen. When milk is added to tea, therefore, the molecules of tannic acid select their albumen partners from it, and, as a divorce is unknown to tannate of albumen, the albumen of the stomach remains single, and so the lining of the stomach is uninjured.

Now — You may imagine that when you mix a salad dressing you put vinegar in because it tastes better that way, but you are wrong again. It is for a chemical reason, which is as follows:

Raw vegetables are easily enough digested by cows and horses, but with difficulty by the human stomach because they contain that hard, fibrous substance, cellulose. But acids dissolve cellulose, and vinegar is acid. That is why we take it with salad and cabbage, and doubtless that is why it tastes so well, for the palate is an excellent judge of what is good for the stomach. Oil is added for the very good reason that it protects the lining of the stomach from the action of acid in the vinegar.

"Wash Up"

There's a blot upon existence
I really must deplore,
And that is washing pots and pans,
And dishes by the score.

It ruins hands and tempers,

On life it is a bane.
For after every blessed meal
You must wash up again.

We get up in the morning,
And breakfast one by one.
The frying pan, and porridge pot,
Are waiting to be done.

No sooner have we finished
A large and hefty lunch
When we must to the kitchen go
And wash another bunch.

The middle of the afternoon
We have a cup of tea.
Another lot of dirty cups
Are waiting there for me.

The last meal of the evening
Is always ruined quite.
A pile of sticky dishes
Loom far into the night.

The scientists all tell us
That some day it shall be
We'll take from out a bottle
A pink pill for our tea.

A tablet for our breakfast
Is all we'll want, they say.
I only hope it comes to pass
Before I pass away!

Jean Sheret, 1937
Printed in the Calgary Herald
(I received the large sum
of one dollar from the paper)

The Dirty Thirties — by Alice Nielsen

During 1928 and 1929 farmers were recovering from the market crash of 1921 which followed the first World War of 1914 to 1918. Prior to that 1921 crash wheat prices had soared to $4.00 per bushel, and the average price of horses was $400.00. Horses were the only power for farming. Purebred cattle were high too, $400.00 to $600.00 each in February, 1921. In August they were worth $20.00 to $60.00 each. Many farmers who had made investments trying to improve their farming simply went broke.

In the fall of 1929 the New York stock market crashed and prices dropped again. Many very desperate men jumped from high buildings, as they had not a thing left and were millions of dollars in debt. The United States banks are, as a rule, privately owned, thus, when word got around that there was no market, the people went to the banks to draw out their savings. It was called "a run on the bank". Of course when the banker couldn't give out any more money he closed the doors. Many bankers quietly closed earlier, packed up and left, leaving their customers out.

In Canada the banks are controlled by the Government so it wasn't so bad. By 1930 the banks were very careful not to lend money to doubtful securities. People felt the pinch of near poverty. Storekeepers, salesmen, elevators selling seed, carried the brunt of the load all through those bad years.

Then Nature started her rampage. The spring was good, with adequate snow fall, but by June when young plants were turning everything green the winds started to blow. Soon they had the soil lifted and blown from one farm to another. There were dust storms, but no rain. For three and four days at a time the wind and dust blew everywhere. Fences and machinery were covered over with blown soil, and had to be dug out in later years. The

grain was uprooted and blown out of the ground. The tops of the hills suffered the worst, of course, as the winds wore away any loose soil to deposit it in hollows, or swirl up and up into the air to come down who knows where. Desolation was the result.

The prairies of southern Alberta and Saskatchewan were so badly hit that the land became dust bowls. For years the farmers procured seed in the spring and planted it. There might have been enough soil moisture to sprout the seed, but no rain came and many of the tiny plants dried up.

The farmers started farming methods intended to defeat the winds. The ground was worked as little as possible, leaving it lumpy, and when the winds came the dirt would blow around the lumps. Some seeds might get some protection.

Of course these conditions encouraged such weeds as perennial sow thistle, Canada thistle, and many other bad ones. Once their roots got a foot-hold they would go down as deep as fourteen feet. No farming methods would kill them, and there was no such thing as weed sprays in those days. In the south the Russian thistle was used for feed for very hungry animals.

Over the whole country there were no jobs. Consequently men rode freight trains from place to place looking for work; these men were called "railroad bums". In the fall the harvest brought men, good and bad, from all over to help get the grain harvested. Some were good men, but others didn't know how to do the work. The wages were $2.00 or $3.00 per day, with board and lodging provided.

In the winter some men were lucky to get a job for their board and some clothes, usually mittens and overalls, and sometimes tobacco. Others also got $10.00 per month. Whenever possible they would start a small business for themselves, earning a few cents for many hours of work.

Finally by 1936 the situation eased somewhat, and by 1938 many people had started in a new kind of life and were planning to go ahead.

1939 and 1940 saw the beginning of World War II. This seemed to be the end of the drought, as rains came to the prairies, starting a new life for old farms that had been dust bowls.

One experience during the worst of the drought is recalled. We were digging potatoes. The tops were very small and scanty, and we could not find any spuds. One of the men had a spade, and he dug down about two feet. He found potatoes, very large ones, and many of them! What a surprise!

Bed Bugs — From Dr. Chase's Last Complete Works 1887
by Alice Nielsen

Many of the histories of the early days mention the nightly companions, the bed bugs. Not everyone tried to fight these pests, so it was impossible to be sure you were rid of them.

Some remedies used were:

1. Kerosene applied to all cracks with a brush once a week. Usually Saturday.

2. Use equal parts of alcohol and turpentine, and 1 ounce camphor gum. Shake well before using, and apply liberally with a small brush or feather, to all cracks in the bed, walls, and any hiding places. It is sure death. However the nits seem to carry over somewhere, so this has to be repeated every two weeks until satisfied the bugs are gone.

Many other remedies were used, but I thought this one unique. A.N.

3. Grease cooked out of salt pork or bacon applied hot is said to be everlasting in its effects of killing and keeping them away. I should only fear the everlasting squeak of bedsteads if applied in the joints, just where the bugs most do congregate. By a Reporter for Dr. Chase.

Drama in Times Gone By — by B. Parlby

Comment: Since "Pioneers and Progress" was printed so many inquiries have been received about drama in the earlier days of our area that some attempt to fill in the picture seems desirable. If the picture is not complete in all details, it will only be because one can only write and speak of what one knows and remembers and always with sincere regret that any part should be overlooked. Now for the story.

The Old Theatrial Box

For over thirty years the old costume box found its home in our basement, its needle-point covered lid protected by folded stage scenery, an ancient handmade Egyptian tent and old rugs. Aunt Kitty Marryat had asked me to take care of it when she sold her Alix home and went to live with her son, Dennis, in Wetaskiwin, shortly after the end of World War II.

But the atmosphere of the old box was that of fifty years or more earlier. The huge Egyptian tent or "marquee" belonged to the Marryat family since Colonel E. L. Marryat was the engineer in charge of building the Egyptian Delta Light Railways in the latter part of the nineteenth century (probably in the 1880's). One could only marvel at the patience and strength of the hands that quilted the red, blue and white lining in the detailed pattern which had been sewn so carefully and secured to the inside of the very heavy canvas which formed the outside of the huge tent. What stories those walls and roof could tell of all the people who had sheltered there!

The Marryats brought the tent with them to Canada when they came as a family to settle on the east shore of Haunted Lakes in 1904. Besides providing shelter for pioneers and Settlers' Effects, it later was used as a marquee for tennis parties, polo club refreshments and at least one very early flower show.

Piece by piece we lift out the separate items of clothing and at the sight of each, another memory is stirred. A collection of fans; one ebony, others ivory with lace or embroidery, recall stories of the Japanese programme put on in an upstairs hall on Main Street. The weight of the crowd was too much for the floor which began to give way. People were asked to move close to the wall while miners from the Red Deer River came to the rescue. Quickly they brought strong beams to shore up the floor and in a short time the play went on.

A golden costume of very heavy silk taffeta trimmed with black lace reminds one of a Spanish dance, a red flannel, full skirt trimmed with gold braid, a blue-striped, cotton skirt, and another blue sateen skirt trimmed at the hem with bells and cockle shells for "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary" and dainty white blouses with lace insertion complete the skirts used as costumes for many occasions.

We'll set the old tent to one side and explore further into the box. Men's evening dress suits of finest weaves, as many as seven or eight lie folded one over the other. The custom of dressing for dinner came with the settlers from their homeland. Mrs. Gibson of Sylvan Lake once told me a story of how her menfolk on their way to dinner took their dress suits with them and stopped out on the prairie to change their clothes before arriving at their hosts' home. Colonel Marryat's regimental uniforms complete, from the rich red velour parade uniforms with glowing brass buttons to the humbler stable jackets of navy blue. Tucked in the corners of the box lie the spurs to fit the army boots, a sack of regimental buttons cut off from coats so that the latter could be used for theatricals, an old holster for a pistol sometimes used with the highwayman's black hat and cloak. The cloak often doubled as a witch's costume for Hallowe'en.

Then we come to two costumes, jackets and knee pants made of heavy satin, trimmed with gold braid. With wig, stockings, white fichu, gloves and dancing shoes, these have outfitted many a gallant gentleman. My first memory of one of these is of Sheila Marryat at the Waunita Ball at the University of Alberta in 1923. We girls thought she looked gorgeous. And oh, the shoes and shoes! Little grey and white satin shoes with squat French heels of before 1910 with the soles well scuffed from dancing. Except the heels were lower, the style was almost exactly that of the French heels of the 1970's. In fashion too, "history repeats itself." A pair of Egyptian sandals and one odd one of a slightly different pattern remind one of Bible pictures of Joseph in Egypt. Other shoes have been added through the years, white kid slippers with straps, black satin with high heels and black leather ones with the spike heels of the late fifties. A dainty little pale rose dancing dress with golden embroidery belonged to Jean Parlby for a special step dance before 1920. Each has its memories and its story.

I pick up a piece of chintz, a small curtain, creamy in colour, covered with dots and roses. Of course! Barbara Cormack coached the Junior U.F.A. when they very successfully produced "The Old Chintz Cottage". Part of the scenery lies in another box. It is made of factory cotton with "slathers" of paint daubed on it to secure the right effect.

Then comes a more sombre outfit. A torn grey flannel shirt, baggy old trousers tight at the knee and a peasant's cap. A shiver runs up one's spine at the memory of Ulric Marryat's impersonation of Jean Valjean in "The Bishop's Candlesticks". Irene Parlby said she was quite startled when he came on stage and scarcely recognized her own brother.

Many of the plays were put on in aid of one or other of the churches or occasionally the churches together. My first memory of Mirror was of watching a girls' drill around a gaily-decorated Maypole. I am sure Mrs. Upton, the United Church minister's wife, trained them. Mrs. Upton also directed the choir and is still remembered for her zest.

The Pettits are names to remember. Wm. Pettit was an excellent actor especially in the first two scenes. A third scene seemed a bit too much to learn and there, a capable prompter was needed. With the Pettits, other actors were Les Smith, Fred Setters, Ulric Marryat, Humphrey Parlby, Paul and Elsie Toepfer and Dorothy Jamieson.

During the early thirties the churches, like the people, were having a hard time financing. We put on the "Romantic Age" first at Alix in the old Legion Hall for St. Pancras; then we took it to Bashaw to the big Elks Hall which still stands on the corner. I think the A.Y.P.A. sponsored us. After the performance we trooped across the street to the white house for refreshments where Mr. and Mrs. J. Marshall entertained us royally.

I open another big box nearby. Legs! Homemade legs! Made of stockings stuffed with cotton batten. Do you remember the "Middle Watch" when we hoisted these legs up past a window in the stage scenery? The audience wondered how Myrtle McBean and Maisie Gray could be windlassed up above. They didn't know until afterwards that I had lain on the floor at old Dartmoor on a sheet of cardboard while Humphrey traced the outline for a model for the stuffed legs used on stage. A pair of stockings drawn over the cardboard, sheep's wool or cotton stuffed each side completed our legs. These were hoisted twice past a porthole. The audience thought it was the girls.

Something clanks in the bottom of the box. A chain! Marley's ghost of the Christmas Carol! But only a car chain dragged along the floor. Mr. Villy directed. Mrs. Millwin Davies and Barbara Cormack and half the community were in Fezziwigs Dance.

One training ground for young actors must not be forgotten; the country schools and their Christmas concerts. Weeks were spent in preparation. Each child had his part and in small schools with fewer actors there were more opportunities for each boy or girl to achieve stardom.

Stages were improvised at one end of the room with planks on old oil barrels or packing boxes. Baling wire or heavier was strung from wall to wall upon which blankets were hooked by means of large safety pins. The two curtain men (boys) were very important and had to practise opening simultaneously while still remaining concealed from the audience. Every school had its stage and every concert had its stars.

The outbreak of World War II brought an upsurge in entertainments as programmes were put on in aid of the Canadian Red Cross. Mrs. Palmer arranged a series of tableaus for a programme in the Legion Hall. She phoned to ask if Gerry, 3 years old, with his golden curls could represent "Bubbles", the advertisement for Pears Soap. Material was scarce. With crepe paper of the right green bought at the local Henry's Drug Store, I was able to make a Little Lord Fontleroy suit decorated with a pointed lace collar my mother had crotcheted years before. Poor Gerry! The paper must have scratched, but he didn't complain and seemed to enjoyed it all.

Then Barbara Cormack, Humphrey and I received a call from Gadsby Lake. They were putting on a concert in aid of the Red Cross. Could we help? We dug out a copy of one-act plays from the old family collection and began to practice. The title was "Which is Which?" Humphrey was the young suitor confused by two young ladies who were doubles. Barbara and I were anything but doubles, but we dressed alike, and Hum pretended to be more mystified than he really was. I remember Barbara's playing on the organ that night when she filled all the spaces in between, and Mrs. Fewkes' recitation. The latter was the star of the evening.

1941 brought the Drama Festival. I'm not sure how it all started for Barbara Cormack was at the helm and had done much of the local organizing. Suddenly her husband, Eric, was transferred with his regiment to Camp Shiloh, and Barbara and their two sons, Douglas

and David, left for Winnipeg to be near him and so that the boys could finish High School. Ulric Marryat took over from Barbara, and Festival Plans continued.

Then one day our phone rang. It was Ulric. "Bee, I've just had my call for the army and leave right away. Will you take charge of the Festival?"

"Oh, Ulric!"

"Of course you can do it. Good luck!"

Most of the preliminary work had been done and there only remained for me to carry on. But little did I dream that on the final night, Humphrey would be sitting beside me with the badge of the Calgary Tank Regiment on his uniform. So fast did events move!

I cannot remember all the details of the two evenings of the festival. There must have been seven or eight half-hour plays presented by different groups in the area. The Boy Scouts put on a play simulating an army camp with a campfire complete with a pile of wood under which electric light bulbs shone through red crepe paper.

Vera and Peter Marryat presented "The Lunatic". When the final curtain fell on the second night, there was not a shadow of a doubt as to which group of players had won the laurels. Anton Chekov's "The Bear" presented by the Clive Dramatic Society and directed by Vincent Duffy was far and away the most polished performance. After the adjudicators from Edmonton had given their final summing up and while I was congratulating the cast, I asked them how they attained such smoothness and continuity. One of the lady members of the cast explained quite simply, "Mr. Duffy explains exactly what he wants. Then he makes us go over and over and over it until he is satisfied."

This group of players from Clive won the competition for our area and then went on to win the provincial for Alberta. Encouraged by their success they took their play to the Dominion Drama Festival at London, Ontario. Though Clive did not win top honours for their overall performance, Robert Haskins was awarded the Best Male Actor of the Festival and Vincent Duffy the Best Director Award. This for all Canada!

Six years of war disrupted all our lives. I do not remember much in the way of theatricals for some time. After the men came home in 1945-46 there was some revival. I remember Mrs. Parlby helping Ulric Marryat to learn his part for something in which I believe the Cormack boys also played in.

In 1949 we took a play to Clive once again to raise funds for St. Pancras. I can't remember the name of the play, but I do remember the dark cloud that seemed to hang over us that night. U. G. Marryat whom we had regarded as our best actor and who often directed us, was lying in Belcher Hospital almost at death's door. Two World Wars had proved too much. A few days later he was gone. Now came a long lull. Perhaps we were just growing older. Radios had improved and within a few years T.V. was beginning to grow into a powerful rival. Amateur actors became more hesitant to compete, conscious of how they would compare with professionals. Local entertainment more often took the form of a variety concert. One of these was in aid of the Red River Flood victims about 1955. These were more easily prepared as each participant contributed the item he could best perform which, of course, avoided strenuous group rehearsals. Also the one-roomed country schools, those training grounds for young actors were gone. Consolidation into larger schools was almost completed, and Drama became an option on the Course of Studies.

This story would not be complete without some mention of the earlier years of M.A.C.C. High School. Oh, the fun of those four years teaching Drama! Although there were moments when I wondered how I would ever keep twenty-four lively students busy enough to keep them out of mischief. One year M.A.C.C. hosted the Drama Festival for Central Alberta; the next year it was Lacombe's turn and then Red Deer's. Humphrey who loved theatricals used to come to the school to help me coach and added much to the quality of our achievements.

Only a book would describe all our adventures but our moment of glory was when the cast in "Yes, Dear," a play by Warren Graves of Edmonton won the Central Alberta Regional Festival Award with Holly Glenn, Joe McGhie and Carollyn Christianson as players. Joe McGhie was awarded the Best Actor award while Carollyn was runner up for the best actress. It was thrilling to have them do so well, but the greatest reward was the fun of working together.

The old theatrical box has found a new home now in the Red Deer Museum where others can linger, look, and wonder of the joys of yesteryear.

Chautauqua — by Alice Nielsen

Chautauqua is a strange word to moderns, however from 1917 to 1935 it was a word meaning a good time for many.

Chautauqua was an organization that brought first class performers to entertain the residents of the wide-spread towns, villages and communities, and to widen their horizons. They presented a great variety of programs, plays — both serious and comic, skits, lectures, inspirational addresses, travelogues, musicians, operettas, etc.

When the Chautauqua came to town it set up a large brown circus-like tent in which the performances were held. Usually the tent stayed six days, but the programs for each day were different, and the artists of one show would leave immediately afterwards to put on their show the next day at the next point on the circuit. The performers and their props were carried around in cars. Mud and snow were often handicaps as the roads were not good. Often the shows came in the fall, but I do remember some in the summer.

The afternoon and evening shows were different too. A family could seldom afford to buy a season's ticket for each member of the family, so each could select from the week's offerings the performances that were of personal interest.

The Chautauqua Institution was originally founded to provide training for Sunday School teachers. In 1874 John Heyl Vincent, editor of Sunday School Journal, and later a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Lewis Miller, a manufacturer of Akron, Ohio, organized a summer class which met at Far Point on Lake Chautauqua, New York. The name of the meeting place was soon changed to Chautauqua. The sweeping success of Chautauqua was encouraging, but more successful were the 'circuit' or travelling 'Chautauquas' which visited small towns.

The Chautauquas that came to Alix were not hindered by competition with radio and T.V., as the latter barely existed at that time.

Each town had committees to prepare for the coming entertainment and sell as many advance tickets as possible. My Dad was an energetic worker for the six days of entertainment in Mirror.

Boys' and Girls' Clubs — by B. Parlby

Boys' and Girls' Clubs were formed in Alberta many years before these merged with the larger more international 4-H movement. Harley Michael remembers that when Joe Biglands retired from the Lacombe Club he had been leader for twenty-five or twenty-six years. George Black, the Provincial Supervisor, came down from Edmonton for the occasion. Hugh Sharpe became leader after Joe Biglands, and he was followed in turn by Jim Archibald. The larger Lacombe Club divided into East and West Lacombe Clubs. Later East Lacombe was split into six or seven smaller clubs including Alix, Tees, Buffalo Lake, etc.

The boys, girls and their parents will always remember the zest with which Lloyd Rasmussen as District Agriculturalist threw himself into the organization of the 4-H Clubs and the unstinting help which his successor, Walter McNary, gave the young people. An enlightened guess would place Lloyd Rasmussen's time as beginning in 1950 as he, with Eric Jamieson as Leader, organized the Alix 4-H Grain Club which was going full swing by 1951. The benefit which the rural young people reaped from the work of these men and others like them would be hard to estimate.

The above information was gleaned partly from memory but mostly from what Harley Michael tells about his time as a young member and as Leader. The whole story would fill a book in itself.

Best-East-Lacombe 4-H Beef Club

A few words of tribute to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. (Ossie) Senecal of Clive, who led the Best-East-Lacombe Beef Club for several years. Mr. Senecal passed away May 4th, 1981, and the funeral was attended by many of the prominent former 4-H members.

The leadership by the Senecals had enriched their lives, and these former members are our best citizens today.

1960-61

Leader — A. L. Senecal
Directors — H. E. Gessleman, R. Liddell, S. Livingston, P. Marryat
President — Sherry Walton
Vice-President — Betty Gessleman
Treasurer — Roberta Liddell
Reporter — Barbara Marryat
Jr. Leader — Beth Liddell

Members in 1960-61 were Bill Barritt, Betty Gessleman, Mary Glenn, Wesley Glenn, Kendall Keeton, John Kocher, Beth Liddell, Mary Macey, Barbara Marryat, Alex McDermand, George Nielsen, Jim Lee Senecal, Gordon Waddy, Allen Walton, Sherry Walton.

Executive and Members of Beef Club, 1961-62

Leader — A. L. Senecal
Directors — H. E. Gessleman, C. Glenn, L. Kocher
President — Sandra Kocher
Vice-President — Wesley Glenn
Secretary — Jim Lee Senecal
Treasurer — Betty Gessleman
Reporter — Bill Barritt
Jr. Leaders — Beth Liddell, Roberta Liddell, Jim Lee Senecal

Members were Bill Barritt, Susan Elliott, Betty Gessleman, Mary Glenn, Wesley Glenn, Christine Keeton, Kendall Keeton, John Kocher, Beth Liddell, Donna Loughridge, Barbara Marryat, Alex McDermand, Roger McGonigal, Michael Meehan, Eloise Nielsen, Harold Rogers, Jim Lee Senecal, Gordon Waddy.

Alex McDermand at 17 years old had the grand champion in 1962 with a Shorthorn Angus cross calf.

John Gessleman at age 13, had the grand champion in 1965 with a Hereford calf.

Betty Gessleman won the National Award trip to Toronto in 1967.

Shirley Gessleman won the speaking for all of Central Alberta. Mrs. Senecal helped with coaching speaking part of 4-H work.

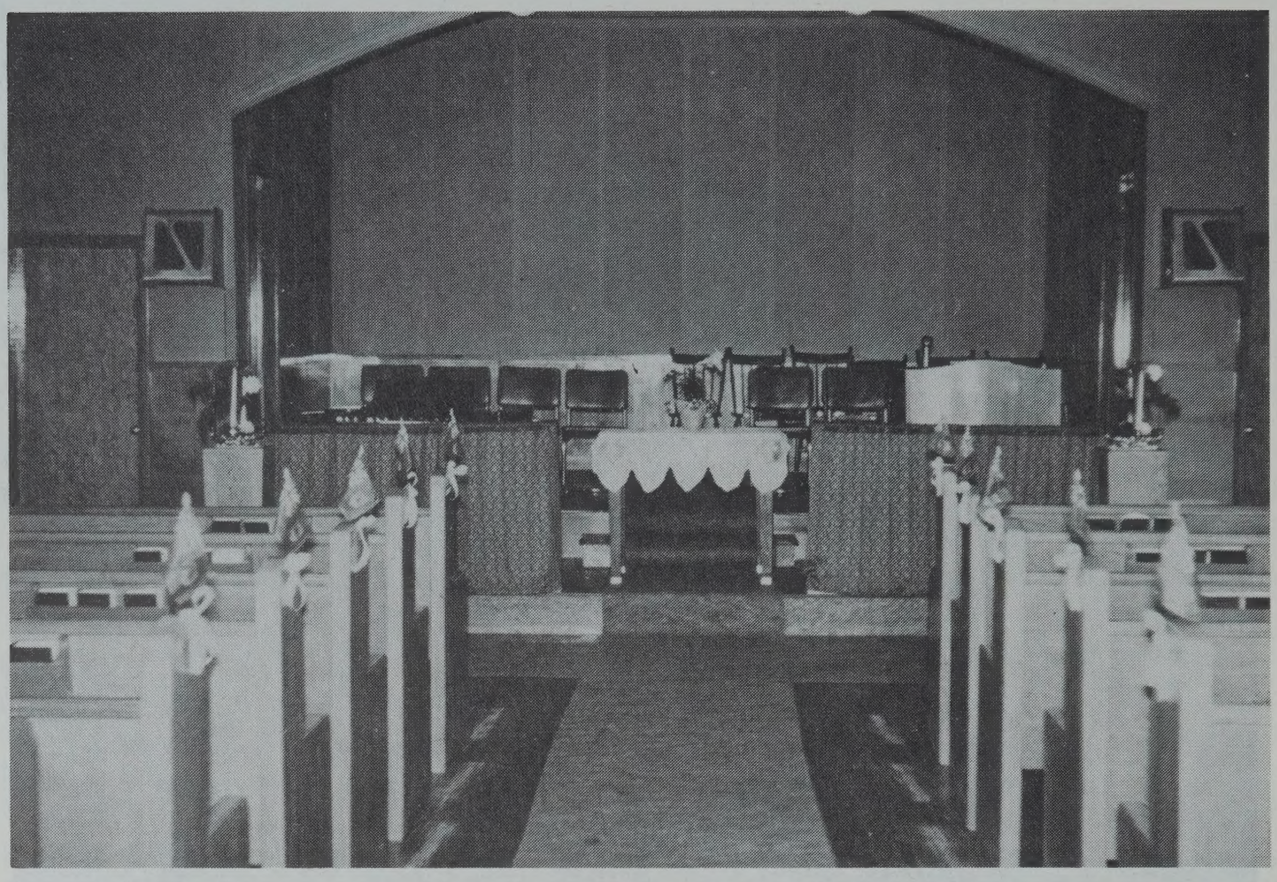
by Muriel Gessleman

Churches in Alix

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sanderson, with old St. Pancras Church in the background.

Alix Presbyterian Church (before Church Union).

United Church Choir, 1962. Rev. Clifford Parkes, Minister.



Interior of Alix United Church in 1958 after rebuilding in 1952.

Canadian Girls in Training — by Margaret G. Vincent, nee Ennis

The first Canadian Girls In Training (C.G.I.T.) group in Alix included Zelda Sims, Ruth Toepfer, Dorothy Harbottle, Edwina Darlow, Catherine Docherty, Margaret Ennis, Eva Brigham, Nan Howe, and Hazel Pears. This was in 1925. This group was ably led by Mrs. Mackie. She was a fine lady and we all loved and respected her for all the fine ideals she did her best to instill in all of us. A girl had to be twelve years old to join C.G.I.T. at that time. We met once a week at Mrs. Mackie's home after school, and we also formed her Sunday School class on Sundays at the United Church.

We had Mother and Daughter banquets, and attended C.G.I.T. rallies at other

C.G.I.T., 1925. Mrs. Mackie's group. L-R — Zelda Sims, Ruth Toepfer, Dorothy Harbottle, Edwina Darlow, Katherine Docherty, Margaret Ennis, Eva Brigham, Nan Howe, Hazel Pears.

communities. These were usually week-end affairs. We were billeted with C.G.I.T. members in these communities.

Another activity eagerly looked forward to by all members was the yearly C.G.I.T. camp at Bar Harbour on Buffalo Lake. This was a Provincial Camp, so we met and mixed with girls from many areas. The cost for the week was $5.00, and at that time $5.00 was a lot of money to raise. Each girl brought her own bedding and this included an empty tick, or mattress case. These we filled with straw from a nearby farmer's straw-stack. We never did get enough straw in them the first night, and always had to make another trip the next day for more straw. We slept in tents, and sometimes there were so many girls to a tent that it was wall to wall giggling girls. It must have been a real trial for the leaders to settle us down at night.

Another high-light, or low-light depending on your attitude, was a dip in the lake before breakfast. Sometimes that water was mighty cool. Each girl was detailed for kitchen duty during the week. Our dining room was a screened-in area containing a long table and benches.

The most meaningful part of the day was an inspirational period in the evening as the sun went down, which concluded by forming a square in which we all faced the west and sang the familiar "Taps". It was truly the end of a perfect day.

Guiding in Alix, 1950-59 — by Nola Bell

In the fall of 1950 a Guide company was formed with Mrs. Fred (Nola) Bell as the Guider. We did the usual program of studying laws and earning badges, with the occasional hike, trail hunt, or wiener roast for variation.

In August of 1955 a week-end camp at Rochon Sands was the big event of the year. Gail Wilton, Margie Lacoursiere, Darlene Wilton, Moira Livingstone, Vicki Bell, Stella Annable, Sandra Hanes, all proved to be real troopers. They pitched their tents securely and rolled out their bed-rolls according to the directions. But every night that weekend the lightning flashed, the thunder crackled, and the rain came down by the bucketful until the bedding was soaked and all the girls' clothing was damp. The Guides always managed to

Alix C.G.I.T. Group, 1928. Leaders — Vivian Jennings and Elsie Toepfer. L-R: Nellie Findlater, Hazel Bonham, Ethel Todd, Elsie Toepfer, Leona Olson, Bernice Bell, Alice Peterson, Vivian Jennings, Mary Semple, Mildred Eller. Home from camp at Sylvan Lake by CNR mixed train.

have fun through the day, and never spoke a complaining word, but when the truck pulled in to take them home it didn't take long to load up the tents and bed-rolls and head for home. Agnes Elander and Fred Bell assisted the Leader at that camp.

Each year the roll call varied as new recruits joined the Company and some of the regulars became involved in other activities.

In the following years we went camping at Rochon Sands twice, with Edith Holsworth and Alice Rottenfusser lending a hand. These outings provided opportunities to observe nature, learn to swim, and enjoy sincere Guiding companionship while singing around the blazing campfire that always ended a perfect day.

Girl Guides with Barbara Cormack and Celia Mansbridge as Captains. In 1940's.

1954 — Guide Camp at Rochon Sands. 1st Row, L-R — Sandie, Norman, Nola Bell, Captain, Leonard, George, Gail Wilton. 2nd Row — Stella Annable, Marion, Moira Livingstone, Margaret Lacoursiere. 3rd Row: Darlene Wilton, Vicky, Agnes Loughridge.

One of the more rewarding projects of another year was when several of the talented local ladies invited the girls to their homes, where the hostess demonstrated her special art. A few that come to mind are Evelyn McDermand who showed how to make ornaments from foam, while Alice Nielsen helped them to pot plant slips, and another showed how to make fudge. At the annual Spring Tea the Guides proudly displayed a table of these novelties and plants for sale.

In 1959, my last year as Guider, the Company decided to go to Gull Lake for a three-day camp, and Beth Warren consented to be the Assistant Leader. With the Guides doing all the cooking over a campfire, it was a learning experience for all. The Guides at that camp were Margie Bascombe, Linda McGonigal, Kay Hansen (who invariably spilled her cocoa in her lap), Deanna Nielsen, Sharon Primus, Paulette Lacoursiere, Marion Bell, Ann Sibbald, Marlene Sutley, Judy Gabert, and Lynn Macey. All in all it was a good camp.

In 1960 Jean Bascombe volunteered to be Guider. Margaret Lacoursiere was her Lieutenant, and the pair kept the Company going for three years.

Guiding Memories — by Myrtle (Loughridge) Carter

"I promise to do my best, to do my duty to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide law."

The Girl Guide troop of Alix was inaugurated and run by our never forgettable Captain, Barbara Cormack, and her able assistant, Mrs. Mansbridge. Our memories fit in so well with the Guide and Scout movement set up by Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. History was brought to us, and the Commonwealth was entrenched in our memories by some of our outings. I look back to those days with fondness.

In 1939 we went to Edmonton to view the royal train when King George and Queen Elizabeth made their tour across Canada. We set up our tents in the University grounds among the trees by Athabasca Hall, into which Captain Cormack herded us for our meals and to the Tuck Shop. We toured the Parliament Buildings, and looked over the City from the top. We viewed the Museum with awe. The Provincial Museum has since been moved to its present site.

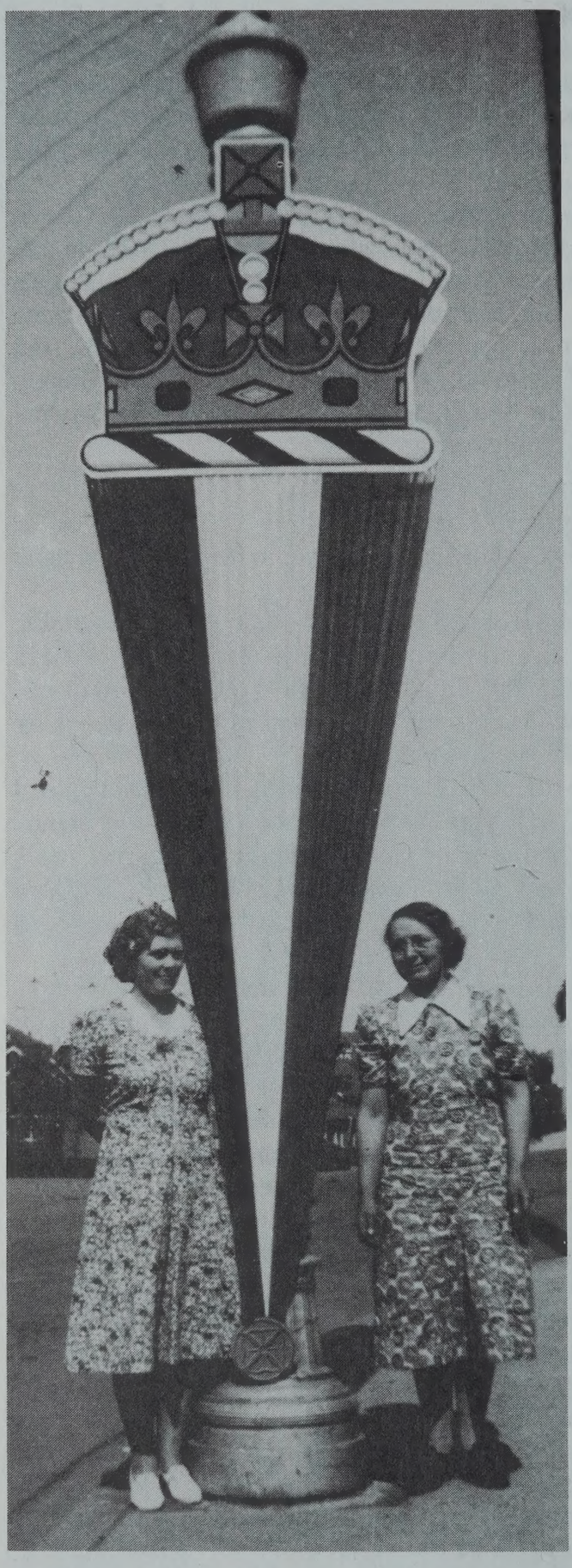
I remember a trip to Stettler to be reviewed by Lord Tweedsmuir, then Governor-General of Canada, along with troops from other towns. I remember standing proudly whipping out a SOS in semaphore, while others made a stretcher with poles and an old rain coat to carry a mock accident victim.

When our first Alix troop was formed there were bales of blue denim purchased, and our mothers spent evenings sewing up our baggy blue uniforms. We wore them proudly with our big felt hats and leather belts. Our troop consisted of three patrols, originally Daffodils, Orioles, and Scarlet Tanagers. I still remember appliqueing daffodils on large curtains of green broadcloth which were hung to mark off our corner.

We paraded each year on November 11th in memory of victims of the First World War. There were toboggan and skating parties, hikes, wiener and corn roasts. During the winter we were introduced to the performing arts. Mrs. Cormack edited a one-act play which she drilled us through, and had us ready to enter the Dramatic Festival, where we listened in awe as the adjudicator criticized and complimented our every move. I am sure that Mrs. Cormack knew us all so well that when she wrote the plays she could provide a fitting part for each of us so that, even with our lack of talent, we could all participate.

The summer camp was the highlight of every year. It was much more primitive than the camps of today. We set off for Alix Beach on Buffalo Lake riding in the back of Mr. Cormack's ton truck with kids, tents, bed-rolls and supplies all packed in together. We each contributed so many quarts of fruit, vegetables and meat which our mothers had canned. I well remember choking down canned wild raspberries that had small white worms floating among them, and giggling girls swallowing them down so we wouldn't hurt the feelings of the member who brought them.

One tent was reserved for supplies when we set up camp. The cooking fire was made with a circle of rocks and a piece of tin. No one would be caught starting a fire with paper; it must be done with dry twigs and moss, and no more than two matches. The biffy patrol scouted out two neighboring poplar trees with Y's, and slung a strong pole between them. The trench must be dug, and then the area curtained with gunny sacks. Our refrigerator was



1939 — Edmonton Street Decoration for visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Alice Nielsen and Ann Schnepf (with the Alix Girl Guides).

a hole in the ground dug in a shady spot in the trees and covered with sacks. By the end of camp we were scraping the mold off a long piece of bologna. Our chores were divided into the cooking team, clean up team, and milk patrol, alternating daily. The milk patrol walked each day to and from the DeZutter farm for milk and eggs.

We built huge wigwam bonfires on the beach, and each patrol spent many hours each day creating entertainment for the evening. We composed skits and jingles, and ended with camp songs. We learned to swim. Many Nature Study lessons were learned in our search for the best nature collections, which consisted of flowers, leaves, rocks, and even creative use of fish bones.

These are only a few of my memories, but being a Guide helped us all in the future to

be prepared, to be more self reliant, and it gave us confidence in ourselves for whatever the future held in store. I will always appreciate the dedicated efforts of Mrs. Cormack and Mrs. Mansbridge for what they added to our lives.

With the coming of World War II our activities tapered off and we went on to new phases of our lives.

Junior U.F.A. — by Barbara Foster, as told to M. L. Ludvigsson

According to "Pioneers and Progress" page 73 it was Mrs. Irene Parlby that initiated organization of the Junior U.F.A. in Alix in 1918, but it was the leadership of Miss Jean Reed and Miss Sheila Marryat that members Mrs. Barbara Foster, nee Findlater, and Mrs. Alice Simmons Sr., nee Roland, remember most vividly.

It was these ladies who taught singing and Morris dancing to the young people, who directed and acted in the plays (i.e. Joan of Arc) and tableaux (i.e. "Everybody Works But Father") that the members put on. They met and practiced on Saturday afternoons in a hall above a store on Main Street, where the apartments are now. The good times associated with these meetings, the debates and serious discussions of current issues, are recalled with pleasure. The membership included boys and girls.

Barbara Findlater and Alice Roland were delegates to the Northern Alberta Girl Leaders Conference held in Edmonton, April 12th, 13th and 14th, 1918. The gathering was addressed by such notables as Mrs. Irene Parlby, then Provincial President of the United Farm Women of Alberta, and by Judge Emily Murphy.

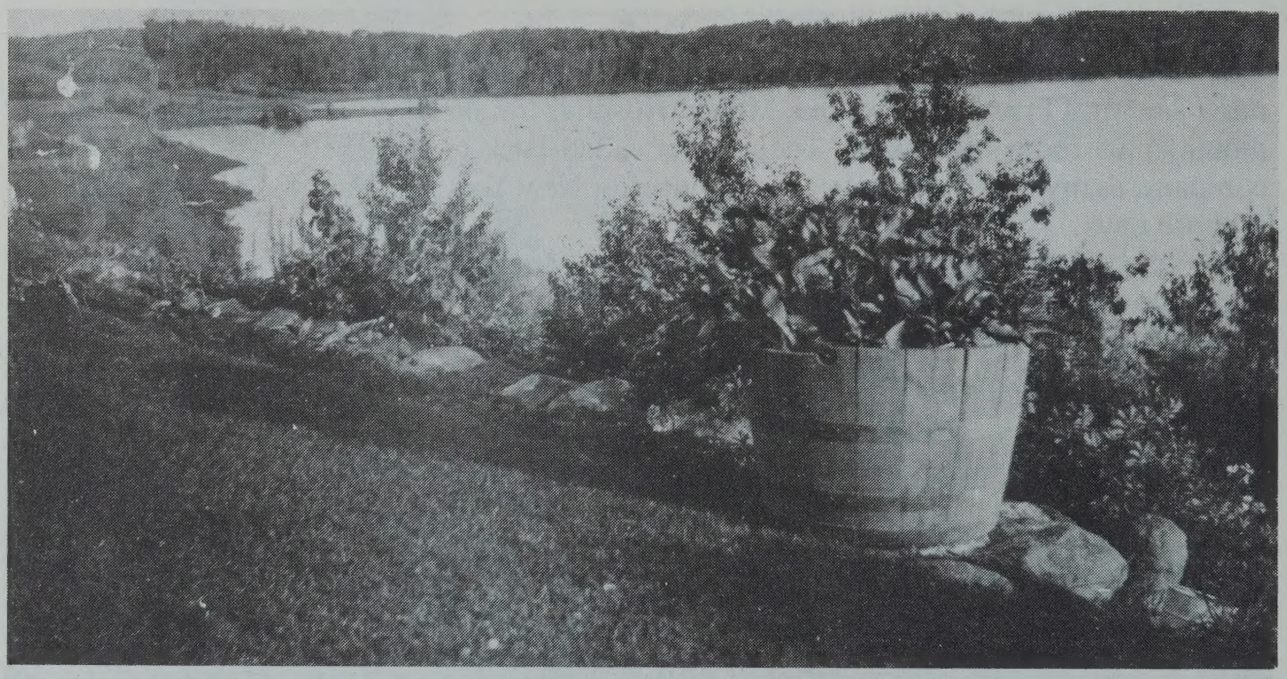
Memories of Manadon — by Beatrice Parlby

After spring graduation from the University of Alberta in 1925 I worked as junior nurse on Ward Five of the Ponoka Mental Hospital for almost two months, at $45.00 per month, plus room and board. Then I was called back to Gleichen to keep my mother company, as my next oldest sister was leaving for New York to be married — a long way off in those days.

Olive McDonnell (later Allan) and her aunt, Mrs. Parlby, invited me to stay off at Alix on my way south. The only regular mode of travel was by train. Two other nurses saw me and my bags off at the Ponoka station, and away I went to Lacombe, where I had to change for the train to Coronation. My most vivid memories of that part of the trip were the glimpses of so many beautiful spruce trees whipping by outside the carriage windows as the train gathered speed. The landscape was so beautiful that the hour's ride out seemed to take

Witching for water at Dartmoor — Walter Parlby, unidentified, Dot Arbuthnott, Irene Parlby and Humphrey.

Afternoon tea at Dartmoor Ranch — Ulric Marryat, Mrs. E. L. Marryat, Irene Parlby, Humphrey (behind), Doris (Mrs. Dennis) Marryat, Sheila Marryat, Walter Parlby.



Terrace at Dartmoor Ranch, 1910.

no time at all, before the train was puffing outside Alix station where Bud Todd's team always stood waiting for the express being unloaded.

Then came a merry four days at "Manadon", as the place was called, after Walter Parlby's old home near Plymouth, Devon, England. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Parlby, Olive, and, of course, Humphrey, there were Alec Sheret, one of the Hoadley boys who was working for Parlbys, and Naomi Watt, the daughter of Balmer Watt, the editor of the Edmonton Journal. Naomi, or "Nanie" as she was always called, was an attractive seventeen-year-old; I was twenty-one, and Olive, somewhat older, was more mature but full of fun and merriment. For want of something better to do, we girls decided to dress up for lunch. Nanie was "Maggie", with a rolling pin, and I was "Jiggs" from the current comic strip, dressed in Mr. Parlby's suit; while Olive, dressed in overalls, was the "hired man". Olive and Nanie decided I must have a bulbous red nose, and I was soon decorated like a clown. When lunch was called we three trooped in, much to the amusement of our hosts.

During the meal someone asked me a question, and, as I answered, gales of laughter rang out in the dining room. "What's the joke?" I was somewhat embarrassed.

"You are!" Mrs. Parlby's answer came like a flash.

"But why?"

"You shouldn't try to keep a straight face with that nose."

This was a different Mrs. Parlby from the dignified Cabinet Minister I had met in Edmonton. Actually, our hosts seemed to enjoy the fun every bit as much as we did.

Later Olive and I stuffed a weird figure and covered it up carefully in Hum's bed. Just as we were running downstairs and past the landing where the stairs turned, pillows began to descend on our heads. Humphrey had discovered our prank.

Olive and I slept on the big verandah on the east side of the house. Early next morning the dining window above our heads began to open softly. Olive whispered, "Sh-sh-sh. Pretend you are asleep!" Then came a raucous blast to shatter the morning air. Hum, and probably Alec Sheret, were blasting away on his father's hunting horn. Olive and I pretended we had heard nothing, but the sound should have awakened the dead.

One of the picnics arranged by Irene Parlby for Manadon guests in 1931; this at Alix Beach, Buffalo Lake. Humphrey Parlby, Jean Sheret (nee Parlby), Dorothy Arbuthnott, Edward Parlby, B. Parlby (nee Buckley), Walter Parlby, Irene Parlby and Cissie (Mrs. Edward) Parlby.

The next day Mrs. Parlby had planned a picnic. Humphrey drove his mother and father, Nanie and Alec Sheret, and the picnic baskets, in a Model T with red wheels. Olive was to ride Ulric Marryat's saddle mare, and I, the Parlby's Lady, a beautiful animal but almost too lively. We were joined by another Hoadley boy by the name of Brown who was working in the Alix district. He was mounted on a plodding old farm horse that needed considerable urging, which Brown administered with much gusto. Olive's horse set a nice pace, Brown came behind, shouting and whipping his to make it catch up. Lady objected to the commotion and tried to dash far ahead, and when I tried to hold her in to wait politely for Brown, Lady would rise on her hind quarters. While I was used to riding, that was not the happiest of rides. Poor "Lady". A year or so later she was gored to death by a dairy Shorthorn bull which got loose in the barn.

Then there were the sing-songs around the piano, with Dorothy Jamieson as accompanist; or Humphrey, Eric or Terry vigorously pumping out "Two for Tea and Tea for Two" or "Louise" on the player piano. Then the Persian rugs would be folded carefully and set aside while the rest of the group danced. Years later we sometimes wondered how Mr. and Mrs. Parlby endured the din, but they always said they enjoyed young peoples' company.

I remember the garden, with the high board fence around it and with the lych gate at the entrance; the long green strip of lawn leading to the garden seat at the other end, with the broad borders of flower beds on either side. Colonel Frank Eaton, coming for tea with his wife, Sunny, remarked as he stepped through the gate and surveyed the scene, "A little bit of England".

On the south side of the house was the rock garden, with the bird bath Dick Woolgar had made from cement, where three little boys, Robin Sheret, Geoff and Gerry loved to dabble in the water. And, anywhere they were needed, were the rows upon rows of tins with nail holes in the bottom, sunk beside the most precious plants for conservation of hand watering. Walter Parlby once told me, one day in the "dirty thirties" he had packed thirty-four pails of water, either from the creek or well, to save the plants' lives.

There used to be a bridge across the creek to the south of the house. I have never seen another like it. This bridge was made from wooden barrel staves strung together with long strands of baling wire, anchored to posts on each side of the stream. Once, when we were crossing, Hum started to sway the bridge, probably to make me squeal. The wire gave way. Our bridge and we dropped into the water. Fortunately we were young and nimble, and only got our feet and ankles wet. That was one time Humphrey's father was not too pleased with the young people.

Then there was the house itself, with six rooms upstairs and five downstairs, as well as two halls and a wide netted-in verandah, and a huge basement; the blue willow dishes in kitchen and dining room, the big mahogany table around which so many guests were seated through the years; the living room and den, each with an open fireplace, and books, books, books on shelves on either side, giving a feeling of limitless realms to be explored on stormy days.

The door in the south wall had a loophole in the panel, with a swinging cover to lift to open, or drop down to keep out the weather. This was a puzzle until it was explained that Major Amphlett used it for target practice, aiming at coyotes on the hay meadows beyond.

Spring cleaning was an event which entailed days of hard work. Usually this took place after the winter's cold was over, and the furnace no longer in use to puff up a fresh film of dust. Room by room we would work, from the upstairs down through the house, dusting down walls, washing windows; and how the wooden frames of the casement windows could skin your knuckles if you polished too vigorously! Pictures were dusted, washed, and the wooden frames polished, the china in the many cupboards carefully washed and set back in place to gleam for another year. The brass and silver cleaning "bee" was fun, when we would sit around the kitchen table, each person attacking a different piece, until that mellow golden glow had been restored to the many candlesticks, bowls, and trays from India, the big reading lamp, and the book ends.

In 1930 Humphrey and I were to have been married after the rush of harvesting was over. On August 13th Mrs. Parlby received a wire from R. B. Bennett, then Canada's Prime Minister, asking if she would represent Canada, as one of a delegation of three, at the coming Session of the League of Nations in Geneva, opening on September 5th. Of course she was urged to accept, and we postponed our wedding until after her return. Not for a moment did anyone dream that a serious illness would hospitalize her in Montreal on her way home, and our wedding would not take place until January 7, 1931.

Mr. Parlby and Humphrey were quite good housekeepers, and batched by themselves during those busy weeks of harvest. Olive Allan asked me to stay with her for several weeks, and I used to go down to Manadon during the day to help as much as possible. One day after lunch I was washing dishes and Mr. Parlby, always the gentleman, was helping by drying them. He was describing events in Geneva, and how Mrs. Parlby had been escorted to a dinner by the Maharaja of Bikeneer, a leading Indian Prince. Suddenly, he said,

"Bee! Do you know what is the most wonderful thing about all of this?"

"No, what?"

The answer came without a moment's hesitation, his voice full of pride.

"She's my wife! She's my wife!"

Lonely they were at times, I'm sure, but always her menfolk supported her whole-heartedly.

Just after our wedding, Humphrey and I lived with his parents until the weather began to warm in March. On several occasions I substituted for Geneva Brown, Mary Sanderson, and later George (Deacon) Smith. The time from Manadon to the school, especially if I were almost late, was little more than three minutes.

Gardening was part of life at Manadon. Mrs. Parlby was the architect, the planner, the master gardener, but her enthusiasm inspired everyone, and we all wanted to help. I

remember while Dot and Jack Arbuthnott were visiting from Scotland, all of us rushing outside to do all we could before the heat of the day. In spring and fall, when plant clusters were divided and replanted, the excess was divided amongst many in the neighborhood, who in turn were inspired to become gardeners themselves.

Mrs. Irene Parlby's talents as a hostess were superlative. An excellent housekeeper and cook, she always seemed to have her house in smooth running order. Especially during the summer months visitors were frequent, not only the family and friends from the neighborhood, but those friends and acquaintances made during her political life; members of the Canadian Press who met her through their duties as correspondents, but who returned again and again as personal friends; cabinet ministers and M.L.A.s who worked with her daily in the Legislature. Then there were others who came for help and advice in difficult and tragic situations, a young boy mistreated by his foster parents, a mother in tears distressed by her daughter's tragic mistake, and Mrs. Parlby's own tears as she told me the story later.

Some of the most vivid memories are of people, visitors from far and near; Arbuthnotts, cousins from Scotland, the Cecil Parlbys from Devonshire, the large Parlby and Marryat family connection around, the Jamieson family, Hum's special friends, Allans, Cormacks, and all the neighbours around.

One of my first undertakings was helping to plan games for a house party of over thirty people, which Mrs. Parlby was arranging for the Arbuthnotts — and Dot Arbuthnott's many original suggestions.

Sheila Marryat, who was the first radio secretary for C.K.U.A., often came for week-ends. There was always a warm bond between Irene Parlby, the eldest of the large Marryat family, and Sheila, the youngest. One afternoon Sheila and Miss Reid were coming from Edmonton by train. On the way out from Lacombe the brakie, who used to call out "A—lix! A—lix! Next station, A—lix! next station!", stopped to chat just as the train was passing the hay meadows.

"You'll soon see the Honorable Lady's house! In just a few minutes!"

Sheila thanked him, but didn't mention that the "Honorable Lady" was her big sister, and that was whom she was going to visit, but the story was recounted over a cup of tea about half an hour later.

Frequent visitors were members of the Canadian Press who originally met Mrs. Parlby in the routine of their duties, but once having met her remained life-long friends. Violet McNaughton, Women's Editor for the Western Producer, and at one time President of the Saskatchewan Farm Women, Catherine Robertson from Ontario, Miriam Green Ellis of the Winnipeg Free Press, and so many others.

Other visitors came who were part of her public life; Hon. Perrin Baker, Minister of Education, and Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Susan Gunn, and Mrs. Jean Field, who succeeded her as President of the United Farm Women of Alberta, Mr. Claypool, M.L.A. for Swalwell, and Mrs. Claypool, Premier John E. Brownlee, then Premier of Alberta, Hon. John F. Lymburn, Attorney General, and Mrs. Lymburn, Dr. Margaret Owens from the Dept. of Health, Bishop Sherman and Hugh Farthing from Calgary, Balmer and Mrs. Watt from Edmonton, Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey, their son, Alan, and Alan's little daughter, Anne, and the Gerald O'Connors. It was the same Gerald O'Connor who later, as Chief Justice, wrote to Mrs. Parlby to inform her of the decision of the Privy Council that women were considered "persons" in the eyes of the law.

Mrs. Violet McNaughton, President of the Saskatchewan Farm Women, and later Women's Editor for the Western Producer, came for a few days in spring and fall on her way to and from her winter home at Deep Cove, Vancouver Island, B.C. A lively little lady with a deep interest in public affairs, and a spicy sense of humor, her visits and friendship were always a great source of joy.

I'll never forget the day the McClungs came. Mum and I were in the midst of some house-cleaning, dressed in working clothes, heads swathed in kerchiefs, when suddenly the telephone rang. Nellie McClung and her husband, Wesley, were on their way through Alix. "Could they drop out?"

"Of course! Delighted to see them!"

The telephone receiver was hung up; Mum and I looked at each other. Three or four minutes to go. Mum said, "Oh, Lord, Bee! I **am** a sight!"

Suddenly, a knock at the back door. "Oh, I must do something with my hair!"

Well, who notices a daughter-in-law if the mistress is in the house! I volunteered to answer the knock.

"Be sure to take them around through the garden, and don't hurry!"

Mum flew upstairs. I went to the door and asked Mr. and Mrs. McClung to come around to the front door where Mrs. Parlby would meet them. This meant opening and closing a small wrought iron gate, and coming along the walk past the dining room. Here the beds of aquilegias and lily of the valley were duly admired. Then to the right, up the broad grass walk with the flowered borders, and turning right again to the verandah door. There Mrs. Parlby met them, in a fresh dress with combed hair and smiling face, her usual gracious and dignified self. Walter Parlby came in to entertain Mr. McClung, and we gave

A bowl of flowers from Irene Parlby's garden, in a bowl brought from Denmark.

them a cup of tea in the sitting room. I think it was on that occasion that Mr. McClung made us all laugh heartily. He and Walter Parlby had been discussing their roles as husbands of famous women when he described himself as "Mr. Nellie McClung".

Often staff members from the University of Alberta's Department of Extension were overnight guests while in pursuit of their duties; Jessie Montgomery, Extension Librarian, Sheila Marryat, C.K.U.A. Radio Secretary and Mrs. Parlby's younger sister, E. A. Corbett, popular lecturer, who was to succeed A. E. Ottewell as Head of the Dept. of Extension, Dr. Alexander of the Classics Dept., and many others.

For dinner parties, all food was prepared in advance by Mrs. Parlby, who was an excellent cook. During the meal, Humphrey and I enjoyed helping, and often played the parts of butler and maid, passing the food from kitchen to dining room through the small dumbwaiter or hatch, and then waiting on the table, which left his mother free to entertain her guests.

The house was large, with six rooms upstairs and five down, with a central circular stairway and hall. There always seemed to be plenty of room, even at large but well-planned parties in honour of cousins from Britain, when the guests numbered between thirty and forty. Sometimes the best china was used in addition to the usual willow pattern, and there never seemed to be any shortage of silver or cups and saucers or table linen. No table was complete without a beautiful arrangement of flowers, whether in the dining room, sitting room, or kitchen.

Irene Parlby regarded housekeeping as an art. When I asked her to write in my autograph album, just after Humphrey and I were married, the following was the poem she chose.

Housework — an Art, or Drudgery

While sweeping up the Oriental rugs
I'm walking through the woods and kissing trees;
While smoothing eiderdowns upon the beds
I'm lying in the clover watching bees.
Arranging flowers in a relic vase
To colourings Egyptian I awake,
And as I wash and wipe the willow ware
A little talk with Emerson I make.
While polishing the glasses till they gleam
To dazzling dreams my home I dedicate,
And as I get the meals three times a day
My conscious mind no drudgery doth hate.

When Mrs. Parlby returned from Geneva, a very worn out and ill woman, I remember joining her on the train at Gleichen to accompany her back to Alix and Manadon. I remember all the friends who inquired for her by 'phone and letter, and the many visitors who came, the first two being her long time friends of the U.F.W.A., Mrs. Belle Stone and Mrs. Semple. And Rosemary Bromeley, who came, at Mrs. Wolferstan's suggestion, to help while I returned to my parents' home at Gleichen to prepare for our approaching wedding.

Humphrey and I were married in St. Andrew's Anglican Church on January 7th, 1931. His mother was still too ill to come to the wedding, and his father could not leave her. His cousin, Jean Sheret, nee Parlby, of Calgary and Alix, represented his family, and Terry (Peter Jr.) Jamieson of Alix was the best man. After a brief "depression" honeymoon in Calgary we returned to Manadon on January 9th, Mrs. Parlby's birthday, to a very warm welcome. We stayed at Manadon with Mrs. Parlby until her recovery was complete, and until the renovation of our own wee cottage at Dartmoor Ranch was finished.

One of the largest gatherings at Manadon was when the U.F.A. and U.F.W.A. members were invited to tea. (I do not remember any meeting.) I'm sure there were thirty or forty people who came. People overflowed the sitting room and dining room to the spacious verandah and the garden. Barbara Cormack, probably Myrle Primus, and other younger members helped with the serving. There was one hungry farmer who ate and ate of Mum's delicious cakes. We kept on passing the food to find out just how much he would eat.

The years passed. Christmases were either at Manadon or Dartmoor (our home), often with tea at the Marryat's "Lullingworth", Edward Parlby's "Long Valley", or Allan's "Tanglefoot". Two little boys, Geoff and Gerry, were now there to watch the candles lighted on the real spruce tree. (Not for a moment did we dare leave them unguarded, because of fire hazard, for though beautiful, the Christmas Tree could become a danger.)

Events moved swiftly. World War II was declared. Conversations at Manadon turned to long and serious discussions of world affairs — international relations in Europe, Britain, the world generally. Those of British ancestry were particularly apprehensive about their homeland, especially during the Battle of Britain.

Man after man enlisted from our neighborhood; Eric Cormack returned to his regiment, Dennis Marryat joined the Air Force, Ulric Marryat joined the Militia, Rennie Allan in the Home Guard, Ronald Purkis, Leon Siddons and his boys, Frank and Reg joined in turn. Humphrey, who had been turned down several times because of chest troubles, was accepted into the Calgary Tanks in February, 1941. Suddenly the country seemed empty, and Manadon very quiet.

The winter of 1942-43 was cruel, with deep snow and low temperatures. Humphrey was in the south of England. It was just before the Battle of Dieppe. I used to try to get down to Manadon as often as I could to bring groceries and the all-important mail. Travel was by team and sleigh, or sometimes on a toboggan hitched behind Teddy, Geoff and Gerry's wee half-Shetland pony. Aunt Kitty Marryat often walked over the drifts to see them.

Mum and Dad must have been very lonely, and I'm afraid sometimes cold, without Humphrey to stoke the furnace. Mum phoned every evening, and once exclaimed, "If I don't talk to someone my tongue will cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

The following winter Mr. and Mrs. Parlby spent with Sheila Marryat and Miss Jean Reid at Sheila's cottage at Royal Oak, Vancouver Island, and Manadon was closed up for the winter. They were spared the intense cold, but missed their own home.

The next summer they were offered $5,000.00 for Manadon, including the house and half-section of land. The Parlbys had paid $12,000.00 for it in 1921, before the depression. I remember signing the sales agreement as Humphrey's attorney. I wondered about the wisdom, financially, of selling, but the alternative for his parents seemed too grim. What would money matter if hardship ruined their health or made them suffer? Manadon was sold to John and Inez Ditto, and Mum and Dad bought Andy Allan's house in Alix, where they seemed quite happy until Dad's first heart attacks, in late 1946 and early 1947.

Humphrey had returned from overseas in July, 1945, and was with me at Bashaw where I was teaching in the High School, and the boys were attending Public School. The farm had been rented to Ab and Kathie Matier for several years. In 1948 I resigned from my position at Bashaw to teach in Alix, and we re-established our home at Dartmoor. Then Mr. and Mrs. Parlby re-sold their house in town to Miss Edgar and Miss Green, and came to live with us at Dartmoor Ranch, their original home.

In the years following other families enjoyed Manadon; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tarzwell Sr., and their family, then Mel and Mabel Tarzwell, Elaine, Noel, Joan and Myron. Before moving to B.C. the Tarzwells sold to Vern and Kathleen Wiese, who farmed the land and rented the house. The years took their toll, and Manadon looked lonely and neglected. As one passed by on the road, one wondered what the end would be. Perhaps fire might be more merciful than sad memories.

Vern and Kathleen Wiese had tried to have it declared an historic site, rather than see it deteriorate, but official wheels of government turn slowly. Before any final move had been made by the Historic Sites Board, Wieses had sold the house to Philip and Ann Hunt, with a ninety-year lease for one and one-half acres of land. With astounding energy and skill Philip Hunt began renovations. I can still see Philip standing on that high roof with spade in hand, the shingles flying down to the ground. Just in time new shingles were put on, for weather and woodpeckers had penetrated, and the old roof of 1910 had begun to leak. We who had loved Manadon were delighted to see it restored, and resounding to the sounds of happy family voices.

In 1979 the Hunts, disappointed at not being permitted by County policy to buy the acreage as well as own the house, decided to move elsewhere, closer to Philip's work, and Manadon was sold to the present owners, Wilfred (Bud) and Hazel Michael.

This story ends on a happy note. The Michaels too, fell in love with the place. They have continued the restoration and improvements begun by the Hunts. Now the garden is being revived. Different, of course, because each gardener paints his own picture in shrubs, lawns, and flowers; but once more Manadon is a warm friendly home, a joy to visit.

(Editor's Comment: The house described was originally built by Major Amphlett in 1910. Mr. Bashaw was the contractor. Ethel Bean née Nielsen remembers being at Manadon with her parents, sisters and brothers while it was being built. The working crew included Harry Phelps, Ernie Hutcheson, with Dick Woolgar as Mason and George Nielson did the finishing while his wife, Cora, cooked for the workmen.

It was bought by the Walter Parlbys in 1921 to give Mrs. Parlby a home more accessible for her public duties as M.L.A. and Cabinet Minister.)

Fireside Garden Philosophy — by Hon. Irene Parlby

(Note: This article appeared in a magazine, believed to have been *The Grain Grower's Guide*, now called *The Country Guide*, about 1935.)

A wood fire sparking and crackling up the wide chimney, the delicious aroma of burning wood, a comfortable chair, garden catalogues at hand, a garden scrap book before one — what pleasure to compare with it?

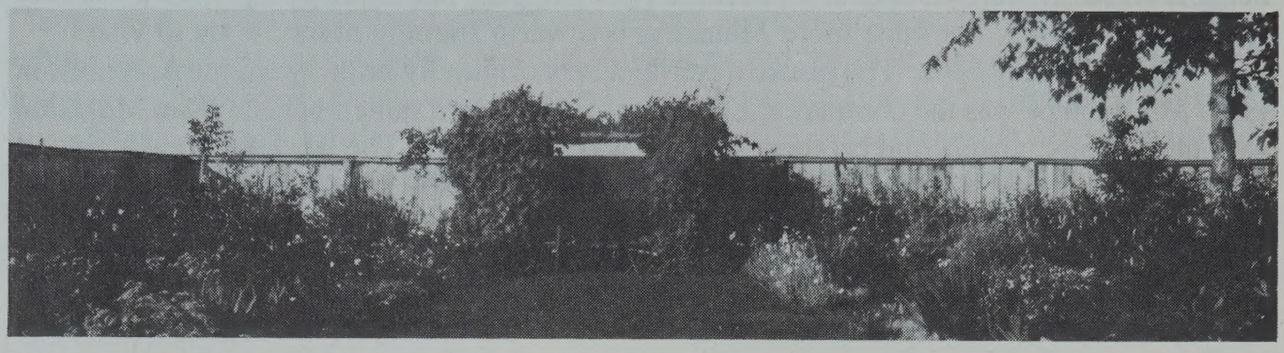
Imagination can run riot over dream gardens — possible and impossible. Drought, insect pests, frost, and hail are forgotten and plans for next year, color schemes in the borders, old-fashioned posy beds, beguile the hours away.

The laziest person in the world could enjoy this type of gardening, and the real gardener, who at least cannot count laziness among his vices, can get a tremendous thrill out of it. No scorching sun beating down on one's head, no withering hot wind burning up one's plants before one's eyes, no carrying of endless heavy buckets of water from a fast failing well in an endeavour to keep life from being completely burnt out.

MARY IRENE PARLBY
(NÉE MARRYAT)
1868 - 1965
A RESIDENT OF THE ALIX AREA FROM 1896 TO 1965, AN ABLE LEGISLATOR, A MEMBER OF THE DISTINGUISHED "GROUP OF FIVE" WHO LED THE MOVEMENT FOR ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE SENATE OF CANADA, MRS. PARLBY RENDERED SIGNIFICANT SERVICE IN THE FIELDS OF EDUCATION, SOCIAL WELFARE AND LEGISLATIVE REFORM.
ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA
HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS BOARD.

Original Mary Irene Parlby plaque in Alix Centennial Park.

Memories of Manadon



The garden in front of Manadon house, 1932.

Edward and Walter Parlby playing croquet on Alix Beach, Buffalo Lake, 1931.

Walter Parlby stooking oats, 1928.

Dartmoor Ranch, 1958. Joan Bally, Wales; Pearl (Sunny) Eaton, Irene Parlby.

Time was when one inclined to be rather scornful toward those who said they found it impossible to grow a garden in certain sections of the country; given the will to succeed and the necessary energy one felt all difficulties could surely be overcome.

The last year or two, however, have brought new experiences, and a more sympathetic spirit. Hail was well known, its damage done, a wonderful comeback had frequently been staged. Frost might damage somewhat, but not as a rule entirely destroy; and here again the recuperative power of plants is amazing.

But extreme drought, sirocco-like winds blowing day after day, shrivelling up everything in their path, temperatures that ran from 99 in the shade to 20 above zero Fahr., killing frosts in the middle of August and again the beginning of September, make a combination that take courage and sturdiness in both plant and man to withstand.

Many vegetable plants gave up the ghost after being alternately burnt and frozen but what of that? Mere food for the inner man could still be bought at a price, but beauty for the spirit, much more important, remained in spots at least, saved by continual effort and determination not to be beaten.

Beside the front door steps in a sheltered spot a border of creamy nicotiana and velvety crimson salpiglossis with pale mauve phlox, gave a satisfying picture and filled the porch with sweet perfume. Around the corner velvety purple and golden salpiglossis with chamois rose phlox made another satisfying picture. Somewhat of a disappointment too lurked in that bed, for purple and golden gladioli which should have completed the picture grew well, but failed to flower before early frost cut them off.

And then, because amidst numerous disappointments of this kind, it is wise to count one's blessings lest one should become too discouraged, I call to mind a corner which gave me the greatest pleasure for weeks. A northeast corner against the house this is. At the back are lilacs and a clump of golden glow, which I rather dislike as a rule, but in this particular bit of garden, where there are only shrubs and candlestick lilies, and where it grows luxuriantly to a great height, I find it quite attractive. Then in front of it comes a large clump of the lilies.

And how one learns by chance. These particular bulbs were some I had to find a place for when separating and replanting those in the front garden. This corner was shady, cold, the bed mostly heavy clay from the foundations of the house. Of course it had been well dug and dressed with ashes, sand, and plenty of well-rotted manure. Nowhere have these lilies done so well with me. This year they were nearly five feet, with enormous heads like great candelabra, nine or ten blossoms out at once on each stalk. With tall bushes of creamy spirea sorbifolia and bold saxifraga cordifolia at their feet, they certainly made a delightful combination.

Even when the blossoms have faded that corner is always rather satisfying, as the variety of foliage, the fern-like leaves of the spirea, the spikey leaves of the lilies, the great round leaves with their fat stalks and rose shades on the reverse side, not to mention the foliage of lilac and golden glow, make a picture quite their own.

Against that one must put the complete failure of a whole long bed along a narrow flagged pathway, which should have been gorgeous with golden gleam nasturtium and violet larkspur, but which got alternately frozen and burnt, and never came to anything worthwhile.

A more or less complete failure also were my beloved delphiniums, attacked from below by innumerable moles, or pocket gopers as some people call them, as they tunnelled regardless of my feelings through my borders, and by wind and drought from above which completed the havoc. Clarkias also, which I dearly love, simply refused to continue the struggle to live in such a hard and unsympathetic world, and I have decided that I am not going to attempt to grow them again until I see some promise of a return to our normal climatic conditions.

Then those old-fashioned posy beds, decided on last winter, also failed to materialize. Do you know what a posy bed is? Perhaps you have seen one of those lovely old paintings of a great posy of various flowers, just a few of each kind. Posy beds try to copy them with living plants. I read about them last year in an English paper, and was so intrigued with the thought of them that I decided to try them out in one or two places. One I sowed

with mauve and yellow sweet sultans, love-in-a-mist (blue nigella), "Miss Jekyll," pink godetias, pink, purple and crimson clarkias.

Another I tried with cornflowers, shirley poppies, crimson flax, annual gypsophila and dainty little swan river daisy. Neither of them were at all successful because rain there was none, and early in the summer I had to harden my heart and decide which beds must be sacrificed to the evil spirit who seemed to be playing tricks with the weather man, and on which I would concentrate my energies and the resources of a fast-failing well, so that I should be able to make sure of some little success.

Then into the earth in those borders I decided I must at all costs keep flourishing, I sank all the tins I could lay my hands on. Each tin had a couple of holes punched in the bottom, and was then sunk near a plant. Each evening one border was taken and the tins filled, and filled and filled again, so that that particular bed was thoroughly soaked at least once a week.

Where this was done I completely beat the drought. Where it was not done the drought completely beat me. Could I have had an inexhaustible well and the physical strength to spend hours carrying water I could have fixed the drought, and laughed it to scorn!

How economical one can be with water when needs must. Every drop of dish water and wash water went to the dahlias. How furious I became if I caught mere man stealing it for rhubarb or something equally uninteresting, and how those dahlias throve on it, and how beautiful they were when frost destroyed them before half their blooming time was over.

And now by the fire I am learning my lessons over again; planning other ways to beat pests and winds and drought; making a list of plants that can best withstand these trials of the flower family.

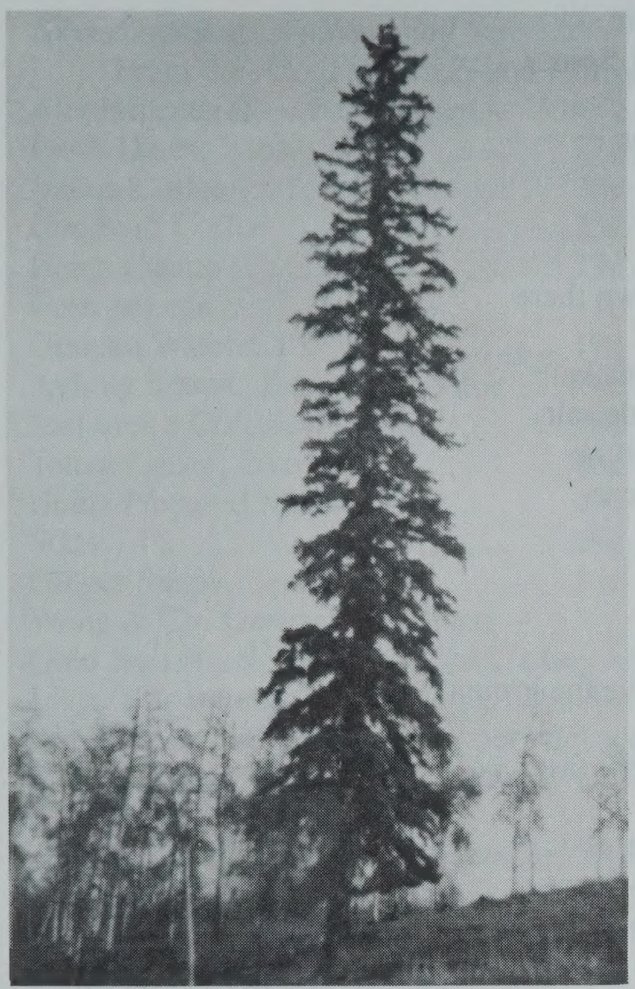
Cape Marigold (Dimorphotheca aurentiaca), orange, apricot, cream and gold, flourished this year in the most sun-baked bed. More of it will go in next year, with large groups of Venidium fastuosum tried for the first time and a great success, though it did not germinate well, or give me many plants. This is another South African, and very handsome with its soft silky grey fernlike leaves, and huge orange flowers with dark centres. Next year will see many more of these I hope in that border, and with it and the African daisies will go the cape hyacinth with its tall spikes of creamy bells. This also was tried for the first time this year and did well.

But what stern resolve it takes not to fall a victim of the seductions of the various gardening articles and seed catalogues; not to be lured into trying to reproduce copies of bits of lovely English gardens, pictures of which I have so many in my garden scrap book. For instance a group of Regal lilies in the corner of an old stone wall. These lilies so far have "refused to play in my yard" to my chagrin and regret. This year they came up, made some flower buds, but frost or drought shrivelled these up. Now they are planted in a tub in the cellar and will be put out into the garden like that to see what happens. One can both water them to greater advantage in that way, and also cover them on frosty nights more easily.

I do not think I have an envious disposition. I never envy people their money, or their houses, their luxury or their limousines, but I must confess to feelings of envy when I visit a city garden and see many yards of hose with sprinkler attached spraying cooling draughts of heavenly moisture on plant, tree and shrub, and, to the great disgust of the man of the house, return home from those visits in a discontented frame of mind, that nature should be so perverse as to drop all her pleasant clouds of moisture where hose and sprinkler can take her place, and with uncalled-for cruelty leave the countryside to burn and parch amidst dried-up streams and failing wells.

Even the cheerful firelight will not prevent the hideous thought from thrusting itself forward, "what if next year is drier yet and the well gives out completely? Must drought not beat you then?"

Away ugly thought! Nor dare to come again to disturb my dreams of next year's garden! At least let me enjoy the picture now. Purple and blue and gold — crimson and ivory and mauve — rose and purple — what would the world be without color and perfume? Even now as the fire fades and glows crimson at its heart, I see all the rainbow hues of summer gardens. I sense the sweet perfumes on the evening air — nicotiana, stocks,



The Tall Spruce, Oct., 1980, with its new friends growing up.

The Tall Spruce, with some of its old neighbors lying about.

mignonette, pinks, Matthiola — "all the sweet perfumes of Araby" are nothing to the homely scents of a homely garden.

How sorry I am for the people who do not have the love of gardens — who cannot lose themselves in the joys of digging and delving, of handling baby seedlings, and seeing them thrive under their care; who do not know the pride of having bestowed upon them that greatest of earthly commendations from a fellow gardener, "you have the green hand."

Time was when prairie gardens were few and far between. Only here and there you might find one tucked away. But one good deed begets another, and today little gardens can be found in every farm community, bringing happiness to those who tend them and gleams of pleasure to the passerby.

The Tall Spruce, October 1980 — by Alice Nielsen

I visited the Tall Old Spruce to-day. It is a few yards south of the road to The Narrows, on Bob Curr's homestead.

I climbed through a four-strand barbed wire fence and walked near it. I took a couple of full length snapshots. The Tall Spruce stands on a small sandy knoll in a pasture with a few dead trees, probably old friends gone on. The roots are very exposed now as cattle have pawed away the soft soil leaving a cavity under them. I reached in and got handfuls of sawdust. It looks very much as if ants are doing their homework, and I am so sorry it is on our grand old friend.

I put my arms around it as I had no tape. Later I measured my arms and added the amount I couldn't reach. It was six feet in circumference; this was about four feet high on the tree.

The Tall Spruce Tree — by Ella Jane Jewell

(A landmark in the Ripley District south of Mirror, Alberta)
The tall old spruce still stands —
Where it has stood beyond man's memory.

The earliest settlers saw it reaching towards the sky
And knew the area as the district of "The Tall Spruce Tree"
It could be seen from many miles around,
And was to weary travellers like a guiding star,
For homestead seekers in the early days
Could see the tree from all directions far.
No spruce or other evergreens grow near,
No one knows how a spruce seed dropped down there,
Perhaps a woolly buffalo rubbed, miles away
Against a tree, and carried off a ripe seed in his hair
That finally fell, where warming sun and gentle rain
On virgin soil found the seed dormant where it lay
And woke it up, and through the long, long years
Coaxed it to grow, to the size it is today.
Six feet circumference at the broad old base
It dwarfs the tallest poplars standing 'round.
Generations of leafy trees have lived and died
While it's reached more than seventy feet above the ground.
It must have stood a century or more,
Because we know spruce trees do not grow very fast,
And no one living now can even guess
How long ago the tiny seed was planted in the past.
The old tree can be traced to Eighteen Eighty-Three,
About the time the first white settlers came to stay,
And years ago I asked the son of one of them about it —
He said, "It was as tall when Dad came as it is today".
It saw the passing of the buffalo, the railway creeping
Slowly across the land to where homesteaders dwell,
The growth of villages, of towns, highways and cities.
If it could talk, what stories it could tell!
My father passed the tree on trips to town, long years ago,
And just a few short weeks ago I saw it standing,
The one unchanging thing of all the living things I know.

Only to cut it down and count the growth rings
Would prove the actual age of that old tree.
I hope that never happens. Let it go on standing,
A landmark, joining the past and present to the years to be.

(Reprinted from "Gems Number Two", by permission of the Author)

From Joseph Sims' Notebook

Joseph Sims (see Page 151 of Pioneers and Progress) apparently arranged a covered wagon caravan of people wishing to leave Kansas for Alberta, possibly in 1900. In an old notebook Zelda Sims Brown, a granddaughter, found the listing of the following names: Walkers — 7, Perry Mason — 1, James Hupp — 2, W. McLure — 1, Joseph Sims — 2, Bonham — 3, P. Ames — 3, Wm. Ochsenbien — 1, John McDermit — 2, James R. Davis — 1, Ramon Toepfer — 2, Bob Toepfer — 2, Oscar Toepfer — 1.

Saturday Night in Alix — by Muriel Gessleman

Saturday night was such a fun time. Tiredness was soon forgotten as everyone quit early and prepared to go to town.

Neighbors met outside the various business places, and exchanged news about the week's happenings. The children played with other children.

Those who were too old to be roaming about just sat in cars and visited with old friends, and watched the others go by.

What happiness could be found in small pleasures, like going to town on a Saturday night. With our modern way of life it is no more. We have lost something.

Advertisements — Weekend Specials

From the Alix Free Press and Mirror News-Record, March 25, 1938

Alix Groceteria — Bert Brown — Alix

Fresh Dates, 2 lbs. ..... 17¢
Nabob Coffee ..... 38¢
Goodwill Coffee 25¢
Heinz Catsup ..... 19¢
Corn per can ..... 11¢
Graham Wafers, 1's ..... 19¢
Aylmer Soups, Tom.-Veg., 3 for .. 24¢
McLaren's Coffee, glass Jar ..... 38¢
Tomato Juice, 20 oz. ..... 10¢
Heinz Prepared Mustard 6 oz. .... 09¢
Sodas, 1's ..... 19¢
Ginger Snaps, 2 pounds ..... 25¢

Wong & Co. General Merchants

Gold Seal Herring, Tomato Scs., 2 tins for 25¢
Libby's Spaghetti, Tomato Scs., 2 tins for 23¢
Robin Hood Oats, Chinaware, per package 29¢
Coffee — Red Rose or Blue Ribbon, 1 lb. tin 38¢
Calf Meal, 25 lb. bag 1.05
Aylmer Soups, Tomato or Vegetable, 3 for 25¢
P. & G. Soap, 6 bars for 27¢
Colgate Toilet Soap assorted, 6 bars for 25¢
Bananas, 2 lbs. for 25¢; Grapefruit, 5 for 25¢
Tomatoes per lb., 19¢; Celery, 2 lbs. 25¢
Lettuce, 2 for 25¢

H. S. Cox — Clive flier, early 1950's — Prices Effective January 7 to 14

Jam, Apple and Strawberry, Orchard City, 4's, tin 69¢
Margarine, Golden Dew, 3 lbs. — 87¢
Pork & Beans, Sundown, 15 oz., 4 tins — 50¢
Peanut Butter, Squirrel, 24 oz., jar — 57¢
Peanut Butter, Squirrel, 4's, tin — 1.05
Sardines, Fairhaven, in Oil, ½'s, 3 tins — 29¢
Fancy Pink Salmon, Pride of B.C., ½'s, tin — 25¢
Roger's Golden Syrup, 5's, tin — 77¢
Seedless Raisins, Australian Sultana, 4's, pkg. — 79¢
Moir's Chocolates, Strand, Double Dipped, lb. — 59¢
Moir's Chocolates, Strand, Double Dipped, 5-lb. box — 2.85
Light Fruit Cakes, Stinson's, 3 lbs. — 98¢
Cream Style Corn, Broder's Choice, 15 oz., 4 tins — 57¢
Shredded Wheat, 12 oz., 2 pkg. — 35¢
Corn Flakes, Kellogg's, 12 oz., 2 pkg. — 49¢
Sliced Peaches, Brentwood Standard, 15 oz., 2 tins — 39¢

Technocracy — by Stan Loughridge

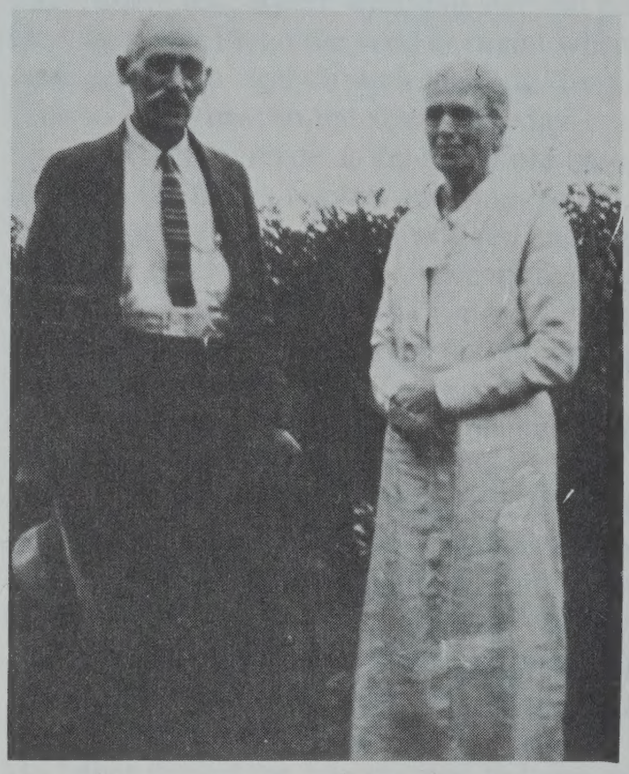
Everyone knows of the Social Credit Party under William Aberhart, and of how their policies and the $25.00 a month payment were declared 'ultra vires'. This meant a lot of disappointed followers, and some of the more radical ones, (mainly those who owned nothing), formed a party called "Technocracy". The theory behind this was to pool all farms and businesses and they would become state owned. Workers were to be housed in the villages as there would no longer be small holdings. The adjoining farm lands would be farmed on a huge scale with huge machinery, and a man would need to work only four or six hours per day. The profits were to be divided among the workers after all expenses were paid; to be handed out by the state, of course.

In this party the top officials were issued a uniform similar to an army uniform, and party buttons were issued to members.

This Technocracy smacked too much of Communism, and in a short while the Federal Government outlawed it, so no longer could meetings be held publicly.

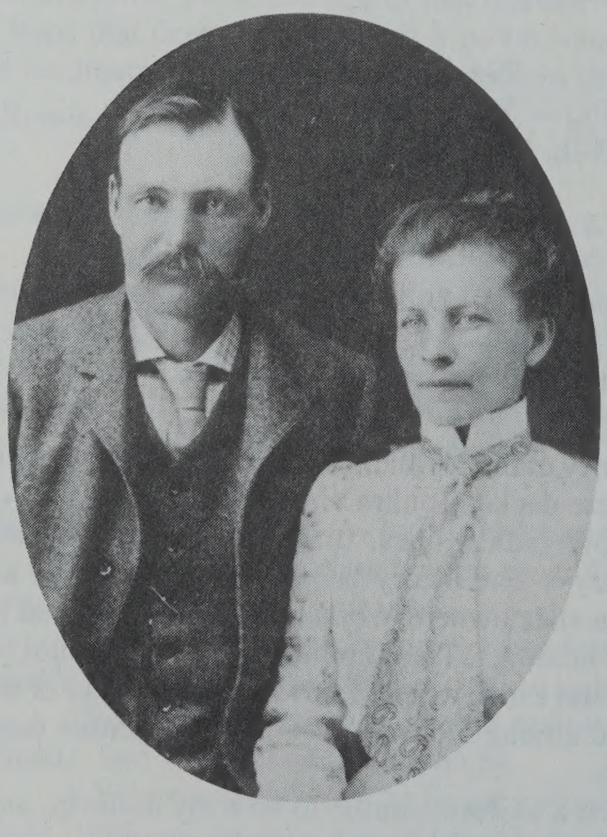
It is my personal view that our farm land would have suffered under this system, as all fence lines and windbreaks were to be eliminated to make huge fields. At this time we were still having terrible dust storms, and none of the Technocrats had a practical solution to stop soil drifting. There was no sound program for soil management.

Early Pioneers



Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sanderson, Golden Wedding, July 4, 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Sr.



1902 — Joseph and Margaret Ennis.

Mr. and Mrs. Belton (Bud) Todd.

Who are We? Hotel Staff and Photographer.

Mrs. R. F. Sanderson in bathing suit, in 1915.

Mrs. Cuthbert Wolferstan and Tom.

Mrs. Grace Mackie.

John Mackie and Jean.

Mrs. Maggie Melvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walper, 1949.

The Walper Family, 1941. L-R, Back Row — Gordon, Don Haldane (Hoddy), Jack Jr., Jack Sr. Front Row — Jean, Catherine, Mrs. Walper, Mac, Bobby.

Audrey, Isaac, and Flora Sweet, 1937.

Lillian and Gladys Skage.

Rev. Standish, dressed for V. J. Day Parade.

Joe Johnson and Davy Melvin.

Darlene Whitfield. Figure Skating at Alix Arena, 1955.

Sandy Mather in front of his feed store.

Hockey, 1962. L-R — Norman Bell, Larry Wilton, Lynn Sutley.

Foresters' Meeting. L-R — Dave Stone, Louis Waddy, Adam Krauss, Eston Holsworth, unidentified.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rouse, 1902.

Joyce Whitfield with goat, at Edgar and Green home. Miss Green in background.

Fox Patrol First Alix Boy Scout Troop 1933-4-5
ow (left to right) P.L. A. Larsen - Sec. D. McKinnon - E. Andrews.
m-row (left to right) M. Clarke - K. Smith - J. Setters.
(all-Sec. Class Scouts)

Fox Patrol First Alix Boy Scout Troop, 1933-4-5. Top Row — P. L. A. Larsen, D. McKinnon, E. Andrews. Bottom Row — M. Clarke, K. Smith, J. Setters. All Second Class Scouts.

Robert E. and Gwen Warren's 25th Wedding Anniversary, Feb. 1971. (R. E. Warren was United Church Minister, Alix Pastoral Charge, for 12 years.)

Alice Whitfield, Alice Nielsen, Marjorie Ludvigsson, Dec. 1978 at Alix Wagon Wheel Museum.

Rose Bowles, about 1940.

MIRROR

Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association — by B. Parlby

The years 1923 and 1924 might be called the years of the formation of co-operatives, a time of mushroom growth of these organizations.

After the U.F.A. government was elected on July 19th, 1921, one of the most important measures passed during the earlier years of that Administration was an enabling Act to make possible the organization of co-operatives in Alberta. This was "An Act respecting Co-operative Marketing Associations". Thus was fulfilled one of a number of objectives of that great Agrarian Movement.

Wheat pools, dairy pools, and egg pools sprang up in rapid succession, followed a short time later by the Alberta Livestock Co-operative Associations, with the Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association being one of the member groups. It was generally referred to as the "Buffalo Lake Co-op".

In the earlier open ranching days of the West, representatives of meat packing companies used to travel through the country, calling at ranches in the late summer or fall when steers, especially, many four and five years old, were in prime condition. It became a standing joke among the ranchers of this area that if the Swift Company's representative arrived first, and the Burns' man came along and saw his rival's horse tied to the corral, he would ride on to the next ranch and do his dealing there. In no way could the ranchers get these men to come at the same time, or to offer bids against each other. In other words, there was no open market, but to the farmers and ranchers it seemed that a compact was formed against them, hence arose the producers' great desire to handle their own produce. By 1923 the trucking of animals was beginning to be an accepted practice, replacing riders driving animals on hoof for fifty, sixty, or a hundred miles to market. Hogs were usually hauled by team and wagon to the nearest railway shipping point.

On June 28, 1923, a general meeting of this district, from Clive on the west to Nevis and Erskine on the east, from Ponoka and Mirror on the north, and south to the Red Deer River, was held with the purpose of forming a livestock shipping association, producer owned and controlled. A provisional board was elected with George Bell as the President, G. B. Fretwell as Vice-President, and George C. Webb as Secretary. Clause by clause a constitution was arrived at and adopted. The chief condition of membership was that it should be on a contract basis.

Each U.F.A. Local was asked to elect a director. George Bell was elected for Ripley (Mirror); G. Nelson for Water Glen; A. C. Johnston, Eclipse; Cuthbert Wolferstan, Alix; Myron Crown, Gadsby Lake; W. B. Gilbert, Haynes; Len Gibhart, Tees; and J. G. McConnell, Long Valley.

It is interesting to note that this first organizational meeting was called to order at 11:30 a.m. After much discussion on launching this new endeavour, the meeting finally adjourned at 6:30 p.m., after a session of seven hours.

The Provisional Board of Directors met after the close of the first meeting and chose Fred McDonald as Manager, and Cuthbert Wolferstan as Secretary. Fred McDonald was hired at the rate of $100.00 per month, and 1/12th of the commission for the year, and the rate per railroad car for commission and re-imbursement was set at $22.50/100. When the

permanent Board was chosen, G. C. Webb replaced C. Wolferstan who, though nominated for Secretary, preferred not to act.

The preliminaries over, much of the hardest work remained, that of canvassing for contract signers. In much of the Mirror-Alix district Bert Wolferstan and Fred McDonald went as a team, up hill and down, often over muddy prairie trails, they drove from farm to farm inviting the farmers to join. In all probability the same scene was re-enacted in other districts, only with different characters on the stage.

Eighteen days later, on July 14, 1923, at the first regular meeting a permanent Board was elected. J. G. McConnell of Nevis became President; M. A. McMillan, Vice-President; four directors were elected — Charles E. Stone, Myron Crown, G. Nelson, and G. C. Webb. A resolution regarding shipping was drafted, and M. A. McMillan and A. C. Johnston were sent to the U.F.A. Convention to present this, with the purpose of trying to get a Provincial affiliation of ALL shipping associations. This was the first move towards forming the Alberta Livestock Co-operative Producers. Penalties would be levied for any shipper who broke a contract. He would be charged $49.60 per cwt. on 1370 lbs.

Another interesting motion places this group in the context of their contemporary history. Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, was to be asked for proper shipping facilities to be established at Haynes and other C.N. points.

Another motion by A. C. Johnston of Clive, seconded by G. Nelson, asked that all Co-operative Livestock Associations meet in Lacombe at 2:00 p.m., March 20, 1924. The Lacombe Hotel and other catering facilities were to be notified in advance to be prepared for an influx of visitors. Twelve associations were included: Acme (Co-operative), Bentley (Blindman Valley), South Lethbridge Co-op., Pincher Creek Co-op Assoc., Telfordville, Youngstown (District Association), Cardston (Federal), Wetaskiwin (District Co-operative Association), Lamont, St. Paul, Cappon, and Cremona.

During the years from 1923 to 1930 the Buffalo Lake Co-operative grew in strength. The total signers on the list numbered 729, but in any one season it is doubtful if the active shippers numbered more than five hundred. In 1924 at the annual meeting held at the Darlow Hall in Alix, the name was changed to Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association, and was incorporated as such in 1925.

At this same meeting a resolution was passed asking "that all hogs should be graded on the hook". This was sent on to the U.F.A. Annual Convention.

In 1924-25 the Executive was composed of J. W. May, President; Myron Crown, Vice-President; and for this year, J. E. Russell as Secretary. At this Annual Meeting the decision was made to end the affiliation formerly held with the United Grain Growers Pool. The Alberta Livestock Co-op was thriving, and each of the member Pools forwarded their resolutions to the A.L.C. Annual Convention as well as to the U.F.A. Annual Convention. One such resolution was regarding the proper "care and watering of animals shipped in".

Delegates to the meetings were chosen by each of the U.F.A. Locals in the area, and were based on membership in that organization. In 1924 a decision was made that U.F.A. fees be kept back from each member's share, at that time probably only a few dollars. The Locals included were: (with the names of some of their representatives through the Twenties)

Alix — C. Wolferstan, Charles E. Stone, E. W. Cormack, J. D. Waterman, B. D. Nielsen, Thomas Semple, Fred McGonigal, Pete McCallum.
Calumet — O. W. Nelson, Peter Spelrum, Charles Malcher.
Eclipse — G. Fretwell, L. E. Church, J. F. B. Fretwell.
Ewing — Walter Boyce, A. A. McNeil.
Gadsby Lake — A. W. Gillies, Guy Pym, Wm. Stevens, Robert Ingram.
George School — Frank A. Allee, N. H. Flick, W. H. Flick, Preston Sharp, C. C. Brewster, Cleo Sharp.
Long Valley — Jack May.
Mirror — J. W. Hume, Louis S. Olson, R. W. Barritt, R. McDonnell, J. D. Murdoch, Stanley Roper, H. Holben, R. Dye, Martin Sorum, George Bell.
Nevis — L. E. Church, C. F. Combest, Arthur Clarke, George Roppel.
Satinwood — W. G. Claxton, E. C. Sherburne.
Scales — Arthur W. Clarke (Erskine), Mr. McGadrie.

Water Glen — Martin Hagglund, G. J. Nelson, Thomas Burdett, W. J. Bowman, H. Nelson, C. L. Bloomquist, O. Skode.

Westling — R. Haskins, Dave Wills, James Tees, Wm. Boddy, F. A. Billinghurst, Arnold D. Baker.

Tees — J. B. Craik, Percy Walters, B. E. Moore, A. D. Brawner.

The Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association was not without the usual growing pains of any young organization. Again and again at annual meetings problems were discussed. The most frequent of these seemed to be disappointment over the infidelity of some members who broke their contracts and sold outside the Pool. Then there was the reverse situation, that of non-members wanting to ship through the Pool without signing contracts, or accepting a member's responsibilities. Again and again resolutions were passed that no livestock be shipped by non-members. Another trouble mentioned in the minutes has a very familiar ring, that of shortage of cars, causing delays in shipping.

Animals sick or injured in transit were reported at meetings, with the compensation paid to the owner. One complaint was received of an animal bruised in transit. T. DeZaeyer was reimbursed $5.00 for a steer crippled after loading, Tom Knight and Harry Lynn for a steer each. Since the last mentioned was outside the Pool this provoked considerable discussion. Compensations reflected the level of prices of the times. In 1927 and 1928 the price returned to the owner for a cow dead on arrival was $26.25, and for a dead hog it was $22.26. By 1931 resolutions were sent in questioning overhead expenses, and one by Calumet Local favouring a reduction in handling charges, and chiefly in the Managerial Commission, suggesting a reduction from 20% to 10%.

By May 30, 1931, dissatisfaction with the management of the A.L.C., undoubtedly magnified by falling prices of livestock, stirred up opposition. A letter of protest was sent to the Honourable R. C. Reid. This letter requested that the government "make a thorough investigation of the whole situation." This was signed by the Board of Directors, J. W. May, President of the Buffalo Lake Association; J. W. Hume, Chairman of the meeting; J. Mansell Smith, Secretary; James Hood, representing Castor-Coronation; Frank S. James, Ponoka; and J. F. Long, Stettler. The situation must have been righted, for thirteen years later a very different letter was forwarded to the A.L.C.

Copy of Letter

July 3, 1944

The Secretary,
Alberta Livestock Co-operative Ltd.,
Edmonton

Dear Sir:

Will you please convey to the Board of the Alberta Livestock Co-operative, Ltd. from the Annual Meeting of the Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Association (by resolution passed unanimously) their "Congratulations on a job well done, with our sincere thanks."

Yours truly,
C. Wolferstan,
Sec. to Annual Meeting

Two other interesting resolutions were passed about this time. One was asking "for the disqualifying of M.L.A.'s and M.P.'s from holding positions as directors on the Board of the Alberta Co-operative Livestock Producers Ltd. Probably there was a fear of domination by politicians. The other, quite different, showed the trend of the times by asking that members who were owners of sheep be given permission to **truck** their sheep to the city market rather than ship by rail.

In the late 1930's the Board of Directors included Jack W. Hume, Tom Semple, J. D. Murdoch, Russell Bennett, E. B. Martin, John Davidson, and Martin Anders.

During these years the records show that the Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Association's annual meetings were usually held in Alix, probably in the old U.F.A. Hall, (although Darlow Hall is also mentioned),and in the new U.F.A. Hall after it was built in 1934. Board meetings were held at Alix, Lacombe, Clive, and Mirror in turn. Later the annual meeting alternated between Alix and Mirror until 1946. From then on it was held in Mirror only.

In 1939 J. W. Hume was President; Tom Semple, Vice-President; and the directors

were J. D. Murdoch, L. S. Olson, Martin Anders, and Humphrey Parlby. One of the decisions made was that "the bacon competition should be continued." Each year an award was given to the farmer sending the largest number of Grade A hogs to market. Grade A hogs were between 190 to 210 lbs. live weight.

In September, 1940, Art Newman, in speaking to the assembled farmers, suggested that they try an Auction Sale close to home, rather than loading and shipping. J. Hume was asked to make a survey of the situation, and if favourable he and Art Newman were to arrange for a sale at Mirror. There is no record of this being tried, but perhaps it was an indication of a future pattern.

After 1939 nothing was heard of Eric Cormack, always active in farm organizations. He had rejoined the Army and was at Camp Borden. Three times the minutes of Board meetings mention that "H. M. Parlby was unavoidably absent, having enlisted in His Majesty's Service." About the same time Ulric and Dennis Marryat and Ronald Purkis joined up, as well as others of the younger men in succession.

The old guard carried on — Jack Hume, C. Wolferstan, J. D. Murdoch, L. S. Olson, Martin Anders, B. D. Nielsen, and now Robert Stone, son of C. E. Stone. Fred McDonald continued as Manager, and J. M. Smith as shipper at Alix.

The 1941 winners in Livestock Improvement Competition as announced by the Manager, Fred McDonald, were as follows:

Mirror

Class 1. G. Bell, W. Beamish, L. S. Olson.

Class 2. T. Claxton, J. Pilcher, W. Barritt.

Alix

Class 1. Stone Bros., T. Semple, B. D. Nielsen.

Class 2. E. Stump, Marryat Bros., J. Stone.

Then in July, 1945, World War II having ended, the men in the forces came back. Eric Cormack's name appears year after year as the popular Chairman of the annual meeting.

1946 was a year of happenings. The first banquet was held at the close of the annual meeting, with the Mirror Women's Institute catering, a delicious meal for the large sum of 75¢ per person. Wives of the members were invited. Miss O'Neill, Publicity Director of the A.L.C., was the guest speaker. There was no discrimination in regard to sex! From the beginning of the organization, according to the constitution "he" or "she" might become a shipper.

That September Fred McDonald retired as Manager after twenty-four years of service, and Milton Nelson took his place, with G. J. Nelson as Assistant Manager. At the annual meeting the following summer, in 1947, the grateful shippers presented Fred McDonald with a $100.00 cheque in appreciation. Time was taken to vote $50.00 for Flood Relief to the victims of that spring's B.C. flood, and at another time a donation was made to victims of the Pembina Valley flood. The ladies of the W.I. once more catered for the banquet, at which fifty-four members and visitors were present.

At the June 5, 1948, meeting Jim Sturgeon and Robert Stone moved that an adjustment be made on cattle shipped during the packing house strike in Edmonton. Compensation was paid to J. Rider, P. Rider, R. Schultz, George Salmon, and also an adjustment for lambs shipped by Tom Knight. In that year over 2,000 head of livestock were handled.

J. G. McConnell of Nevis was the first President of the Association. He was followed by J. W. May for four years, and then J. (Jack) Hume had the office for nineteen years, from 1929 to 1948, after which he was nominated Honorary President for life. He was succeeded by Tom Semple, who remained President until 1956. Harold Olson was President until 1959, when he became Secretary-Manager as successor to Godfrey J. Nelson, and Robert F. Stone was elected President in 1959. Ewen McDonald was President from 1960 to 1961; William Anderson was elected President in 1962. Dave Curr was President in the Seventies.

After the World War II ended other names began to appear — Ward Barritt, Dave Curr, Earl Webb, Humphrey Parlby, Ronald Purkis, G. W. Neis, Jim Sturgeon, John Hill, Charles Stone, Lindsay Lyle, Wilfred Luft, Don Carlyle, Cleo Sharp, Wm. Anderson, J. Pilcher, H. S. Neis, A. G. Claerhout, R. Liddell, Lawrence Walton, J. A. Keeton, and I. Sorum, John Parlby, A. DeLeeuw, A. McDonald.

In the early Fifties the Secretary-Manager was Milton G. Nelson, with Godfrey J. Nelson as his Assistant until 1953, when Godfrey J. Nelson became the Secretary-Manager until May, 1959. Harold Olson held the position from 1959 until 1974.

Always at the Annual Meeting visitors from the Alberta Livestock Co-operative, Alberta Federation of Agriculture, or the Farmers' Union of Alberta were guest speakers. Some of the well-remembered names were: Arnold Platt, Jim McFall, Charlie Hayes, the Winklaar Brothers, George and Henry, and Mrs. Florence Sissons of the Farm Women's Union of Alberta, Roy C. Marler of the Alberta Federation of Agriculture, and William Harper, Vice-President of the Canadian Co-operative Implements, Ltd.

In 1953 donations were made to both the Alix and Bashaw Calf Clubs to assist the young people to become good stockmen.

There are several gaps in the records, for not all the minutes can be found. At the 1965 annual meeting H. Parlby was Chairman and B. Parlby was Secretary. George Winklaar, Manager of the A.L.C. Board of Directors, Archie McIvor of Victoria, B.C., Wm. Barbour, Hog Salesman, and Henry Winklaar, Manager at Calgary, were the speakers. Charles Stone Jr. reported as delegate to the A.L.C. Convention, at which a resolution had supported a unified voice in Agriculture. Times were changing, roads improving, and animals moved more and more by truck. Only thirteen members were present when H. Parlby, reporting the A.L.C. annual meeting, was pleading for a study of means to promote increased memberships. But the numbers had dropped after the banquets had been discontinued, and remained year after year at only thirteen or fourteen. It is significant that H. M. Parlby also said that the main topic of discussion was selling hogs by the new teletype system, the first time this is mentioned. The new directors were Ward Barritt, Humphrey Parlby, and Charles Stone, the latter was a grandson of one of the first directors.

In 1970 the gathering station at Alix was closed.

On August 4, 1971, the attendance was up slightly to eighteen members and one guest, but the auction marts springing up in so many towns were making inroads on the shipments that used to go to the Pools. Harold Olson, the Manager, reported that both volume and revenue were down. A motion to cease operations for a three-year trial period was passed.

A rather sad last meeting was held in 1974. Three quick motions brought the Buffalo Lake Co-operative to an end; one by W. L. Barritt and Robert Stone, "to accept the A.L.C. offer of 50% of deferred certificates in cash as soon as possible." A second by Ralph Hornett and Lee Richardson that the Board of Directors close out the Association at the earliest possible date and pay out the member's equity at ninety-five cents on the dollar. And a last motion by Humphrey Parlby and Richard Waddy "that the minute book be placed in the Alix Museum until such time as Mirror has a museum, when it should be transferred there."

The Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Livestock Marketing Association, which had served the area for fifty years, had come to an end; but it should not be forgotten, for it was a valiant effort on the part of farmers banded together in time of need to handle their produce themselves, and to operate their own business. Changing times, and the accessibility of new marketing facilities, seemed to have eliminated that need of former years. But the ideal of working together for the common good will always remain, to shine clearly in the memories of those who played a part in that organization known as the Buffalo Lake Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association.

St. Monica's, Mother Church of the Mission of Lamerton — by B. Parlby

Almost in the centre of the present village of Mirror stands a tiny white church with red roof and tall steeple. This is probably the oldest building still in use for miles and miles around, for St. Monica's is almost eighty-seven years old and has been used as a place of worship continuously during all that time. The original log building is sheathed in white painted siding today, but underneath the logs remain, that could tell a story of so long ago. The story of its beginnings takes us back to another time, another world, when our west as we know was itself beginning.

The country then, though vast, was in truth all one, uncrossed by roads except for a few Indian trails, without fences or barriers except for those of nature's making. The bonds

of human sympathy drawing the early settlers together were the greater for the loneliness and immensity of the Parkland often stretching for miles with little mark of human habitation. The pioneer churches were the first institutions to help in dispelling that loneliness often too keenly felt by the first settlers.

St. Monica's had a beginning seldom equalled in romance and uniqueness. Only a few years before its building, the surrounding country was unknown to white settlers. Indians and half-breed hunters from many places, followed the old trails which converged in the creek at a spot known as the Fish Trap before going on to the Haunted Lakes and Tail Creek.

One winter's evening early in 1894, a group of settlers were chatting in the home of the Parlby brothers (Walter and Edward). Probably as was so often the way, the talk turned to those other homes across the Atlantic, and reminiscences may have been tinged with a certain nostalgia for the old life including the family church, for it was then that the idea was born. "Why not build a church here, ourselves?"

During the summer months the idea grew in strength and was presented for consideration at the vestry meeting held at the Westhead ranch (where Matiers live now) on October 19, 1894. From then on the plans went ahead rapidly.

By November 8th the Rev. H. Goodman and Charles Westhead, having been elected to choose a site, decided on the S.E. quarter of Section 28, Township 40, Range 22, W4th within a mile of the shores of Buffalo Lake. Four days later at a vestry meeting held after church at the home of William Cook, plans were laid for the actual building. For the rest of the winter church services were held in the home of a brother and sister, Alice and Alfred Inskip, later owners of Lacombe Hotel, and only one entry regarding the building appears in Walter Parlby's Diary. On December 29th, 1894, "Made a dicker with Emla Whitford (a member of a well-known half-breed family) for twenty-one logs be delivered at the church site, $1.00 per log."

Nothing was done during the winter but early in the spring of 1895 the work began in earnest. Men rode from miles around, taking their lunches with them so that they might spend the whole day at the building. More than a dozen lent a hand. Matthew and William Cook, Owen Cook, Alfred Inskip, Edward and Walter Parlby, William Kraft and Louis Kraft, George Cook, Valentine and Henry Neis, William Scott, Charles Westhead, James Gadsby, Charles Mott, Frank Taylor, Fred Sykes. Rev. H. Goodman, M. A. Jarvis, H. N. Betz, T. W. Tiler, Ned Barnett, P. S. Rowe, Tom Lillac, W. Mailings and others whose names are not recorded.

There are a number of facts about these men which lend interest to the story. All of them were bachelors and most of them thousands of miles from home and church influence. They differed in religious belief as widely as Roman Catholic and Methodist yet all joined together willingly to build the first church east of Lacombe and one of the first two between Calgary and Edmonton. Moreoever these men were young, in their twenties or early thirties.

During early April, a succession of "bees" was held. Volunteers cut more logs, others squared them at the church site and raised them into place. A diary entry for the 25th of April states that "Taylor, Parlby, Hawkins, Cook, Ness, and Gadsby drove to Lacombe for lumber." Two more diary entries in May and June show more progress being made, the first referring to a sawing "bee" held on May 13 and 14th with Scott, Trevenan and Taylor helping, and the second stating that "on June 28th, W. Parlby and Sykes plastered the church. The following day on June 29th the opening was held with Canon Cooper and Rev. H. Goodman officiating."

Many of the members of that congregation could look with justifiable pride on their work. The body of the church was made from hewn logs, the roof was shingled, quite exceptional at that time as many of the homesteaders' shacks were roofed with sods. Nails, shingles, windows and other materials had to be hauled by team and wagon from Lacombe, a journey of thirty-four miles each way, over winding prairie trails. The creeks swollen by spring floods had to be crossed over pole bridges or often forded.

Friends in the Old Country provided money to pay for the building materials. Many furnishings including the Communion Table ornaments, a lectern, and an altar cloth came across the Atlantic. Mrs. Rolt of Canterbury, England, godmother of Edward Parlby, sent

out the money to buy an organ, which he secured in Red Deer and hauled some fifty miles to the new church.

On May 16, 1897 more than two years after the building, the little church was consecrated by Bishop Pinkham, pioneer missionary and first Bishop of the Calgary Diocese, and became St. Monica's Anglican of the Mission of Lamerton. The towns of Mirror, Alix and Bashaw did not yet exist.

At that same service another very important event took place. Edward Parlby who had married Anne Wilkins of Red Deer in January, 1896 brought his infant son, John Francis, to be baptized, probably the first christening in the new church. An extract from the records of the church at this time vividly remind us of the transformation that has taken place in the developing country since then. In Lamerton District in the years 1898 and 1899, the population was 130, there was one baptism, two Sunday Services were held and one celebration of Holy Communion.

Immediately after the dedication on May 29, 1897, Walter Parlby went to the Dominion Land Office at Red Deer to file an application for the grant of land such as was then being given to each new mission church. Forty acres was granted at the church site. When some years later, 1911, to be exact, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company built a line from Calgary to Edmonton and the town of Mirror grew up around the little mission church, the forty acres became valuable as building sites and was sold except for about two acres surrounding the church. The proceeds from this sale formed the endowment fund which is still administered by the Calgary Synod office. Not until 1904 did the population increase sufficiently to justify a resident rector, when the Rev. E. L. MacNaughton took up the post. He was succeeded by E. L. Kendall.

The rectors who have served the Lamerton Mission which includes St. Monica's, Mirror; St. Pancras, Alix; and St. Peter's, Bashaw, from 1908 on are as follows:

1908-1909 — The Rev. L. O. Mott
1910-1913 — Rev. Oswin Creighton
1914-1918 — The Rev. N. W. Holdom
1919-1923 — The Rev. M. Peart
1924-1929 — The Rev. G. M. Morgan
1930-1934 — The Rev. W. P. Griffiths
1934-1936 — The Rev. C. E. Reeves
1937-1939 — The Rev. J. Blewett
1940-1941 — Rev. S. G. West
1942-1943 — The Rev. J. E. Birchall
1944-1946 — The Rev. G. N. Standish
1947-1950 — The Rev. J. A. Roberts
1950-1954 — The Rev. F. C. Austin
1955-1958 — The Rev. G. E. Major and the Rev. Peter Milne in the Alix Church. The Rev. C. F. Wilkins in the Mirror and Bashaw Churches
1958-1961 — The Rev. R. P. T. Gillard
1962-1966 — The Rev. Tim Nakayama
1966-1971 — The Rev. J. M. Linster
1971-1972 — Rev. A. Swinton (Relief)
1972-1975 — Rev. John Mash
1975 — Nov. to May — Dr. Graham Witcher (Relief)
1976-1981 — The Rev. Graham Goode

Editor's note:

This story was first published in "Parish Paths" in 1961 and appears here with the consent of the writer.

Mirror Reflections — by Ross Flewwelling

The Clarke Family of Mirror

Lewis Clarke and his wife, and their three children, Mabel (Mrs. Ray Simpson), John, and Dan, came from the U.S.A. to Ponoka in 1902. That same year they moved to Lamerton and ran a boarding house. Leonard was born in Lamerton in 1903, believed to be the first white child born in the district. In 1903 they moved to the homestead, which is the

SW¼ of the north section of the present townsite of Mirror. Lewis' father came and homesteaded the quarter directly north of Lew's, later selling it to Mrs. L. Clarke's father, John Busta.

When the developers were buying land for a townsite Mr. Lew Clarke sold his land to them, as did several others, to comprise the original townsite named Mirror; a name derived from an English periodical known the world over, "The London Daily Mirror". Lewis Clarke and family then moved to Lamerton and bought a blacksmith business owned and operated by Mr. Robert Curr.

The site of Lewis Clarke's homestead buildings is one and a half blocks north of Len Clarke's present home on Block #43, between Whitefriars Boulevard and Lois Avenue, with possibly a portion being on the Avenue.

The Transcontinental Townsite Company purchased all the land of the original townsite of Mirror, nearly two sections, and laid it all out in lots. The Grand Trunk Railway retained a portion of the west part for yards and shop, for car repairs and engine repair round house. These operations employed many men.

One of the owners of the land developed was a Mr. A. G. Anderson on SE 28-40-22. A forty-acre parcel of this land was owned by St. Monica's Church, leaving one hundred and twenty acres as homestead land. We have no information as to who Mr. Anderson was.

Mr. and Mrs. James Setter homesteaded the NW¼ of Section 28-40-22. They moved to a fraction of land on the west side of Mirror Bay on Buffalo Lake, directly north of where Ward and Vera Barritt now live. They lived there until well on into the Twenties.

Section 21-40-22, the south half of the proposed townsite, was wholly owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This section was divided into lots as was the north half, and a two-block park was laid out somewhere in the center of this section. The writer and his brother remember finding all four of the steel stakes, and we left them so that they could be found, but that land was turned into a farm. The present owner is Mrs. Tony Dewald. This piece of land wasn't fenced until around 1920. At one time it was laid out for a golf course. One of those active in the Club was Mr. Carl McCormack.

A Town Council was duly elected, which held its first meeting in the office of the Transcontinental Townsite Co. on Aug. 8, 1912 for the purpose of organization. Present were Messrs. J. F. Flewwelling, Mr. Herniman and Mr. Raymer. The first motion was made by Mr. Flewwelling, that Mr. Raymer be Chairman of the Council. The Minutes were signed by a Mr. Calvert, later appointed Secretary-Treasurer.

One of the earliest businesses was Andrew Thomas and Son, George. They had moved in a building from Lamerton and set up a store and post office somewhere north of the present park, (which is where the skating rink and curling rink are). This was a temporary site before the lots were sold. They later moved their store to the lot that is now vacant, between the present Connolly's Store and the meat market. The Thomas and Son store burned down early in 1920, along with all the buildings east of this in the same block.

A town well was drilled, probably by the Townsite Company, at the intersection of Lois Avenue and Lake Street to serve the Mirror residents. It stood in the center of the intersection until 1923, then Mr. Emil Olson removed the well and casing for scrap material.

Boat houses near the pump house on Buffalo Lake were owned by people in Edmonton, who came down by train to sail on the Lake, Buffalo Lake was at its highest level in 1915. Since that time the water has been low in comparison, varying in depth each year. There are now trees with six-inch diameters growing where we used to swim in the early Twenties.

There were two livery barns, one owned by Mr. Roy Hopkins and the other by Tulloch and Tate. Mr. J. F. Flewwelling built his blacksmith shop on a lot between the two barns. Mr. Flewwelling had come from Manitoba, arriving in Lamerton on June 30, 1911. He walked to Mirror on July 1st to attend the lot sale held at auction, and he bought two lots south of Tate and Tulloch's Feed and Livery. By September 1st he had built, or was in the process of building, a blacksmith shop and an office alongside. By November he had an office built adjoining the shop, and Mrs. Flewwelling came and they lived there until 1912. This office still exists.

It was moved to Main Street in 1920, and is at present part of the Connolly Store. The

shop was torn down in 1920, and a considerable amount of the material went into the 24′ x 24′ garage that Connolly's have behind the store, and are using.

About 1916 a building was moved from Tees and added to the existing blacksmith shop, and used as a wood-working shop. This building, after two moves, was finally made into the living quarters at the rear of the Connolly Store.

On May 23, 1912 a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Flewwelling, William Henry, the first baby boy born in Mirror.

Mr. Flewwelling went out of the blacksmith business in 1918. Early in 1920 he had established his business on Main Street as hardware and furniture store. He was also the Undertaker.

Mr. Roy Hopkins built one of the livery barns and ran it for a time, then rented it to Wm. (Billy) Cook, who operated it until 1918. It was then taken over by a Mr. Sharpe. In 1921 Mr. Hopkins ran it himself, and did draying until 1932 or 1933, then selling the dray business to Eddy Hutchinson. The barn was later dismantled and the lumber was sold.

Wm. McCormack and son Carl operated a lumber business in Lamerton, and moved it to Mirror as the first lumberyard. They operated it until 1927, when it was sold to the Crown Lumber Co. Mr. Alex Finch came in June, 1927 to operate it for the Crown Lumber Co.

Mr. Tate, of Tate and Tulloch, came to Mirror from Content, where he had run a store, coming there at an early time. In Mirror he was in partnership with Mr. Tulloch and operated the livery barn. He operated one of the three horse-drawn school vans used to transport children from the surrounding districts of Lamerton and Hickling to the Mirror Consolidated School.

Mr. Tate died very suddenly about 1919 or 1920, and was buried in the Mirror Cemetery.

The Tulloch family lived in the house across from the Community Hall, occupied at the present time by the Mawbey family. At that time it was standing on a lot now owned and used by Love's Oilfield Equipment Service. It had been moved in from Lamerton, where it had served as a hardware store and residence.

Theatres and Halls in Mirror

The first theatre and dance hall in Mirror was the loft of Mr. Roy Hopkins' barn. Later a theatre was built by the Kadlicks after they left Lamerton. The cement foundation is still in place; Doug Hadden's house sits there at present. This hall burned down in June, 1917. In 1919 Wm. McCormack built a theatre, "The Grand", half a block north of the "Next-to-New Shop". It was used until it caught fire and burned in 1954.

The original Town Hall had a hall with kitchen facilities for community functions, such as suppers. This Hall was located on the same foundation as is the present Town Hall. The whole upstairs was used for suppers. The main floor housed the Town Office, a vault, and the Royal Bank. At the front, where the Treasury Branch is located, was the fire hall and belfry. A large cistern was located underneath. This burned in 1926. The present building was erected in 1927.

Above Rogers' store (McNair's store at the present time) was the Elks' Hall. They had a very active Elks' Lodge and a good membership in the 1920's. This Hall was used for card games and receptions until 1940 or later.

Receptions and teas were held in the Women's Institute building until quite recently. This structure was built by the Mirror Library Club, some time in the First World War era. The Club was re-organized into the Women's Institute in 1924. The building still stands.

In 1958 the present Community Hall was built, and it continues to serve the community.

Clippings From Mirror Newspapers — collected by Hilma Ray, per Alice Nielsen

Obituary — "Mrs. Ida Florence Ray, Andy's wife and Grandma Ray to everyone, passed away March 21, 1938. She was loved by everyone, and was a good Christian woman. Her family of nine sons and two daughters are offered symathy."

Another clipping reads — "CHAMPIONSHIP RIBBON MUCH APPRECIATED"

To the Officers and Directors,
Alix Agricultural Society.

I wish to express my thanks to you for the ribbon awarding me the "Championship" for ladies' work at the Alix Fair. It came as a surprise and will just say it was a very pleasant one and very much appreciated. I will always have a warm place in my heart for the people of Alix and can pay no greater compliment than to say (without exaggerating) that I never visit a better class of people, so honorable and free from prejudice, and I hope another year to be with you again and help carry on the work which gives us all an interest in life.

Again I thank you,

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. J. Ray,
Mirror, Alta.

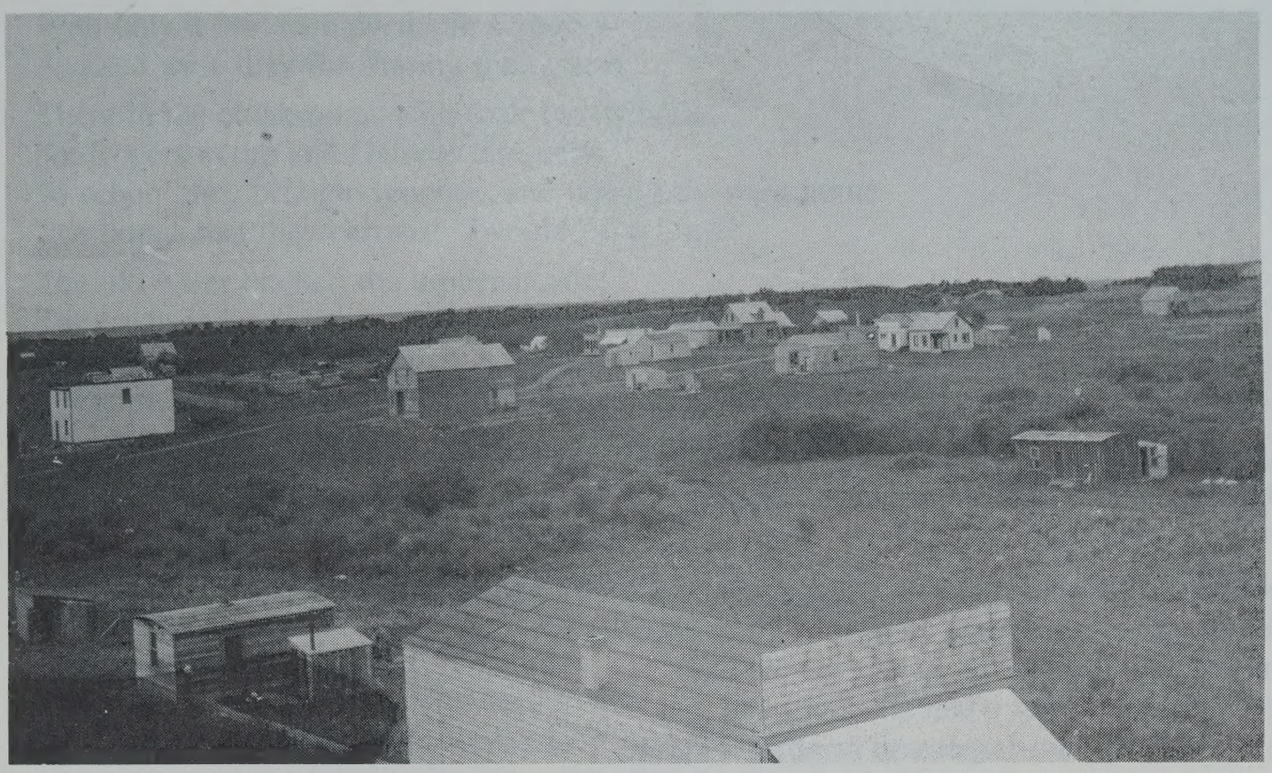
"A letter such as above is very much appreciated by the society, but bless her dear old heart, it wouldn't be half a fair if Grandma Ray failed to patronize it, which she has been doing for years."

(The above clipping bears no date, but it would be in 1930 or 1931. I remember Grandma Ray won many prizes in the 1930 Fair at Alix. A. Nielsen.)

Other clippings were telling of the baseball team in Mirror, with Albert (Bump), and Clarence (Kid) Ray playing ball, and the many games they played. "Kid" Ray was Hilma's husband.

Basketball must have been enjoyed as well, for there is a picture of a basketball team which includes these two Ray brothers, and the basketball in the center is inscribed "Mirror 1919 Champ."

Back, L-R — Carl McCormack, Gordon Sharpe, Harry Hornby, Bump Ray. Bottom — Kid Ray, Milton Merkley. Front — Lawrence Williams (Manager).



Mirror in 1912.

Joe Tulloch, Harold Oldring, Kid Ray, 1923.

STANTON

An Old Building Speaks — Stanton School — by Molly (Rice) Nielsen
(For the Stanton School Reunion, June 29, 1969)
I'm just an old building up here on the hill,
Resembling a sentry when all's dark and still.
Some buildings are larger and brighter, I know,
For they are among those I helped to grow.

My career started in Nineteen O Nine.
I really was quite up to date for that time.
People were pleased with my dignified frame;
From a pioneer family I took my name.

The community's center for years I became,
With uses for business, yet all the same
There was Sunday School, Church, and much recreation,
Together with socials, but First — EDUCATION.

From Ontario east the first teacher came
And Miss Waterman I found was her name.
The pupils then came, perhaps not a score,
Some never had been in a schoolroom before.

Miss Waterman their deep respect did then earn;
Instilled in her pupils a yearning to learn.
The Inspector of Schools then travelled by horse
And checked on their progress when on his course.

Oh, yes, my joys I will gladly share,
It was pioneers' children under my care.
I gave them shelter in time of storm;
My shade they enjoyed when they were warm.

And not one of them will ever forget;
Down Memory's Lane they come here yet.
Their steps are light as in days of yore,
To climb my hill is not such a chore.

Then up my steps as if on wings,
A hand on the knob and in my door swings.
When they come in, in memory,
I am just the same as I used to be.

And all the while do they recapture
The old school days and carefree laughter.
They see their playmates gathered there,
The barefoot boys, girls with braided hair.

Six coal oil lamps give a mellow light
For those special occasions like Christmas night.

With only a few such events in a year
Awaited were they for sharing their cheer.

There in the cloakroom, with their handy bails,
Sat Rogers syrup and Gainers lard pails.
To school they brought lunches, and when they went home
The things that they carried! 'Twould fill a tome!

The old water bucket; the dipper inside;
The basin to wash up; the towel that dried;
The old school bell; we laugh at the time
'Twas picked up by the teacher but it wouldn't chime

For it wouldn't go 'ding' and it wouldn't go 'dong'.
The kids knew it wouldn't, for they knew all along
That it couldn't go 'ding' if it hadn't a 'dong'!
(A Hallowe'en joke had taken the 'dong').

My spacious grounds many sports did provide.
In winter the hill was used for a slide.
They will remember how they used to go
Down hill, 'cross the road, down the slope below.

Their friend, recalling when he was a boy,
Made a gate in his field to add to their joy.
The gate was left open when sleighing'd begun,
It made a long slide. Gee! Wasn't that fun?

In a serious mood they remember then
The fierce prairie fire of Nineteen Ten.
It started in spring when the earth was dry,
Black smoke and red flames shot up to the sky.

When the fire leaped the creek then I could see
The old grim reaper pointing at me.
The teacher said, "Children, on summer-fallow stay!
For in all this smoke you could easily stray".

Then up Lilace spoke. "This monster we'll beat!"
Blindfolded her horse and rode into the heat.
They thought they never would see her again,
But was it not she who sent help to them?

The children did panic; forgot to obey;
They ran through the smoke, to their homes found their way,
For guardian angels were with them that day.

The barn and wood pile were burned to the ground.
Dead horses and cattle later were found.
Thereafter Bill Kraft rode a horse of roan bay
That carried fire scars to the end of its day.

For me, I had a very close call.
Flames blistered the paint on my eastern wall
And I said in despair, "My time has come!"
Then through the smoke I saw them come.

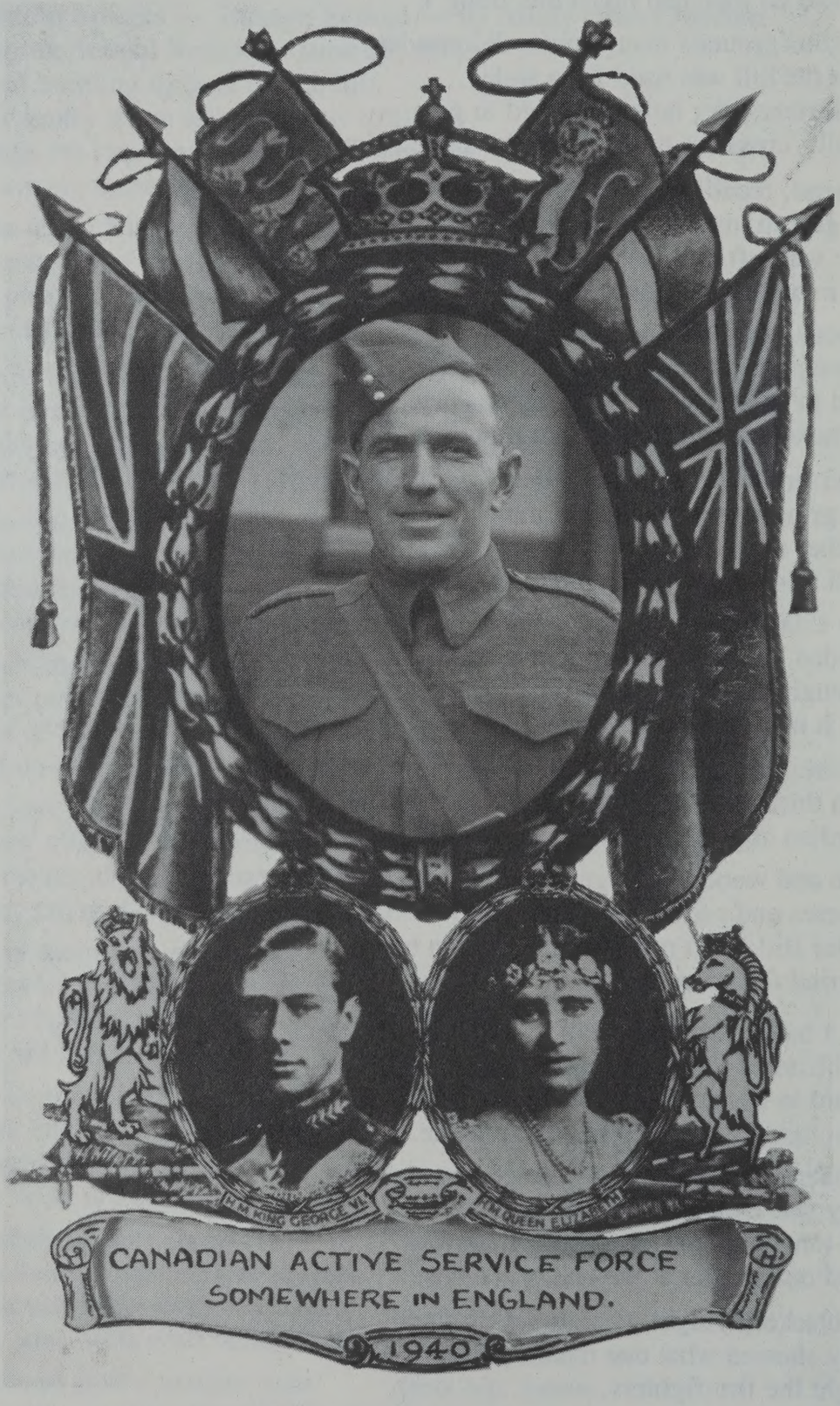
If they hadn't brought water to rescue me
My story was ended right here, you see.
The red-tongued monster roared on its way
And died on Fox flat at the end of the day.

What a blackened sight when it got through!
It plainly showed what one match can do.
That night the fire-fighters, weary, did sleep
For they'd had a hard struggle the buildings to keep.

These are just a few things the people recall;
I haven't time now to re-tell them all.
I was your white school-house till Nineteen Fifty-two
When the school order changed from the old to the new.

Thoughts Along The Way — by Alberta (Kraft) Green

I remember the terrible fire that swept through Stanton School area, it came from towards Haynes. There was so much grass and open land that there was nothing to stop it. It swept away northeast, and I do not know where it stopped. John, Harry and I were driving home from the Stone School and saw flames in the distance. Dad was anxious and told us to hurry with the horse. I remember Mother leaving us in the house and going out for hours to help Dad as he tried to check the fire and to keep it from our buildings. We were a frightened bunch of children, as we planned to jump in the lake if the fire reached the buildings. (Our



Harry Kraft in uniform, 1940.

lake was four or five feet deep at the edge and twenty feet deep in the middle, so we would have been between the devil and the deep water.)

We went out once, quite late, to watch the sparks from burning bushes, and the quick flames as some new bush was devoured. Incidentally I later wrote a composition in school as to the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, and chose this evening as my topic. I possibly put more points in the composition than I can now; anyway I got good marks.

Then there were miles and miles of fences that had to be rebuilt. How did my Dad ever do it? Fencing today seems to be an impossible task as it is so hard to get help. Jim Ralston may have been working for us at that time but I am not sure.

My Dad had three horses caught in a fence corner and they were badly burned. One was blind for weeks, and they all carried ugly scars as long as they lived. Dad put them loose in a cool barn and gave them special treatment for weeks. I believe all farm buildings in the path of the fire were saved, but what a lot of extra work it left!

One vivid memory I have is of the numbers of neighboring young people who would gather on horseback for a surprise party at some neighbor's home. I especially remember a shivaree we planned for Johnny Waterman and his bride. Mrs. Waterman had been very busy cleaning up Johnny's bachelor home, and on this day had varnished and painted all the chairs, so when our cavalcade thundered into their yard we were warmly welcomed, but had to improvise places to sit or use the lawn outside. Mrs. Waterman thought it was an Indian raid when she saw us racing in. How could one find such a group to-day? There was no liquor and no smoking, and we did have FUN.

Stanton School Memories — by Dave McDermand

Spring would come there sooner than most places, as the hill was higher and sandy. The first signs of spring were the blue bottle flies. As soon as the sun got warm they would turn up by the thousands, both inside and on the south end of the school. If the weather held for a few days the yard would start to show bare spots, and one could stand in the sun on the south side and see the banks on the other side of the Red Deer River, miles away, the buildings at the old Super-Heat Mine, elevators at Ardley and/or Delburne. I'm not sure, as I am not able to see so far now. We could also see numerous farm yards and roads, as we had a wonderful view.

Soon after this the yard would be dry enough for grass, and the gophers would be out. Then we'd be snaring and drowning them out, which often led all the pupils on a merry chase at recess time or noon hour, when a gopher would pop out of the hole fast enough to evade those posted at the hole with various sticks or clubs to get him when he appeared.

Soon after this, if we looked close, we would find crocus buds in the dead grass, which would shoot up and make the whole hillside blue when seen from the road. Now someone would have seen crows, bluebirds, robins, and flocks of ducks would move in as soon as the sloughs had open water. Now the boys who had been getting wet breaking the rubbery ice on the slough at the east end of the yard would likely be building a raft, which would carry two people if properly placed for balance. The last one off usually got his feet wet, as his side or end would tip down when the other fellow got off. It was the boys' ambition to get some girl on the raft and hopefully get her feet wet. We got one young lady on the raft in the center of the slough one day. When the bell rang for classes she jumped and waded out in about 2½ feet of water.

Now, too, some would be playing marbles and 'knife', but as soon as the yard was dry we played group games, such as Dare Base (a favorite), pump-pump-pull-away, dodge ball, anti-i-over the school. Recess and noon hour were never long enough, and one game often continued through several play periods.

Soon the grass would show green, and buffalo beans, shooting stars, saskatoons and chokecherries would be in bloom. It was wonderful to play hide and seek now, when one could hide in bushes and hear the bees humming around blossoms, the birds singing, and smell the warm sun on the new plants. We were very fortunate at Stanton to have a larger than standard sized yard, with lots of bush and trees; an ideal place for nature study but still with room to play ball, football, and such games.

If we were not gathering crow or magpie eggs or feet and gopher tails on the way to school, (the County paid us a bounty for them), we were likely hurrying to take up some

game left off the previous day. When you arrived early you would see pupils gathering from north, east, west and south; on foot or horse back, in buggies, and in the winter with skiis, or in sleighs and cutters which often upset, dumping the occupants into the snow.

In winter we coasted down the hill to the corner, across the road, and down the road south almost to the creek, which might get us into trouble as we would be late back to classes. Sometimes Mont Nielsen would lift his fence so we could slide south from the school, across the road, under the fence as far as we could go in his pasture. We would also ski down the road at the west side with two fellows on one pair of skiis; each rode on one ski in a sleigh track on his side, with a pole held between them for support. One time Rose Walt, the teacher, got on skiis by the porch and stopped in the southwest corner with her clothes torn.

I recall lunches in winter with cocoa or soup made in a large kettle on the old heater stove. If it was too slow heating we would open the door and set it right in the fire, which usually made the cocoa taste like coal gas.

We had ink made from a tablet mixed with water. This was kept in ink wells on each desk of students old enough to use a pen. When I started to school the students each had a slate and pencil. These later were forbidden because of the squeaking while writing.

The most severe punishment at that time was the strap, which we were all afraid of. I can only remember one pupil being strapped, and then the teacher had to go to the barn for a piece of bridle as there was no strap in the school.

One teacher, Mr. McMillan, lived in a tent in the corner of the yard. Mont Nielsen and Dick Waddy pulled his tent down one night when he was in bed.

Nielsen's horses used to run away a lot, and I recall six horses and a drill piled up in the gateway near Nielsen's well. I also recall Jack borrowing Ellene Peterson's pony to go after a team that got away in the field. The yard used to be fenced, and the ponies that the children rode to school pastured in the yard where we played.

When Graham Semmons taught, we played hockey on a slough on Mont Nielsen's farm one fall and winter. Remember the teams of children who took turns carrying water from Nielsen's pump — 'the old wooden pump'? Remember trips to play ball at neighboring schools in Allyn Mann's truck? And students winning a camera for having a birthday on Victoria Day? Also the black blizzard when it got so dark that students were not able to get home? Mont Nielsen rode, checking, and found at least one badly frightened girl whom he helped home. I recall that time, enjoyed it, as we stopped at Nielsen's and Granny Nielsen served us lemon pie till the storm blew over.

I have fond memories of the annual Christmas concerts, for which we prepared all through December, with Alice Nielsen coming to play the old organ for practicing. How proud we were when it was successfully over!

Some will recall the Hallowe'en when dynamite was placed in Mont Nielsen's outhouse. They had to frighten Mrs. Peterson away until the fuse burned down. Then there was the teacher that boasted that the school was locked and the windows nailed shut, which so tempted a certain young man that he enlisted help, pried open the window, and rearranged the school. Returning home he met the teacher going to check the school. The following Hallowe'en the teacher outwitted the young fellow by enlisting him to help guard the school. Both teacher, guard, and tricksters had a lot of fun, and we all ended up at the teacherage eating bread and jam.

Some will recall the tunnels dug by the east side of the school, and the wigwams in the bush, one complete with basement. A word must be said for the school picnics, which were as important as the Christmas concerts. Real important, as the picnic was the beginning of summer holidays. Most of us have fond memories of races, ball games, contests, home made ice cream, and lemon pie, with wonderful fellowship.

I wonder how many remember the ceremony for the plaque denoting fifty years of Confederation?

Alix-Stanton School Bus Route 1954 — from a Lacombe Globe of early 1954

Andy Bartko, who drives the Stanton district school bus, wheeled his big vehicle expertly into the Alix school grounds and skidded to a stop on the icy snow.

He opens the door, and 15 High School girls who have completed their Home

Economics class that afternoon at Mirror stream out of the bus. Waiting outside to board the bus are 21 pupils ready to return to their homes after another school day, along with your reporter and the photographer.

Darlene Whitfield is among the last of the girls to leave, and as she dashes from the last step she collides head-on with little Betty June Gessleman, standing alongside the bus.

I quickly bent over to bring Betty June back to her feet and Darlene, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Whitfield, helped retrieve two of Betty June's dolls and a food box which had skidded hither and yon in the snow. Darlene is full of apologies but there is no damage done.

Thus, I had a firm friend in Betty June Gessleman, who took a seat directly across the aisle from me when we boarded the bus.

"I'm 6½," she said. "I'll be seven in June. The kids call me Betty, but Mom calls me Betty June." Obviously she isn't retiring in nature or speech.

Then she introduces me to another six-year-old in Grade One, Judy Mae McDermand. "She's my cousin," says Betty June.

"No," says Judy Mae contradicting her, "I'm not her cousin. She's my cousin." I decided not to get involved in such a difficult debate.

This is the happy setting as the bus pulls away from the Alix school at precisely five minutes to four.

There are 21 pupils riding today, with the only absentee Bobby Van Alstyne, ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Alstyne, who is in Grade Four.

We head west on a trip that will take us 22 miles before we are back in Alix. Andy stops first at his own home on the outskirts of the village to let off his wife, who teaches 36 pupils in Grades Three and Four at the school.

Then we head for the open country. Andy says the slippery road does not cause much trouble because of the weight of the bus, but the drifting snows are something else again.

Andy says he got stuck in a snow bank about a week previous. "What did you do?" I ask. "Just dug myself out and continued on," he replies.

There's wind and snow blowing heavily outside as I look through the windows, and I'm beginning to wonder whether I picked the wrong day! But there are no troubles. The Municipal District keeps the school bus routes well plowed.

Three miles and ten minutes later we let off our first passenger, Larry Primus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Primus. Larry is a big strapping youth of 15 who takes Grade Nine, and the quarter-mile walk he makes north to his farm won't bother him.

We're on real hilly, winding roads, and there's almost a pin-point turn on a side of one hill which those on the bus tell me is called Sand or Schnepf hill. Andy says they're thinking about re-routing and straightening the road right over the top of the hill this summer. It would certainly be better.

Then we let off Alex Schnurr, eight-year-old Grade Three student, who is clutching a spelling and vocabulary homework book as he heads for the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Art McDermand.

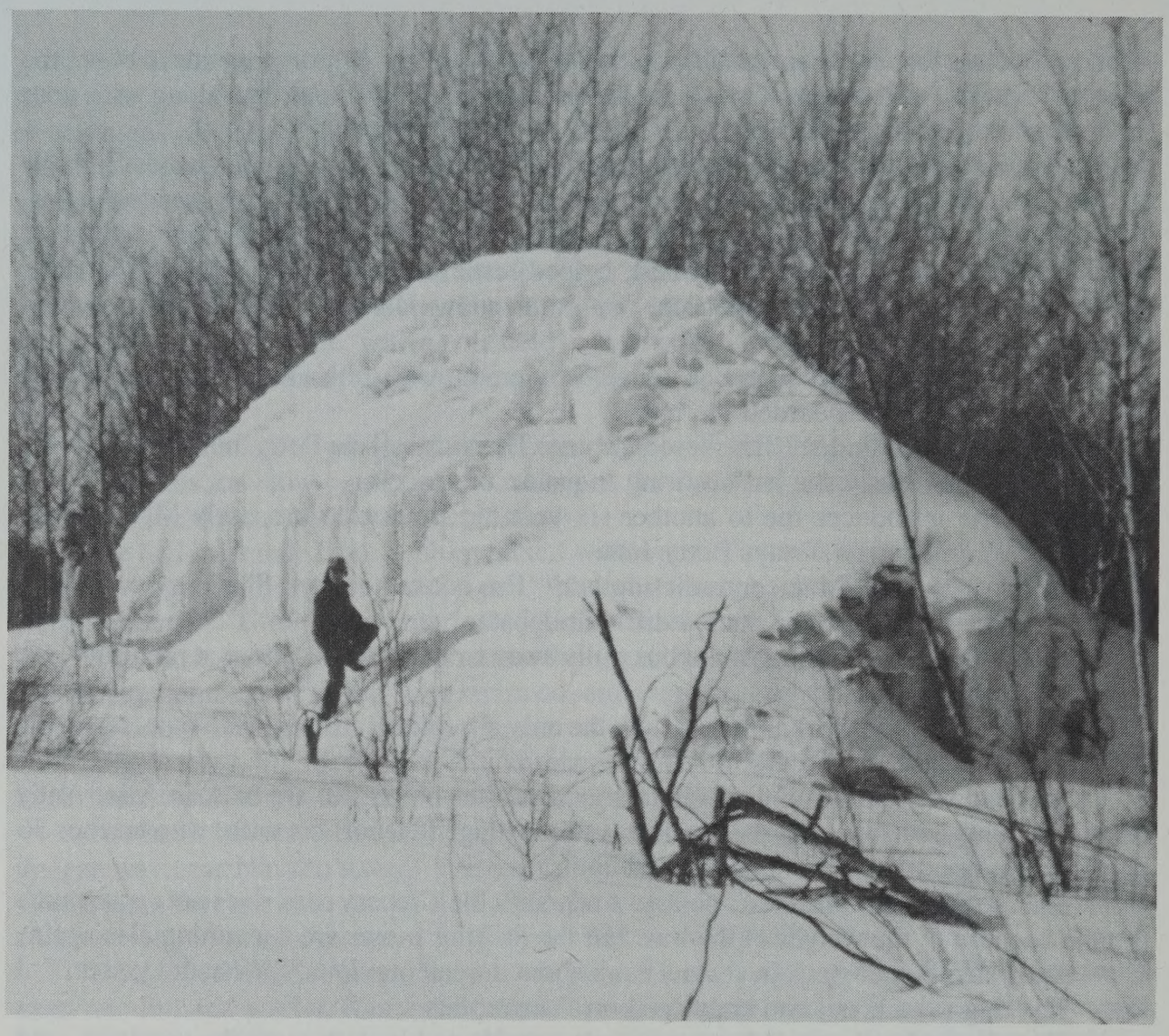
Half a mile further, and we say goodbye to the two Nielsens, Jack 14 and Ellen 16. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Nielsen, and needless to say took most of their schooling at Stanton school until the school was closed in favor of this bus which started in January 1953.

Next we let off three more Nielsens, who are cousins of Jack and Ellen. They are Eric, 13, in Grade Seven; Alder, 10, Grade Four; and Deanna, 8, Grade Three. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Monto Nielsen. Deanna is the shy one of the group, ducking behind the seat in the bus as the pictures are taken.

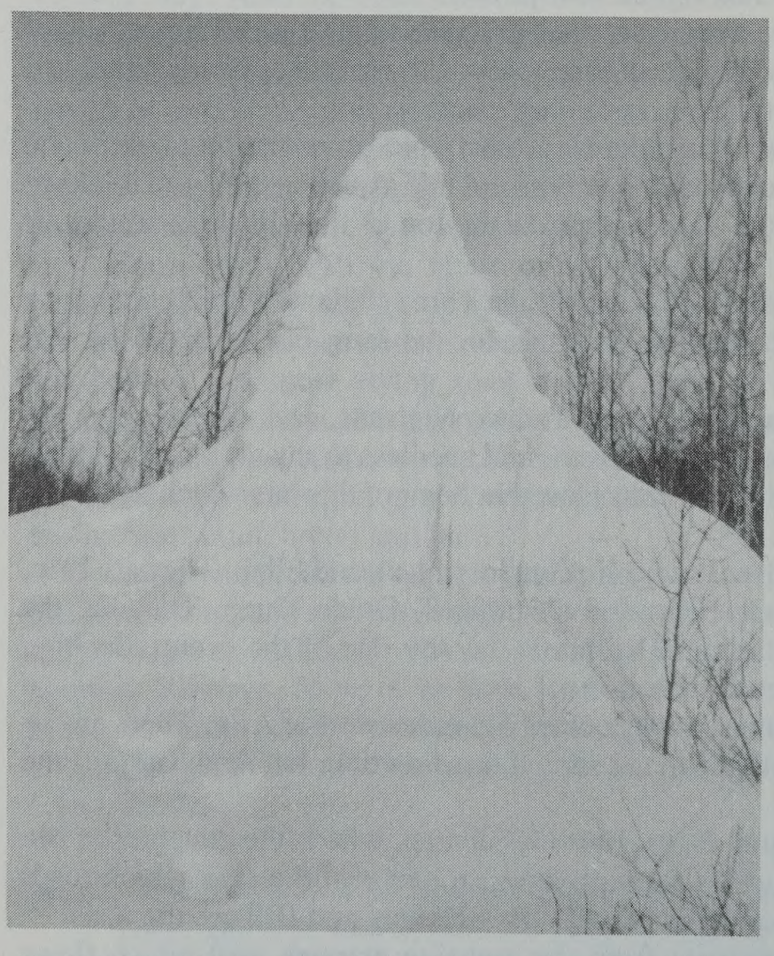
At this point we pass by Stanton school, located 5½ miles west of Alix. There are so many zig-zags and turns in the road that I'm not sure of the direction, but Andy assures me it's west.

Now I lose my close companion, Betty June Gessleman, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Gessleman. She walks through the gate and past the sign which reads "Artesia" and underneath "J. E. Gessleman and Sons". Harvey and Bill are the sons.

The name "Artesia" must originate from the amazing artesian well which flows continuously on the Gessleman farm.



Ice mound formed by Gessleman's artesian well. Mrs. Peterson and Eric Nielsen.



Another view of the ice mound. This was formed by decreasing joints to the size of a grease gun zert. The artesian well and frost did the rest.

The well is easily discernible from the road. At this time of the year its location is signified by a lofty mound of ice which rises to a point some ten feet above the snowy surface of the ground. Another of nature's oddities.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sargent leave the bus next. They are Clare Sargent, 9, in Grade Two, and Jack, 16, in Grade Nine.

We are now seven miles from Alix, the hour is 4:20, and over half the children have left the bus. It is still very rolling, hilly country, and the way my stomach's turning I'm not too sure I haven't developed a slight case of sea sickness on dry land.

Bertha Van Alstyne, 8, in Grade Three, and Walter Van Alstyne, 14, Grade Eight, alight next. They head for the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Alstyne, which is a quarter-mile walk from the road.

There has been a constant stream of loud chatters and giggles in the back, but the noise now becomes a clamour. As bus driver, Andy won't stand for excessive disturbance, and he brings one student to the front of the bus for a closer watch.

We are at the farthest-most point of our journey, eight miles west of Alix, and we back-track after the Van Alstyne pupils leave.

After returning one mile east we head south, and the four children of Mrs. Ann Shuell leave us. They are John, 7, and in Grade Two; Marie, 8, and in Grade Three; Phyllis, 9, and in Grade Five; and Joyce, 11, and in Grade Five.

Joyce first tells me she is ten, until she remembers a recent birthday just celebrated in January.

The time is 4:30, and only four students in the bus. Still heading south we drop Judy Mae McDermand, 6, Grade One, and Roddy McDermand, 8, Grade Three. Just as they leave, Roddy halts at the steps and says, "Oh, forgot my lunch kit." He dashes back on the bus before joining his sister.

Driver Andy really gives the next passenger service. He's Allyn Nelson, 8, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Nelson, who is dropped off right in front of the farm.

We head back north and then east to take Darryl McDermand to his destination. The Grade Four nine-year-old is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McDermand, and he has about a quarter-mile walk from the bus stop.

It is now 4:45, and all pupils have boarded and left the bus in the short time of fifty minutes.

It's been a long fifty minutes for my stomach, and I'm glad to step back "on shore" at Alix a few minutes later.

Stanton On The Hill 1950-1980 — by Betty June (Gessleman) Steffensen
(From the view-point of a later generation)

In 1909 the bell on the hill began to ring. My Grandparents heard it ring; my father hurried when it rang; and my mother made it ring, when she was the teacher, Miss Muriel Boulton. I never had any of those privileges. Although some third generation kids attended the Stanton School house on the hill, I was born too late.

Yes, for part of nine decades the school has withstood rain, sleet, hail, snow, and lightning. Although the bell has long been silent, the laughter, fun and fellowship, and the old piano have never ceased, even into the fourth generation.

I think the highlight for the community gatherings were Christmas concerts, school wind-up picnics, pie socials, showers, Hallowe'en parties, and general community gatherings.

I remember the old green curtains with the odd black patch, gold rings and clips, and the big stage that was erected for the exciting Chrismas concert. A real tree was always sought, usually from somewhere in the district or in the Haynes Creek area. To conserve the environment the tree would end up in a home in the neighborhood. Alice Nielsen spent a lot of time and effort getting together a drill or play for the Christmas program. Some of those participating were: Deanna Nielsen, Marie Shuell, Astrid Ludvigsson, Sharon Primus, Bertha Van Alstyne, Judy Van Alstyne, Betty Gessleman, Eloise Nielsen, Lynne McDermand. Rehearsals were at the Monto and Alice Nielsen's residence (now Eric Nielsen's) across the road from Stanton School. Like most rehearsals they usually ended in disaster, but the finished product usually went off without a hitch.

Funny thing, Santa never missed our old school house in all those years. I think some years he must have gotten awfully modern, as it was hinted that he had come by snowmobile. Some years he was quite bashful and didn't stay long — too hot, I guess. But other years he just couldn't seem to leave the giggling and laughter of young and old. Programs were, and still are, gathered on the spot, and a chairman was selected. The piano hasn't been tuned for years. But who cares? We always did major in fun and participation, the important things to us, not perfection.

Power, running water, and indoor facilities were never missed. Someone always went up in the afternoon to start the fire and decorate the blackboards. Everyone would bring decorations to suit the occasion. There was always a candy bag for each child, and oranges for the adults.

Stanton now has power and an indoor pail, but it isn't the extra conveniences that make memories for good times. A neighbor usually brought a cream can of water, and everyone, especially the kids, would get thirsty and share the dipper. Never lost a kid because of it either!! Ladies brought lunch and there was always enough to go around. Cups were passed in big basins, with coffee and tea being served in big enamel pots.

The girls would giggle and squeal in the cloak room, and the boys in the dimly lit entry next door would keep their "cool" as the door frequently opened and shut, and a blast of cold air would come rushing in to meet the warmth from within. If things were a little dull we would use our special chair. Ask any Stanton kid about the "short-legged chair". This was a little chair with sawed-off legs. Everyone got a turn at either riding or pushing it from one end of the hall to the other. As the evening wore on sometimes the gasoline lamps would have to be taken down from their hangers and pumped up.

Baby-sitters would have had a hard time existing and making ends meet at Stanton when it came to a community function. In fact, we would have put them right out of business, I'm sure. EVERYONE went to the school house for community activities, and every member of the family was included. If you got tired you found a coat to lie on and crawled onto or under a bench for a nap.

Other activities in the community included skating parties at Bruce Lake, across the road from the Gessleman place, or else on the pond below their house. This is where young and old would congregate for all kinds of skating activities. Dad made us hockey sticks from a willow tree, and we would curl with some good smooth rocks found before freeze-up.

The main meeting places for swimming were the mouth of the Creek, where Stanton Creek runs into the Red Deer River, and down at the Haynes Creek. When the Primus-Mehle Pond was made it became the centre for swimming lessons, fishing, swimming parties, and boating, the main attraction being water skiing. It never even cost us admission, and in the winter we had skiing, tobogganing and snowmobiling parties.

Our communication for spur of the moment activities, New Year's Eve, and emergencies was always fast action with the old cranked party-line telephones.

As a child you just take your way of life for granted.

This place on the hill has withstood not only the elements of weather and nature like mice, bees, grasshoppers, snakes and skunks, etc. It has withstood one of the deteriorating habits of man. I can never remember **liquor** in Stanton School; a tradition that I hope and pray can be passed on into the next generation.

Yes, Stanton is unique, and stands proudly on the hill, for it was built on a "STRONG FOUNDATION".

To Bill Gessleman — In Memoriam — by Ev. Gessleman

The farmer has gone,
No fields he'll till,
This neighbor and friend —
Our Bill.

As your mother I'll wonder
till my days are done
Why you went first —
My son.

We brother and sisters are
missing this other,
Part of our childhood —
Our brother.

As your widow I gaze at
your ring on my hand.
So quickly you left me —
My husband.

The guiding hand we
children once had
We'll always remember —
Our Dad.

We grandchildren, too, our
hearts still raw,
To say goodbye —
Our Grandpa.

Now a year has gone, and
we miss him still,
We'll never forget —
Our Bill.

Hauling Grain by Wagons to Coghill — by Muriel Gessleman

Before the days that trucks were used to transport grain, many a wagon and grain tank load were hauled down the steep, winding road to the Coghill Siding on the Canadian National Railway, an up and down hill route about three miles long.

The road from Stanton to Coghill was built with horses and fresnos in the summer of

Coghill Trail Grown Over, 1927-1980. Harvey Gessleman and "Nicki" along the old trail.

Coghill Trail facing north. Stanton School in distance. Eric Nielsen's land. Harvey Gessleman (standing).

1927 by local farmers working out their taxes. B. D. Nielsen was the construction boss, and some of the workers were B. M. Gessleman, Dick Waddy, Ed Gessleman, Clare Thomas and Ray Thomas.

At the Siding the grain was loaded by hand with scoop shovels, (not the modern aluminum kind) into the waiting box cars, if you were lucky enough to have your car spotted there by the time you got there with your first load of grain. Cars were ordered through the station agent at Alix, but in the busy season whoever got the first grain in the car could claim it.

The busiest time was during the fall rush. Sometimes the grain was hauled to Coghill directly from the threshing machine.

Usually, though, the grain was loaded in the winter months. During the winter months the grain tanks were mounted on bob sleighs. With them it was sometimes quite difficult crossing railway tracks, and getting onto the loading platform. Sometimes the men would have to shovel snow onto the incline so the loads could be pulled up.

Harvey Gessleman recalls that four horses were used on the grain tanks (tank wagon boxes), harnessed chuck-wagon style, while a team was used on the wagons. On one occasion, while pulling the loaded grain tank onto the platform, one of the wheel horses slipped and fell between the box car and the loading platform, into a space about 12 feet wide and 5 feet high. The harness was unhooked with some difficulty and he was extricated from his predicament. Ever after this, the horse was always very nervous, and would stand with his lip quivering.

One time when we were hauling grain, and going down a steep incline around a

curve, the horses broke into a gallop; as the road was rather slippery the tank load of wheat careened over the bank's edge and upset in the ditch.

Although most of the farming was done with horses, it was surprising the amount of grain that was produced and taken to market. In the fall of 1931 the crops were quite good. This was before the real bad drought of the Thirties. That fall and winter the men loaded nine cars of malting barley at Coghill Siding with horses and wagons and/or sleighs.

The straw piles provided good food and shelter for the livestock all winter long. Caution had to be taken with horses, as once a horse got down on its back it wouldn't last any time, it would asphyxiate.

Times and methods have changed, but farming here is still Number One in our economy and way of life.

After Church at Stanton School. L-R, Standing — Andy Landels and Elmer Mabbott. Seated — Marjory (Goodbrand) Mabbott holding Jimmy; Lillian (Goodbrand) Landels holding Marjorie; Dorothy, Jean and Joyce Landels, Leona Mabbott. (Note cars)

Beatrice Parlby and Alice Nielsen. At F.W.U.A. Convention, 1963.

STONE

Mrs. Belle Stone's Poem

Mary Belle Stone took up Christian Science in middle life. It fortified her faith which was always strong. In the early 1940's she sent the following poem, of her own composition, to her daughter Harriet Hviid, then living in Valhalla Centre, Alberta.

No matter how dark the morning,
No matter how cold the day,
The birds in the trees are singing
Their blithesome happy lay.

They pour out a song of thanking
For the father's loving care,
That shames ungrateful mortals
For the faces of gloom they wear.

Till they turn with hearts uplifted
By the lessons in Science they have learned
For the Truth the birds have accepted
By us mortals must be learned.

Then we empty our hearts of error
And fill them with Truth and Love
Till we sing with joy like the birdies
To our Heavenly Father above.

The Day — by M. B. Stone

The Master Weaver gave a mighty loom
Unto his children here, the sons of men
And then to them he gently said,
"Weave me beauteous garment, O my sons,
That it may cover all humanity,
And reach from north to south, from east to west
To all the islands of the many seas."
Before the loom men stood in sullen gloom
Aghast before its vastness, so they said,
"Leave us our little looms a further while
And patterns that much use has made us know."
So busily they plied their shuttles bright
And many sections of the garment wove,
But when they tried to piece it all into
A garment fitting for humanity
They found full many a gaping seam unfit
With brothers shivering in the dark and cold,
While as they tossed and pulled in misery,
The gaping seams just wide and wider grew

Till all the sons of men were touched with fear,
And struggling, pulling, fighting for a share
They found the garment turned to naught but shreds.
So springing up in deep disgust, they threw
The little looms into the wide, deep sea,
And turning said in deep humility
"Oh, Master Weaver, we they will will do."
Before their eyes, he spread the charted web
Where on the pattern good and true was traced,
And with much gentleness to them he said,
"Weave many strands of love into the woof,
And strands of the dear brotherhood of all,
With faith in the great plentitude of warp and woof.
Weave in no knotted strands of hate or fear
To mar the even texture of the web,
But go into the nations far and wide
And gather up from all the strands of good.
Weave in the many bright-hued strands of joy,
And the deeper tinted ones of gratitude
That I the pattern true to you have given."
They felt a glow and light around them rise,
Till lifting up their eyes again they saw
The day of peace and happiness had dawned.

Note: I have the original of the piece entitled "The Day" written in the hand of my mother Mary Belle Stone. The family believe it was her own composition — but of this we are not certain.

Fred V. Stone

As I Recall — by M. B. Stone, 1955

Whenever I recall my childhood in old Ontario, there immediately flashes "on the inward eye" the trees of home. My ancestors had come from the Highlands of Scotland to hew farms for themselves from the forest of what became Glengarry county. Stately elms still dotted the fences; glorious wide spreading maples, flame lit in fall, delighted the eye. Butternut, hickory, beech, oak, pine trees, and others still remained singly or in groves. Apple orchards were part of the farmsteads. How we children loved climbing the strong wide branches!

In the fall we went in groups to pick nuts. In the summer we also, in groups, picked wild plums, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. The gooseberries had sharp stickers on the berries themselves.

There were many children in the neighborhood, and there were seven of us. Our social life centred around the school and church. We had picnics in the lovely groves, magic lantern concerts in the school, and now and then a donation party at the manse of our church, where the adherents brought as gifts anything from oats for the horse or butter for the larder.

A nice library had been bequeathed to the Sunday School which opened at ten o'clock. The books were given out before that, so we were never late. It was a Saturday ritual that we children be already bathed on that evening, and our best clothes be laid out in readiness for Sunday School.

I recall Grandmother's lye barrel filled with hard-wood ashes. Water when filtered through it became lye, and was used to make soap for washing and scrubbing. That was before the day of lye cans.

We had a candle mold which I often filled with melted beef tallow. We used these candles to go to the cellar. Sometimes like Robert Louis Stevenson we went to bed "by yellow candle light".

We had a fun-filled childhood. Of course we had our quarrels, as Mrs. McClung said, "without loss of friendship". Our elders quarrelled too. I recall seeing two women talking animatedly at a pump. Suddenly one dashed a pail of water over the other. It was election

time. Likely one was a Grit and one a Tory, which was the then nickname for Liberal and Conservative.

We had to go to the nearest town to high school. We had no bus. We stayed during school days and went home for week ends. Once my chum and I from across the road walked home on a summer Friday evening. It was eight miles. We loved to walk.

When twelve years old, I recall seeing horse-drawn street-cars in Montreal. There I heard my first telephone conversation. A few years later I saw my first automobile at an Ottawa fair. It was open and tall and was the only car on the grounds.

I was at Ottawa Normal when Queen Victoria died. The Parliament Buildings were draped in black. We students were allowed to attend opening of Parliament, but we had to appear in black.

Where I grew up, in spite of our little library, books were not as plentiful as they are for you. But I loved Dickens and my chum loved Scott, and many a visit we had over them. When a new book was not available I read Spurgeon's sermons. Perhaps that is why I do not recall too clearly the funnies of Buster Brown or the thrilling mischief of Peck's Bad Boy. I read them, I know.

I was in Alberta in this district before the first building went up in Alix, or Alberta became a Province. It is now Jubilee year. I shall get a scroll to prove I belong to Alberta's first families. In one hundred years, if any of the family still reside in Alberta, it may have become a much cherished heirloom.

It is charming of you young students to ask us older ones to recall our youth for your paper. (This was the Alix High School paper, "The Ink Spot".) There is a bond between youth and age which we cherish.

Excerpts From "Stones On The Farm" — by Fred V. Stone

The period from 1900 to 1920 was one of inflation, somewhat similar to the period from 1933 to 1950. The 1920 dollar was worth only about one-third of the 1900 dollar. As in all periods of inflation, it was a good time for borrowers. Charlie Stone prospered. He broke up more land, improved and enlarged his herd of cattle and other livestock, bought more and better farm machinery, improved his mode of communication and transportation by acquiring a telephone and an automobile, and was able to send his oldest son, Fred, and his daughter, Harriet, to Calgary for High School, where at Crescent Heights they studied under Principal William Aberhart, B.A.

The Alix locals of the U.F.A. and the U.F.W.A. were a main source of social activity and interest. Meetings took place in Alix on Saturday afternoons. What transpired at the meetings was often rehashed at home with the neighbors amid arguments punctuated by gales of laughter. Mrs. Semple and Mrs. Stone were particularly good at seeing the funny side of things, and between the two of them they missed few opportunities for a hearty chuckle. The U.F.A. and U.F.W.A. annual conventions, held in either Calgary or Edmonton, were the social highlights of the year. Henry Wise Wood, President of the United Farmers of Alberta, and Irene Parlby, President of the United Farm Women of Alberta, were household names. Each was loved and admired — H. W. Wood for his homespun farm philosophy of economics and his dry wit; Irene Parlby for her high-minded social conscience coupled with the articulate speech of a cultured English lady. There were few who dared take liberties with either of them, but at a U.F.A. convention a delegate, with his penurious eye on the budget, once asked Mr. Wood what he did with his big salary of $4,000 per year. Said Mr. Wood, "I spent it". There was a ripple of laughter throughout the hall, and the item passed without further comment.

In 1920 the post World War I boom burst like a bubble. Prices tumbled, and the drop in farm prices was more drastic than most. Farm debt became a terrible burden and a cause of great anxiety. The philosophy of H. W. Wood took hold — organize on the economic front and the political front. In 1921 the U.F.A members went into politics on the H. W. Wood theory that members of the Legislature should represent groups of producers, and that each group should be represented in the government. Farm co-operatives, based on the patronage dividend principle, sprang into existence to market grain, live-stock and dairy products. There was no more ardent supporter of these developments than Charlie Stone and his family.

One morning late in June 1921, Fred Stone, who had just written his final Grade XI exams at Crescent Heights High School, got on his bicycle and headed for Alix. When he arrived in Lacombe, after a lift for a good part of the way in a friendly Ford, he found his mother and father attending the U.F.A. Lacombe constituency convention where Mrs. Parlby was nominated to run for the Alberta legislature in the forthcoming Provincial election. It was an exciting day for the U.F.A. and U.F.W.A. stalwarts of Alix. It launched Mrs. Parlby upon a career of public service that earned her in later years the endearing title of "Grand Old Lady of Alberta".

Little did Fred, a youth of 16, think as he listened to the speeches at the Lacombe nominating convention, that thirteen years later he would find himself occupying the post of Secretary to a U.F.A. Premier of Alberta — the Hon. R. G. Reid, who succeeded the Hon. J. E. Brownlee when the latter resigned the premiership in 1934.

Life on the farm when the first Stone family was growing up was seldom dull, usually rigorous, and sometimes exciting. By the standards of the 1970's it would in some respects be described as below the poverty line, but the Stones never looked upon themselves as being second class citizens — nor did their neighbors, although townspeople in those days tended to fancy themselves as being a cut above the country folk.

Farming was a way of life without electricity, without indoor plumbing, without telephone, radio or T.V. Work was performed exclusively by man power and by horse power, except at threshing time when the steam engine was used to power the separator. These two machines, together with the binder which cut the grain and tied it into bundles in one operation, were the most sophisticated pieces of equipment to be found on the farm until the automobile and the telephone began to appear during World War I. Fuel for heating was wood and coal — wood off the farm, and coal from the banks of the Red Deer River, a mile or so away.

The school was a one-room frame building in which one teacher taught all grades and boarded in one of the farm houses. The school houses served as a social centre as well. Church services and Sunday School classes were held there. It was also used for dances, box socials, and local theatricals. The country community got its entertainment on a do-it-yourself basis. At Christmas time the exchange of gifts took place for the whole community in the school house, on the evening when the pupils went on display with their program of recitations, songs, dances, skits and short plays for which, over several weeks, they had been drilled by the teacher. In those days the teacher was probably the most highly respected person in the community. She had to be a diplomat as well as a pedagogue — diplomacy being a prime requisite in the selection of a chairman and a Santa Claus for the Christmas tree evening.

The box social was a unique device for raising money, combined with a social get-together, an auction sale and a matrimonial bureau. The girls each made up a basket lunch, packaged with eye-catching appeal but unidentified as to producer or product. Each basket was auctioned off, but the bidding (by males only) was really for the privilege of having, as a supper partner, the girl who brought the basket. Speculation ran high for the goodies of an unattached girl having one or more ardent suitors. Cash talked, and sometimes the bidding brought out folding money — all of which went to some worthy community effort.

Very little liquor was consumed at home or at these social affairs. None was in evidence except occasionally on the breath of some miscreant who dared to defy the taboos of that time. During winter months dances often lasted all night, breaking up at four or five o'clock in the morning. Often the party-goer went home, changed his or her clothes, and went right to work on the pre-breakfast chores.

Everyone, from the time he or she was big enough to carry a stick of wood, had daily chores to do — the wood-box to be filled, ashes to be carried out, water to be drawn from the well and carried in, oil lamps to be tended — globes cleaned, wicks trimmed and oil replenished — stove fires to be lit or refuelled, cows to milk, barns to be cleaned, livestock to be fed, eggs to gather, horses to harness or saddle. In the allocation of these chores the chain of command followed the rule of seniority, but all commanders were working bosses. Assignments were made mainly on the basis of ability to perform. Any deficiency in will power was usually referred for correction to the head of the household. Failure at any point was almost immediately detected, and the detrimental effect felt by the whole family. Responsibility was easily assessed. Consequently the system worked well.

Besides the daily chores there were seasonal operations that lent much variety to the farm activities. At spring time work horses were brought in from the fields, their long heavy winter coats of hair were clipped, their hoofs were trimmed, and they were stabled and grain-fed in preparation for the heavy work on the land about to commence. Harnesses were taken out of storage, oiled and repaired. Plows, harrows, disc, seeding equipment and other machinery were made ready for use. Seed grain was fanned to remove unwanted weed seed. High interest centered on the arrival of new born colts, calves, lambs and piglets. Young horses were broken to the harness and trained to take their places in the teams, and this always provided some excitement owing to the uncertainty of a new performer. In the case of a young horse being broken to the saddle, the excitement was particularly poignant for the one chosen to be the first rider. However this assignment was made only if the rider volunteered, and was considered to have a reasonable chance of coming to terms with the horse.

Once land preparation and seeding began the days were long and arduous. The aim was to be in the field and start operations by 8:00 a.m. Before that, horses had to be fed, cleaned, and harnessed and the barn cleaned. This was done before breakfast by the one in charge of the outfit — consisting of not less than four horses, sometimes six or eight. After breakfast the horses were taken from the stable, watered, put together as a team, driven to the field, and hitched to the implement.

Sometimes the driver could ride the implement, other times he had to walk. Twenty miles, back and forth across the field, was considered a normal day's work, ending around 6:00 p.m., with one to two hours off for lunch, during which time the horses had to be unhitched, usually brought back to the stable, fed and watered. After the day's field work horses had to be unharnessed, fed and watered, and sore shoulders treated. During planting operatings (it was called drilling) the seed grain for the following day was treated after supper. Treatment was a mild chemical wash for protection against smut. A drill, drawn by four horses, could plant about twenty acres a day. Owing to the short growing season, no time could be wasted in the seeding operation. Wheat was planted first, then barley and oats. If the oats failed to mature, owing to early frost, the plants could be harvested as forage — generally called green-feed.

After seeding the pace could slacken a bit. Then followed summer-fallowing, clearing and breaking new land, fence building and repair, building and repairing roads, either on the farm or for the community, planting the garden, and other odd jobs. Then came haying time. Horse-powered mowers, hay rakes, buck rakes, and hay stackers were readied for use. The hay fields were about evenly divided between timothy and wild grass. Haying operations consisted of mowing, raking the grass into windrows, bucking the windrows to a stack location, and building a haystack, using stacker and hand forks.

Berry picking was a summer operation for the women and younger children. It took on the aspect of a working picnic. Often the berry patches were on public lands — road allowances or river banks — or on lands where the owner had no interest in gathering the wild fruit. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, chokecherries and saskatoons were the main varieties. The Keetons and the Stones often went berrying together. Speculation as to location of the best patches, picking the berries, measuring the size and quality of the take, skill in avoiding hornets, bees and other insects, and treatment of stings and bites when they were not avoided, laying out and eating the outdoor lunches — all made for exciting conversation and tired bodies when the day was over. A well stocked cellar of preserved wild fruit was an economic and dietary asset of the first order during the long winter months.

The grain harvest followed hard upon the hay making. The binder was powered by four horses, driven abreast. Stooking was a back-breaking job — probably the hardest, most monotonous and concentrated application of man power that the farm had to offer. It consisted of picking up the sheaves or bundles of grain deposited in rows on the ground by the binder, standing them on their butts — leaning inwards for mutual support — in stooks of six to ten bundles each. The purpose of this was to expose the heads of grain to the sun and air so that the straw would dry out and the grain kernels would harden — thus permitting the grain to be shaken out of the straw as it went through the separator.

In the early days before there were enough threshing outfits to thresh all the grain prior to snowfall, it was the practice to assemble the stooks into stacks from which the

bundles were subsequently pitched directly into the feeder of the separator. Stacking was also hard work, as it involved forking the stooked bundles into a bundle rack drawn by two horses, and then pitching them onto the stack with a man on the stack again forking the bundles into a butts-out — heads-in circular arrangement. The stack was rounded, with the sheaves sloping slightly upward so that rain and snow would not penetrate the stack and dampen the grain.

With the coming of more threshing machines stook threshing became prevalent. Although this was also hard work for the bundle pitchers, and indeed for the grain haulers too — as they had to manually shovel every bushel of grain in transferring it from separator to storage — stook threshing was the most exciting operation on the farm. It revealed, in measurable form, the hitherto uncertain rewards of a year's work. Grain could be converted into cash, either by selling it on the market or by feeding it to livestock, which, when fattened, could in turn be marketed for cash. There was the stimulating effect of being brought together in large numbers in a combined and sustained work situation. Each participant had to hold up his end, and the number of bushels threshed was a figure that all looked forward to hearing at the end of the day. Any failure, human or mechanical, could adversely affect that figure and, moreover, add to the risk of some farmer's stooks being caught in the snow before the threshing gang got to them. Strikes were unheard of and unthought of. Working hours were from "can't see till can't see". Crewmen took their bedding with them as the outfit moved from farm to farm. They slept in haylofts and granaries. Their appetites were good and the farm women fed them well — serving, in effect, five meals a day, including lunches brought to the field morning and afternoon. Many a housewife sighed in grateful relief as she watched the threshing machine roll slowly off her farm onto a neighbour's field, taking with it a dozen ravenous appetites.

The advent of the tractor, powered by an internal combustion engine, eventually put the steam engine out of business. The glamour of the puffing steamer, with its authoritative whistle, faded from the farm scene about three decades before the steam locomotive gasped its last breath on Canadian Railways. With the tractor-powered thresher crews were somewhat smaller, as the machines tended to smaller capacity and the tractors needed no crewmen to haul water for the steam boiler and wood fuel or coal for the boiler's furnace. On the farm the firemen disappeared with the demise of the steam engine. He did not linger on, as happened on the railway. On the farm, when the function ended — the job ended. The rigors of farm life did not permit, nor did its philosophy condone, the feeding of unproductive bellies.

In business terms, threshing was a custom job, charged and paid for on a per bushel basis, with the owner and operator of the machines paying wages of all hands, other than the grain haulers. The farmer, of course, fed the crews at his own expense.

In 1920 Charlie Stone bought a J. I. Case tractor. In 1922 he joined forces with Jack Nielsen, who owned a separator, and they went into partnership in the threshing business. The first two years Lyle Cook, who had worked a few years on the Stone farm, came back to run the tractor-engine, and Jack ran the separator and bossed the crew. In 1923 Fred Stone joined the crew with a team of his Dad's horses and pitched bundles along with Tom Ralston, Art Ralston, Bill Findlater, Art Foster and Vernon Lane. Fred and Art Ralston, being the youngest crew members and still growing, had the best appetites — but it is not recorded that they hauled in the biggest loads of sheaves. The next fall Fred got to run the tractor. This probably was more the result of nepotism than merit. Fred says that although it may have been a promotion, he does not recall any increase in pay.

During winter months the main job was feeding and watering livestock. Some animals were stabled or kept in protected enclosures. Others were left in the fields where they found food and protection around the straw piles left by the thresher. Horses with their solid hoofs were better rustlers than cattle. They could sustain themselves on grass and snow. Watering places had to be kept open for the cattle. Where wells were used, water was drawn either by bucket or hand pump. There were some windmills that powered well-pumps in the district — but never on the Stone farm. Small stationary gasoline or coal-oil engines began to appear about the same time as the automobile. They were used to power well-pumps, grain grinders, (ground grain was fed to cattle and pigs being fattened for market), woodsaws and other machines — thereby reducing the drudgery of some farm work.

Aunt Katie's Ditty

Aunt Kate Kirby, older sister of Mary Belle Stone, although born and brought up on a farm in Ontario, and housewife on a farm near Rosetown, Sask. for many years, was not one to indulge in barnyard vulgarities — nor did she encourage such indulgence on the part of others in her presence.

Fred and Alix Stone were therefore not only amused but somewhat surprised when she gave forth with the following story while visiting at their place in Montreal.

A farm housewife, after opening her mail one morning, said this to her husband Joe. "I received a cheque from the Carnation Milk Company, prize for the best jingle advertising Carnation Milk. But it's funny, they say it will not be published. I thought it was pretty good; it went like this:

"I like Carnation, it's always a treat;
For cooking and coffee it can't be beat."

"Well, Kate," said Joe, "I think you ought to divide that prize money with me, because before sending it in I added two lines which went like this:

"No tits to pull, no hay to pitch;
Just punch a hole in the son-of-a-bitch."

Disaster Strikes The Stone Homestead — by H. M. McDonald

It's early evening, July 23, 1971, following a beautiful summer day. The robins are gathering food about the garden; the cattle are grazing peacefully in the pasture; the crops are green and bounteous.

A dark cloud rears its ugly head on the western horizon, begins to cover the sun; then quickly growing it becomes a rolling, tumbling, black and white monster heading in a narrow strip through the valley.

Lightning flashes, the thunder roars, rain lashes downward with violent gusts of wind; early darkness falls, then hail and all hell breaks loose. Disaster had struck! . . .

The yellow-bellied sapsuckers arrive at the weeping birch at 5 a.m. to drill and lap up the sap as it oozes into the holes. You've heard them there on the trunk many times before — but you can see them now — the leaves are gone, shredded from their branches.

The warm sunny late July morning lacks the crispness of fall but the cropland, a short week ago lush and green, lies mulched and bleached as though it were late October. A distinct musty odor fills the air.

Like the leaves the spruce needles have failed in their attempt to survive the ravaging wind, rain and hail, the trees are skeletons of their previous selves, the shrubs appear as though the porcupines have stripped them of their bark.

The west roof of the house boasts its new shingling, freshly applied tar surrounds the chimney and vent. The exterior walls' paint is pocked; it almost appears as though the sapsuckers have been there too! Six window panes have been replaced, but glass is still embedded in the lawn, especially on the east side as a result of a chain reaction from the explosion of all the window glass on the west side.

The furniture is chipped, painted walls scarred, and the interior door jamb still contains pieces of glass embedded a quarter of an inch deep. The living room rug has dried but a discernable odor still emanates from the basement. Shredded curtains have not yet been replaced; broken ornaments will never be. The historic "Currier and Ives" picture with its water staining seems to add significance. The newly washed walls have emerged almost unscathed from the grass, mud and débris that once adorned them.

The kitchen linoleum is warped and buckled, the smashed entrance lights are burning again, water stains in upstairs bedrooms remain. The buckled and broken aluminum screen door is held together by strips of wood and tape.

The old house shook but stood fast. There is food on the table, and it is home.

The lawn has been raked of its débris, the shredded nylon on the lawn chairs stands as mute testimony of the storm. A few hollyhocks on the east side of the house bloom on, but the singing birds are gone, many of them killed. Where are the potatoes? The shattered heads of cabbage stand alone.

The television antennae tower lays twisted on the lawn, its mutilated rotating mast already carried to the dump. New boards on the house show obviously where the power line

was ripped from its mooring; broken power poles have been replaced between the house and the twisted barns.

The second farm home bears similar marks; the windows out, the awnings torn, the wooden toilet in shambles over the creek bank, two zeros to the wind.

An old well in the feed lot, abandoned twenty-five years ago, had caved in from the water's onrush. It is again filled in. A steer's life is no longer endangered.

The large door from the machine shed lies fifty feet away, the second door hangs precariously from its track.

The shattered wood from five granaries which once stood side by side is strewn in a half mile long sweep across field and creek; two-by-fours from their frames driven post-like into the ground. The broken windows and shingles on the sheds and the barns will be replaced in their turn.

But what does one do with the once luscious crop? How can the once tremendous growth be worked under? At what cost?

A week has passed; recovery is apparent. Friends, neighbors, relatives have nobly contributed to the rebuilding.

Hearts are once more encouraged that the old homestead, which after all recovered from other blows, will go on, that the wounds will heal despite the fact that scars will remain for years.

As observed and written by H. M. McDonald, after a devastating storm had hit the farm of Robert and Catherine Stone.

Poems by Barbara Villy Cormack

Home Town — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

His eyes have been watching each turn and each bend . . .
"There she comes! There's the town!" he calls out to the friend
Who is mildly amused that this small western dump
Should provide thrill enough to set pulses a-jump.
"Got the skating rink flooded already I see . . .
Gosh, most of the kids there won't even know me.
There's the hardware — there's Wilson's — the drug store's changed hands,
There's the post behind Bill's where the team always stands.
Yep! they're in! Good enough . . . they'll be there at the station . . .
Brought old Sandy and Jiggs, best old nags in creation . . .
There's the good old White Lunch with the kids troopin' in.
Just like we used to do with a heck of a din . . .
There's our dearly loved school . . . (in a manner of speakin'!)
Must slip over at four, for a chin with the Deacon . . .
And the old local rag — not much good when you're here,
But you read it a hundred and one times out there . . .
Here we come . . . There's the whistle — just slip me my pack . . .
So long, old pal . . . Gosh, it's good to be back!"

Winter — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

The winter's hard — no use denying it,
It's hard on man and beast, a cruel country.
With frozen pumps, and engines that won't go,
And hoary cattle hunched beside the barn,
And fingers numb with pulling stiffened lines
When little folks ride home from school in blizzards —
When shrieking winds blast terror from the north,
And new born pigs stiffen beside the stove,
A cruel country . . . yet the snow is fair,

Those crystal mornings showing new white worlds,
Never a sight so magically pure . . .
And in the evenings, crackling, roaring stoves,
Flames seen between the lids, the supper laid —
And men upon the doorstep tramping snow,
Back through the storm, back from the flats with hay,
Ready for warmth, and food, and cheerfulness . . .
And then we know how little makes us glad,
Such humble thankfulness for four strong walls.

First Rain — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

You mess my floor, you track in mud,
You saturate my wash
Just drying gaily on the line,
Then at your whim I dash
To gather straying chicks and poults,
Your breath is damp and chill,
And yet, with all your wayward faults
I guess I love you still.

The firewood's wet, the stove won't draw,
The children can't play out,
But your very good intentions
Are never once in doubt,
For with one clean firm gleaming touch
To green you turn the hills,
And in the fullness of the fall
You'll help to pay the bills.

Reprieve — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

To some, the pattering raindrops on the roof
Beat tiny drums . . . A windswept stormy night
To others brings the thrill of tilting strength
'Gainst elemental power . . . To us upon the land . . .
How shall I write of that which brings to us
Not only hope — but very life itself?

The woman at the door, 'neath dripping eaves —
The boilers set, and barrels, pans and pails,
To catch the outpoured blessing as it falls,
Stands motionless . . . Within her mind a dream
That rivals all the wealth of Joseph's sheaves —
Neat images of myriad shining jars
Filled with the promised berries from the hills,
And garden stuff, all canned and stored away
For winter's judgment . . . Streams of golden grain
To barter to the world for children's needs —
For overalls, and unpaid bills, and boots . . .
A chance once more — not certain, but a chance —
To live, and eat, and hope again — and laugh.

Behind her in the steaming kitchen hangs
A line of sodden coats and socks and caps,
Drying before the stove. Her mud tracked floor
For once awakes no wrath . . . Silent she stands.
Then in a little, men will come again,
All soaked and dank — fresh shirts, fresh socks to find . . .

The kitchen walls will echo to the sound,
That unfamiliar sound of laughter, and the jokes
That, lately, burning winds and scorching suns
Have withered to distrust, and bitterness . . .

To us upon the land there are no words,
No symbol meet to measure the reprieve . . .
One only paean of praise that shields a prayer,
One glorious surge of joy that holds a tear,
One only song of true humility —
"Thank God for rain!
Thank God — thank God for rain!"

Binder Song — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

I'll sing a song of harvest time
With a sad well-worn refrain —
"Hi! Mother! What d'you want from town?
The binder's bust again!"

Dear, dear, they meant to work so long,
Up early, home so late.
They told us sternly, "No more trips,
Supplies will have to wait."
And now they're off for extra parts,
They'll meet 'em on the train.
"Hi! Anything you want from town?
The knotter's gone again."

Old binder wrecks the best laid plans,
And rules with iron grip,
When the twine won't knot and the hook won't thread,
And the tripper fails to trip.
And the golden fields lie waiting there,
As the car bumps down the lane —
"Say, bundle in and come to town,
The darn thing's broke again!"

Ordeal — by Threshers — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

Today I pray for every little bride
With threshers at the door;
That she may have things ready when they come,
Enough, and more.
The roast well done, the meat all nicely sliced,
The table spread, potatoes boiled and riced,
The bread all cut, with gravy made and spiced,
Tea brewed, to pour.

Today I pray her woodbox may be full,
And fires burn bright,
That all her cookies, pies and cakes may be
Dreams of delight.
Be dishes ever full, though much they're passed,
May nerves be strong and may her temper last,
And, in a panic, may her clock be fast,
To spare a fright.

That she may feel no sinking at the heart,
No shock nor fear,
When the first jingling harness in the yard

Tells her "They're here!"
That, as she fills up bowls, hard at the run,
And cuts up pie, cook, hostess all in one,
That she may sigh "This may be quite good fun —
Another year."

Change — 41 — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

A while ago we grumbled we'd too many men to feed,
We scurried through the fleeting days, working at breakneck speed,
A part of that wild race with time, the seasons' strict routine,
The seeding rush, the harvest rush, and all the rush between.
But now we tell a different tale, and the hours are slow to pass,
For the men have joined the army, and the land is down to grass.

No more the tractor throbs, no more the horseman's shout we hear,
No jingling harness in the yard tells us that noon is here.
No slamming screens to fray our nerves and let in all the flies,
No extra help, all unannounced, to wolf our countless pies.
And now we sigh to think of it, and the days are slow to pass,
For the men have joined the army, and the land is down to grass.

For some of us the stock is gone, and all is strangely still,
With eerie pig pens filled with ghosts, and silence on the hill,
That empty hillside, wanting sheep, all overgrown and rank,
And luscious growth around the sloughs where once the cattle drank.
The countryside is just as fair, but the days are slow to pass,
For the men have joined the army, and the land is down to grass.

Our job's still here, though what was rush has changed to quiet now
There's plenty still to fill our days — new chores for us to do . . .
And one new job — to keep intact this smiling countryside,
With farms and homes a refuge, and our portals opened wide
For all the broken lives that may seek refuge on our shore,
When the land is into crop again, and the men are home once more.

Return — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

They told her he'd be changed — told her to watch,
Not ask too many questions, nor yet tell
Too much herself of local happenings
That would be new to him . . . He'd seen so much,
Been forced to traverse unimagined hells . . .
He could not be the same . . .
She met the train . . .
Her mind a maze of mad confusing fears.
Would she be equal? Could she measure up?
It was too hard . . . Then, suddenly, her name —
Called in the magic of that well loved voice!
She started running, and the fears rolled back
Like morning mists before the rising sun.
Problems? Of course, but there'd be two, not one,
To face the future and its tests of strength.
Of course he'd need an understanding love —
And which of all the lot of us does not?
Here was no strange new riddle for her brain.
Instead a miracle of time and space . . .
For in a trice the five long years between
Had vanished into air — had never been.

The Men Are Back — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

The men are back . . . And cynics say "So what?
Where is the brave new world we promised them?
Not enough jobs . . . 'hovels for heroes' . . . strikes . . .
All seems as was, or worse. What then the gain?"
The men are back . . .
"The men are coming back" . . . That was the cry
That set the heavens dancing. Stars in our eyes
We read the lists, met trains, danced in the streets.
Emotions high we pledged the best too poor
To offer them, and dreamed the dawn had come.
The men are back . . . That rings a sterner note.
Came tired reaction, flat and uninspired.
So easy to sit back and let things slide,
To say the old time sins were not so bad,
And old time paths were pleasant . . . No, not that.
Not that, please God — send us Thy scourge
To flay us into action, and to build
That brave new world that must, and shall arise.
It must be brave, for there's no room for fear.
It must be new, because the old is worn . . .
Grant us that courage, driving like a goad,
That we may build, and fight, and fail, perchance,
To build anew — and shout with pride — not shame —
The men are back!

Hole in the Ground — by Barbara Villy Cormack
(From "Verses of Yesterday", by permission of the author)

Only a hole remains. Cement foundations
Emerge from sprawling pigweed — wiping out
The grunts and sweat of forty Arbour Days.
Now silence broods. No more the piercing din
Of half past three — the howling mob let loose.
No more shrill trebles practising the songs
For Christmas concert night. No buzzing chat
Or furious shouts of angry ratepayers,
Indignant that the taxes are too high —
Teacher no good — or school well drilled too deep.
No more the squeak of chalk, the droning fly
On summer window pane, distracting thought.
Now in the willows at the schoolyard's edge
No longer do the children hide at play,
Hunting wild berries, sharing mysteries,
And in the winter when the cold winds sting,
No longer do the hardy burst inside,
Busy with the bridles to be thawed and warmed,
Scarlet of cheek and nose, with shining eyes,
Proclaiming conquest of the elements.

A shrieking yellow bus, with blaring horn
Collects the scattered children — rushing them
To mingle and to mould with hundreds more . . .
Progress has spoken.

Grace, John and Jean Mackie.

Frank and Annie Sheldon, 1913.

Camp Fire Girls' Club, 1915. L-R, Standing — Miss Jean Reed holding Leo Cullen; Mrs. D. Ripley. Seated — Violet Ripley, Sheila Marryat, Annie Brindle, Gladys Mitchell, Margaret Pemberton, half-hidden is unidentified, Alice Curr (later Bearchell), Cecil Pemberton.

Above — Earl Salter at opening of the Alix Museum in 1975.

Right — Dedication of R.C.M.P. Plaque at Alix Museum Nov. 30, 1974. Mayor Bob Edmondson, Oliver Siddons, Const. R. W. Aspinall, Mr. McCullum Walker, of R.C.M.P. Centennial, Mr. Jack Cookson, M.L.A.

Below — Mrs. T. Scambler presenting plaque "Certificate of Achievement" to Alix Museum. Mrs. Scambler, Alice Whitfield, Dave McDermand, Bea Parlby, and Bert Smith.

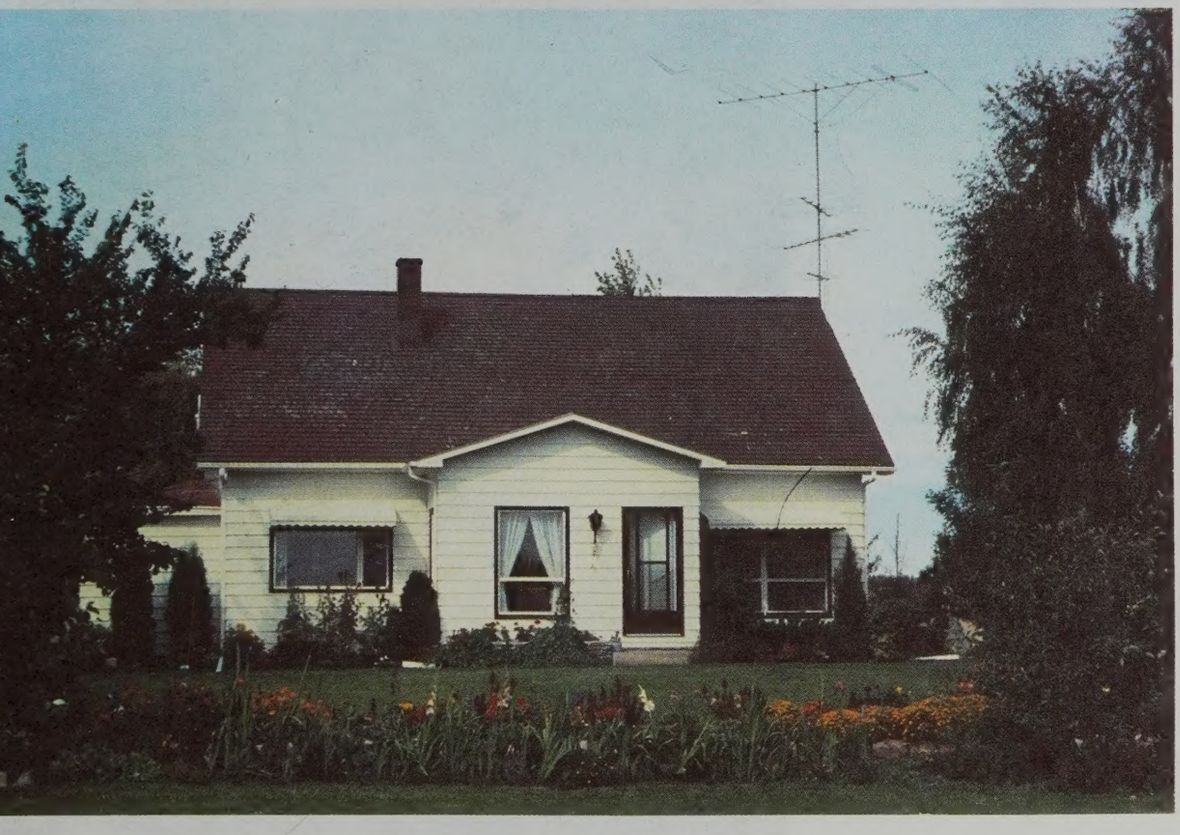
Bob and Alice Whitfield at the opening of Alix Museum, 1975.

"The Bride Come to the Homestead" Museum Float in 1978. George Fewkes and Bea Parlby.

Right — "Hooty" the Owl, shot by Mont Nielsen, now in Alix Museum. Harry Hudkins was the taxidermist.

Below — "Dinner Time" for kids.

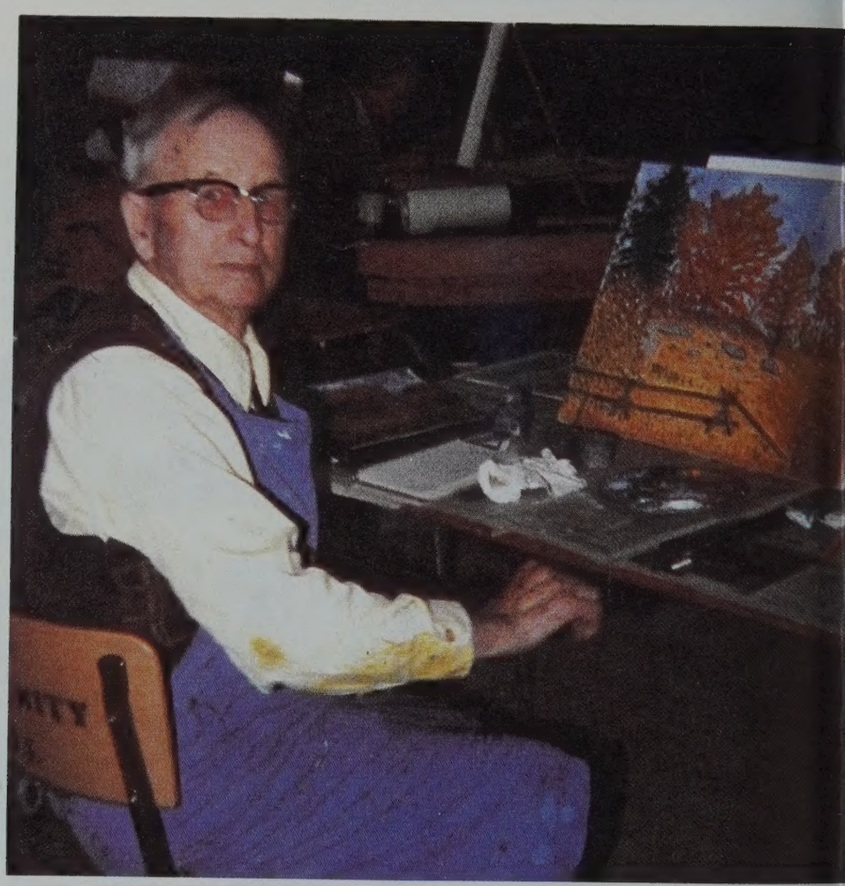
1980 home of Keith and Eve Keates, built around 1925 by Eve's parents, Rennie and Olive Allan.



Home of Gordon and Thea Williams, 1980. Built in 1910 by Caleb Yarwood, and later the home of Andrew Ditto and his son John.

Below — Manadon in 1980. See "Memories of Manadon" and "W. J. and Hazel Michael" stories.

Above — Local Art Display, 1972.



Right — Al Finch at work on a painting, his hobby in later years.

Below — View across Diamond Lake, Alix.

1981 — Bill Pethybridge on his horse "Canasta".

Right — Granny Gschwendtner's 100th birthday party. Lewis, Sarah, Gladys and George (see page 617 Pioneer and Progress).

St. Monica's Church, Lamerton Parish, built 1894 and still in constant use.

1975 — Alberta Wheat Pool Elevators, CN Railway Tracks.

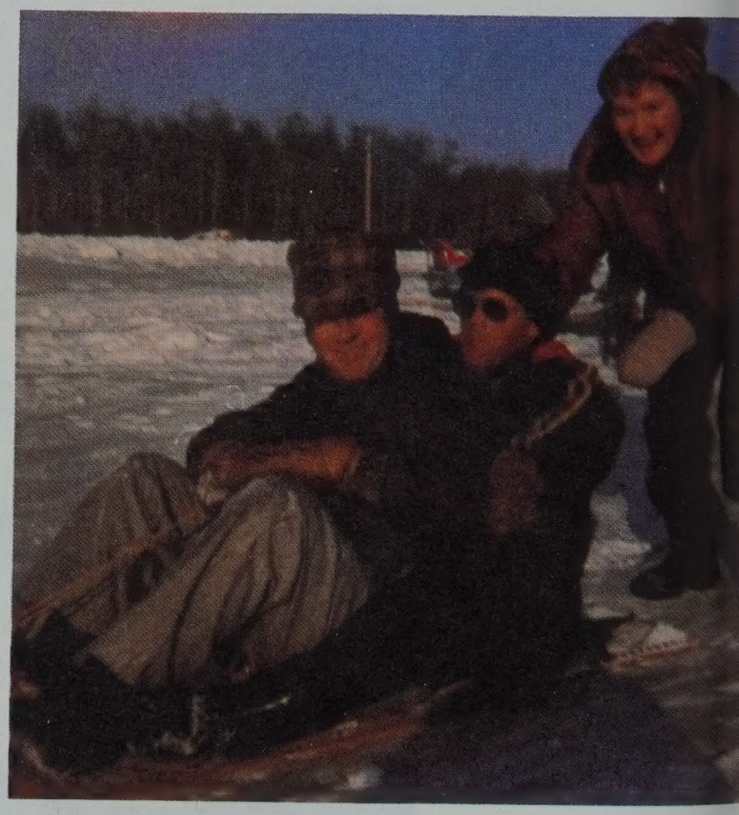
Alix Creamery Fire, 1976.

Left — Coghill Trail in 1980 on Eric Nielsen's land.

Below — The roots of the Tall Spruce, showing cavity and sawdust.

Right — Unloading copies of Pioneers and Progress in Oct., 1974. Esme Lea, Florence McLeod, Humphrey Parlby, Dave and Rod McDermand. The men had hauled the books from Calgary.

Above — 1974 — Sargent Ladies Group. Elsie Oro, Ida Northcott, Phillys Hill, Sheila Hecht, Georgina Morrical, Mary Magee, Annie Hill, Ida Hudkins, Mary Lorenson, Hilda Harrow, Sheila Senecal. Taken by Iona Thomas at their farm.



Right — Gordon Morrical, Bill and Sheila Hecht.

Mrs. Hester Rice on her 100th Birthday, July 15th, 1981.

Alix Area Family Histories

Alice Bearchell's Story

I, Alice (Curr) Bearchell, came to the Ripley District in 1903. My father homesteaded there for several years, on the southwest quarter of 10-40-22. Our farm joined the Ripley quarter-section on the north side. Bob Curr was on the east side.

My father's name was Thomas John Curr and my mother's name was Nettie Mary. My sister, Christine, and I were born in South Dakota. We had three brothers, Sandy, Reuben and Victor.

My father had purebred race horses out of Dan Patch (a famous race horse) in the U.S.A. There were purebred cattle, Hereford, I think; at least the bull had a white face. We also had chickens and goats.

I remember one night, he and some other farmers had about seventy-five head of cattle in a corral, all ready to take to Stettler to sell. That night the rustlers came and took them. We never found any trace of them, or heard of them again.

At first our neighbors were Indians and half-breeds. The first settlers were the Ripleys. My uncle Bob Curr lived near, and we helped the Ripleys build their house. As the custom was, we each gave a setting of eggs, a pig or calf to help them to start in building up their homesteads. Whenever anyone butchered they shared the meat with one another. They helped with harvest machinery and threshing, and all things pertaining to farming.

Ripley School started January, 1903. The first teacher was Miss Bredin. I started to school in 1906 and the teacher was Miss Hyslop, I think. One of our teachers was Miss Roper, later Mrs. Dick Barritt. I think she taught three years. She also taught two or three of us girls to sing. There was Violet Ripley (later Pihlaja), myself, and Nellie Anders (later Gassnick). We sang hymns for the Sunday School and Service.

Then we had Christmas trees once a year. We all took part in the programs and we'd have flag drills, several songs, and skits which the teachers taught us. Afterwards we had lunch, and we had a nice time on Christmas Eve.

Every other Sunday my mother made a chocolate cake and ice cream. Then the neighbors would come in the afternoon, and we would have tea with our ice cream and cake.

I also can remember this old Indian woman showing up at our place at one time with this raw loaf of bread done up in a gunny sack (grain sack), and she asked my mother to bake it. It was the dirtiest loaf of bread I ever saw, but we baked it for her, and she was happy. We used to do that kind of thing in those days.

My father had a cheese factory run by my Uncle Sam Dunham. He was a cheese maker by trade, from London. All the farm neighbors and friends brought their milk to the cheese factory. I remember the vats in the factory, and Uncle Sam working there. He put dandelion color in to color the cheese. The milk was cooked by a fire or heat under the vats. There was a long pipe, and I was small and I don't know what he had in the pipe. It could have been steam. Cheese mustn't get too hot, so he had a thermometer to get it just right. He would give me curds as I liked them. They squeaked in my mouth.

Uncle Sam used to cut it back and forth with a wire thing like a toaster (homestead kind), except it was blades. This let the whey run off. This made the curds of the cheese. He put it into molds and pressed it, then wrapped it in cheese cloth. It was just like those big Ontario cheese. Lovely cheese.

(Note: Alice Lihou (nee Curr) remembers the cheese factory and the beautiful big round cheese).

We had a room with shelves and the cheese was left to age. When they were old enough they were shipped. It was packed in boxes and hauled to the station.

When the whey was drained off it ran into a barrel set in the ground. Of course the pigs liked that swill, and one day one little pig fell into it. I ran to the house to Uncle who came and rescued him, otherwise he would have drowned as I couldn't get him out.

When they shipped up here they brought all of the machinery for cheese making. It was good stuff. Uncle had blacksmith tools too, a whole railroad box car load of effects. We

had an ice house and we made ice from the lake every winter. Uncle's farm was not far from us. Jim Dunham cut hair too. Everything was made use of.

We lived in Alix for a while. My father had the Imperial Hotel. We were there about a year when he got to gambling one night and lost everything, homestead, cheese factory, everything we had.

We lived in Lamerton for a year. My father had a butcher shop there. We sold it and we moved to Edmonton from 1910 to 1911. Then, we came back and lived on the Harley Mann place, across the road from the Gassnick's place.

When we were in the hotel, I remember, there was a big hole in the ceiling for the stove pipe to come up. Kids getting up in the morning stood there to get dressed. It was warm.

My sister was standing close and she fell through. Mom was washing clothes and the stove was red hot. Christie fell on it and cooked her hip. For six weeks we didn't know if she would live or die. My mother made whey from tablets the Doctor gave her, and it was the whey that kept her alive. We had to go somewhere else when we ate as she was so hungry she would just scream when she smelled food.

Dr. Wilson was our doctor when my sister was so badly hurt. One day I went to the cellar to get some potatoes and apples for my mother. I slipped and fell downstairs and cut my head. Doctor said, "I don't know what is going to happen next!"

The next doctor I remember was Dr. Moonie, then Dr. Graham came to town. He moved to Ponoka and was there for years. He finally died there. Dr. Shore was the last doctor when I was here. He was a good doctor. He doctored my mother when she had a nervous breakdown. She was ill for some six weeks. This was 1913. That year I quit school to look after her and never went back again.

In 1914 the war broke out. My mother and sister went back to the States for a year or so. Then we came to Red Deer in 1915. My father went away and we never heard from him

Bert and Alice (Curr) Bearchell's wedding picture in 1917 while he was in the navy.

again. My mother lived to be in her eighties, and spent her last years in a Red Deer nursing home.

I am eighty years old, and my sister is seventy-six years, and she lives in Edmonton.

When my husband, Bert Bearchell, came to visit his aunts Mrs. Alice Bleay and Mrs. Annie Roland, he worked for Ernie Gassnick. They lived across the road from the Mann place, about four miles east of Alix. He had joined his uncle's merchant ship when he was young. This would be the British Navy, and before he came to Alix.

When the war broke out in 1914 he joined the Canadian Navy. He was there three years. He came home for a while and we were married in St. Luke's Church in Red Deer on June 14, 1917. He was wearing uniform. He was only home three days when he had to go back. He didn't come home again for three years. He had an experience when he was returning home, as he was in Halifax at the time of the Great Disaster.

He got a job as caretaker of the Post Office and Customs, and was there for thirty-seven years. He was superannuated about two years when he passed away of heart failure.

We raised and educated our children in Red Deer. They were Sydney, Florence and Victor.

I was sixty-seven when I got my first pension cheque. It was $82.00, imagine that! Not enough to live on, so I baby-sat and did light housekeeping for teachers and different ones. Not having much education I couldn't go out and get a business job. I live in Red Deer in my own home. My son Victor, his sister Florence and her son live with me. We have a small garden. We built a kitchen on this summer.

This last year I took up art as I have always wanted to do. I have had a few lessons from Mrs. Florence Aubuchon. I did so well with my first picture she had me put it in the city square when they had the 75th Anniversary display in the City Park. They had photos, quilts, and different things all made by different people.

My picture was in amongst them. It was of a sailboat, and everyone seemed to like it. I did one of the Red Deer water tower, which is, by the way, about the biggest in the world. I hook rugs, crochet and read a lot. Oh, yes, I watch T.V. too.

NOTE — by Alice Nielsen.

Mrs. Bearchell is to be congratulated, as she has the use of only one eye. Her painting was on display with all the beautiful paintings by artists from Red Deer, Ponoka, and places all over Alberta. So many of our pioneers show great ingenuity in their advanced years. This is 1980.

Charlie Berg and Family — by Mrs. Myrtle Berg

In April of 1914 the Ole Berg family moved from their homestead near Addy, Washington, to Alix. They lived for awhile in a small house on Main Street, about where the liquor store now stands. In May they moved to the N.E.¼ of 25-39-24, now the farm of the late Bill Gessleman. Money was scarce, but being thrifty they managed to make a living, much of our meat was wild game. Grandma Berg acted as midwife on many occasions.

Their family consisted of six children: three sons, Otis, Harry and Charlie; Charlie was only a few months old when they came to Canada; and three daughters, Ida, Jane and Sophia. Ida married Bill Hastings and has a son, Harry; a daughter Elsie died in 1937. Jane married Archie Burdick and they had one daughter. Jane was widowed, and later married Colin Roselle. They had one son, Joseph, who lives at Rocky Mountain House. Sophia married George Duncan, a building contractor, and they had one son, James. Mr. Duncan died of an injury in a fall at work. Otis married Maureen White and they had five children: Alice is Mrs. C. Goertzen, Marjorie is Mrs. Abe Docherty, George married Laura Hudkins, Stanley is married, and Velma was Mrs. Roger Gildersleeve. She was a flying instructor, and died in a plane crash while instructing a student. Harry married Lorna Brown and they had one daughter, Mrs. Eugene Whetstein. Harry died as a result of a logging accident.

Charlie married me, Myrtle Baines. We met at the home of Richard Blackmore where I was working. Charlie had come with Mr. Chadwick to drill a well. We were married in 1935, and lived around Alix and Lacombe until 1949. We then moved to Winfield where we farmed for nineteen years. Those early years after we were married were hard, and Charlie

worked at many things to provide for our family. Among his occupations were chimney cleaning, salesmanship, working at the Experimental Farm and the Lacombe Nurseries, and cutting and selling firewood. He then bought a Caterpillar tractor and a breaking plow, and did breaking and clearing for many farmers around Alix, Mirror, Tees, Lacombe, and in the west country around Winfield.

We raised ten children, six daughters and four sons. Evelyn married Marvin Huff and they have four children. Walter married Gloria Straton and they have three children. Fay married Mark Miller and they have two children. Charles married Marion Wuetherick. Darlene married Frank Caputo and they have two children. Ray married Joanne Raymond and they have two children. Linda married Merle Helman and they have one daughter. Kathy lives in Edmonton, and is doing well painting, and making reproductions of photos. Janice married Craig Russell and they have two daughters. James is welding and lives in Red Deer.

We sold the farm in 1968 and bought a store in Big Valley, where we plan to retire.

Pioneer Days — by Jean (Parlby) Bigelow

My father, Edward Parlby, often told us of his pioneer days when he first came to the West in 1888. He had learned surveying in England, and obtained a job with a survey party, laying out the pioneer town of Calgary.

I have a photo of his first cabin in Calgary, with him sitting in his covered wagon, ready for the Calgary-Edmonton trail, with a load of freight. Before leaving Calgary he would cook up a big iron pot of porridge, sling it under the reach of the wagon, and for variety buy pemmican from the Indians, preferably with dried saskatoon berries.

On one of his trips back to Calgary he had a narrow escape from drowning. In those days there were no bridges across the Red Deer River. My uncle Francis Wilkins, first Member for Red Deer, North West Territories, was instrumental in having the first bridge built. I have letters to my uncle from Haltain re construction of the bridge. This time my Father was fording the river at the Old Crossing while the river was in flood. The Mounted Police had a post on the south bank of the river, and when they saw his team and wagon being swept away in the swift current they were able to rescue him. The Mounties lent him a uniform while his clothes were being dried. Father said with a laugh it was the only time he was in uniform!

Several years later after he had taken up land and built his first log cabin at Long Valley Ranch twenty-three miles East of Lacombe he was fording the Red Deer River at Content, where the bridge was built in later years, and again was swept into deep water, but managed to get ashore by clinging to the tails of the swimming horses.

Early Memories — by Jean (Parlby) Bigelow

I must be one of the oldest survivors of the Alix Pioneers. My earliest memories go back to 1904 as I can remember the surveyor's tents along what was later to become the right-of-way for the railway. The young men would come to Long Valley Ranch, and I can remember one of them covering the canoe with canvas when it leaked. I also can remember when the rails were being laid. Father taking us up to a place below the grade, tieing the team to some willows, and we scrambled up the hillside to watch the big locomotive with the rails coming from the sides, and being laid down by the work gang.

I can also remember the mail bags being brought from Lacombe along the Old Buffalo Lake Trail, which ran past the Ranch across the slough, as it then was, to Dartmoor. The mail man used to pick branches of saskatoons, which he left with the mail bags, for us children. This was before there was an Alix.

I think the other lady in the tennis picture was probably my governess, Miss Watson. That old tennis court was full of mole hills and gopher holes, which made playing on well kept tennis courts in later years a dream. Screwy balls didn't bother me after playing on our rough and ready tennis court!

Did you know that ground hockey was played on the lake in the early days? The snow was tramped down by the cattle being turned out on the lake, and Sundays men and women would meet at the ranches and play hockey. I remember my mother telling me how people were quite shocked because she had a skirt made which showed her ankles, to enable her to run better. How times have changed!

Long Valley Ranch House, 1904. Mrs. Ed Parlby, Jack, Alex, Jean with hat.

Playing croquet on Long Valley Ranch. Dot Arbuthnott, Ed Parlby, Jean Parlby, Mrs. Ed Parlby.

Polo was the great amusement in the early days, and teams from Pekisko and Cochrane would come to play the Haunted Lake team. We children used to like polo days as the ladies tried to outdo each other in providing scrumptious food for the teas served in the pavilion. When Long Valley Ranch was sold there were ground hockey sticks and polo sticks in one of the hallways.

Mother's piano was the first one in the district, and I remember Father taking the window frames out of the drawing-room windows and he and other men loading the piano onto a wagon to be taken into town for a concert. It couldn't have done the piano much good! But there was a man who travelled around once a year tuning pianos. I think his name was Bullivant.

Aunt Rene and her sisters put on a Japanese play and concert. A cousin, Louis Mott, would come over to practice. He would gaze soulfully at the chimney in the drawing-room and sing "Tit Willow". The ladies all had paper fans, and I believe the costumes were hired from Calgary but I am not sure. I was pretty young at the time.

Tennis at Long Valley Ranch, 1916. Jean Parlby, J. O. Arbuthnott, Dorothy Arbuthnott, Mrs. E. Parlby.

Editor's Note Re Convent Schools Days

Not all children of pioneer families attended the little country schools. Some of the earliest were sent away to boarding schools. The following are the memories of Jean Parlby Bigelow, who left her ranch home near Alix to attend St. Mary's Convent School in Calgary.

Her brothers, Jack and Alex, as well as her cousin, Humphrey, were sent to Western Canada Boy's School in Calgary.

Convent School Days — by Jean (Parlby) Bigelow

How times have changed since my days in a Convent in Calgary in 1909 and 1910. I have spoken to girls educated in modern day convents and they are quite surprised at my experiences at the age of nine and ten years old.

First of all I must say that the nuns were very good to me, as I must have been a bit of a headache to them. I was very homesick, and always coming down with some illness or bilious attacks.

I was the only Protestant in our group, ages ranging from six to twelve. Everything was strange to me. I well remember on going to the Cathedral for the first time I nearly pitched over the girl in front of me when she knelt at the Altar, and when we were paraded before the Bishop he knew I wasn't Catholic as I didn't kiss his ring as the other girls did.

Tales of Purgatory and Hell had me so scared I had nightmares. How relieved I was when Father said he didn't believe in Purgatory!

Saturday night was bath night. We were lined up and taken to the big bathroom containing three bath tubs, surrounded by curtains. A long sheet was tied around your neck and you discarded your nightgown from underneath it, and climbed into the bathtub, sheet and all, and the nun bathed you under the sheet. It was considered immodest to view your own body in those days. The first ones in were lucky, the sheet was dry, but those following had to don the cold, clammy, wet sheet before stepping into the tubs. In the dormitory we became expert at dressing under our nightgowns.

In the spring the whole school was dosed with spoonfuls of sulphur and molasses before breakfast. Once we were given strong licorice in cups, with coffee served afterwards in the same cups, unwashed.

One of the nuns suffered from insomnia. If you coughed hard during the night and kept her awake she would make you get out of bed while she wheeled your bed into the sewing room next door. It was always very chilly in there, which didn't help our colds. I was the first one in one night, and when I woke in the morning there were three other beds in the room.

After school we went to the refectory for tea and bread and butter. Supper came later. During Lent the butter was replaced by corn syrup which we much preferred to butter, so Lent wasn't a time of fasting as far as I was concerned.

Our knife, fork and spoon were kept rolled up in serviettes held in place by a napkin ring. It was quite an art, managing to slide the whole thing through the ring without one object falling out at the other end. Along the length of the tables were placed jugs of hot water, which rapidly cooled, surmounted by small towels. After eating we were expected to wash our utensils in the jugs and dry them on the towels. After a meal of very fatty meat it was impossible to wash the tableware properly, which may have accounted for my numerous bilious attacks, which never occurred at home.

One spring there was an outbreak of measles. When I became ill I was placed in the older girls' dormitory until after a few days when the rash appeared. I was bundled up in blankets and carried by one of the Sisters to a small building being used as an infirmary. I have often wondered how many of the older girls developed measles from my stay among them.

My experience with mumps was better in many ways. Mother Superior took me over to the Holy Cross Hospital where I was placed in one of the nun's rooms, as the Hospital didn't have an isolation ward. The nuns were very good to me. I had the mumps quite badly, and can remember crying with the pain of my swollen cheeks and the difficulty in eating. When I had got over the infectious stage and was allowed out of the room my chief amusement was taking the mail up to the different floors. As my cheeks were bandaged the swelling was slow in going down. I looked so pathetic that visitors would give me candy, and one kind lady brought me a big book of "Buster Brown", one of the earliest of comic books. I soon found out it paid to look pathetic. Later on I was moved to the women's ward, the nuns figuring it was better to keep me away from other children. I well remember crying because I wanted to go into the bathroom so badly and the bed was so high off the floor. A kind lady in the next bed told me how to ring the bell for the nurse. This was my first experience of a hospital, and I was sorry to return to the convent after nearly five weeks. My parents were away in England at the time.

Music lessons were fun, and the nun who taught me never realized that I wasn't learning to read the music. She would play the piece, and I would watch where she put her fingers, and play from memory. On one occasion when the Bishop was expected I was paired with another girl to play a duet on one of the three pianos which were to be played in unison. I got my partner to show me the notes, and managed to come through in fine style. Needless to say I found my deception quite a handicap in later years.

Most days we were taken for a walk, the girls walking in pairs with a nun at the end of the line. Our favorite walk was across the Elbow River to the heights above, where we were allowed to roam freely among the tombstones in the big cemetery. We liked the smaller Catholic cemetery best as there were beautiful angels on the tombstones, and little lambs for the children.

I suffered so much from homesickness that every time I returned to the convent I would cry for days. The nuns were very patient with me, and on one occasion I was allowed to stay away from school for a week and help the nun making school uniforms in the sewing room. My job was removing tacking threads from the garments.

Saturdays were the highlight of the week for me. My brothers, Jack and Alec Parlby, who were at the Western Canada College, came to see me, bringing peanut butter and other goodies; a welcome addition to convent fare.

One Easter I came down with a severe cold which turned to bronchitis. Again I was placed in the older girls' dormitory, where I must have kept them awake with my continual coughing. My parents, returning from their holiday in England, stopped over in Calgary to see my brothers and myself.The nuns got me out of bed and dressed me in my best, rather thin, dress. The day was cool, and when my mother heard my bronchial cough she decided then and there to take me home to the Ranch at Alix. Oh, "Happy Day" for a homesick ten-year-old. That ended my days in the convent. After that I was taught at home by a governess.

The nuns must have been glad to see the last of me.

Lessons at Home — by Jean (Parlby) Bigelow

My bronchial cough lasted all summer, though I must admit I encouraged the cough as I wanted to stay home. My mother decided, on my return from the convent, that she would hire someone to teach me, so Miss Harriet Watson came to us, and stayed with us for six years.

She was an exceptional person, turning her hand to anything, as well as teaching me. She made clothes for me, helped with the housework, and when wallpapering was to be done she would hold one end while my mother climbed the step-ladder to hang the paper. The ceilings at Long Valley Ranch were ten feet high, (the flies on the ceiling were warm while we froze in the winter time), with a plate rack two feet from the ceiling running around the room, from which pictures were hung. There was no pre-pasted wallpaper in those days! A thick paste was made with flour and water boiled in a big pot, and spread with a six-inch brush on the wallpaper that was laid out on the big dining-room table. I remember on one occasion my mother trying desperately to match the strips of wallpaper in the complicated pattern she had bought.

Lessons by yourself is a tough business, and I can't say I was a very bright scholar. When Miss Watson would leave the room I would spend my time drawing. Geography was my favorite subject. Many a map I drew of far-away-places, which gave me useful knowledge when in future years my husband, Roy, and I travelled the Wide Pacific to lands "Down Under".

I owe my good knowledge of history to the fact that as a skinny little girl my shoulder blades stuck out, and I was made to lie on my back on the hard floor for an hour each day while Miss Watson read to me from the thirty volumes of Abbott's History. While lying on my back on the floor I conquered the world with Alexander, and crossed the Alps with Hannibal and his elephants, but I never learned to spell!

Tragedy on the Red Deer River — by Jean Bigelow

I still have a very vivid memory of a tragic occasion on the Red Deer River while the big railway bridge was being built south of Alix.

We often went for a picnic at a place where the river was fordable at low water. This day, my father, Edward Parlby, drove my cousin, Jack Arbuthnott, my two brothers, and myself to the river for the first picnic of the season. The river was in flood, with cakes of ice whirling down in the swift current.

We were enjoying our lunch while watching the men working on the high railway bridge when we saw a big wagon drawn by four horses, with more horses in their harness tied in pairs behind the wagon. I believe there were twelve teams in all. These horses were to be used for work on the approaches to the bridge, hauling gravel, etc.

In those days there were no bridges between the one at Red Deer and the Content bridge east of Alix. The men in charge of the outfit decided to try and ford the river, rather than go around by the Content Bridge, which would have meant another twenty-five miles.

We watched while the driver hesitated for a time before starting down the steep bank into the swift river. About half way across we could see they were in trouble. The swift current carried them sideways, with the unfortunate horses entangled in their harness and unable to swim. The wagon turned over, throwing the men into the rushing water. One man was drowned, as were thirteen horses. A few horses managed to break loose and swim ashore. I remember watching one big grey horse swimming for the far shore, and finally scrambling out, much to my relief.

The men on the high bridge were scrambling down and running to where we stood to try to reach the overturned wagon as it was being swept down stream, close to a sandspit on our side of the river. My cousin, Jack Arbuthnott, ran back to where our horses and the democrat were for a long rope which my father always carried with him, and running out to the end of the sandspit he was able to lasso the wagon as it was being swept past. With the aid of the railway men the wagon was pulled ashore, saving the lives of the men. I believe it was the driver who drowned.

I can still see the poor horses with their legs in the air, tangled in their harness, lying drowned! I was a small girl at the time, and was so upset at the sight that I ran and sat in the democrat, which was behind some bushes.

A year later on another picnic, when the river was very low, my mother came across a leather wallet with money still in it. We often wondered if it had belonged to the drowned man.

Raising Money For the Churches — by Jean Bigelow

On looking back over the years there are so many amusing things to remember before the 1914 war changed everything.

One of my memories is of a musical play my mother, Mrs. Edward Parlby, put on in aid of St. Pancras Church, Alix. She was quite a good singer, as was the Rev. Oswald Creighton. Miss Orlebar, an English girl working for my mother, had been trained as a singer. Keith Galloway, a neighbor, had also received musical training so with the help of local talent the play was a great success. A concert preceded the play, with songs, recitations, and a piano solo, "The Anvil Chorus", played by my mother.

My part in the entertainment was to dance the Highland Fling. Unfortunately nobody thought that lace trimmed white panties were hardly suitable under a kilt, until one good Scotsman remarked on the fact!

The Church in Clive asked if we would bring the play there to raise money for their church. This was before the days of good roads and cars, so it meant my father, Edward Parlby, and Keith Galloway going on ahead the day before to set up the stage. They had to make do with whatever they could find in the small village. A garden bench was improvised out of odd bits of wood. The scenery, which represented a garden, was set up. My mother had sent to New York for the design on paper, which was then pasted onto cloth to form a backdrop and wings. All was ready by the time the rest of the cast arrived.

I still remember that drive from Long Valley Ranch to Clive, a distance of about fourteen miles. Tom Scott, who acted the part of a gardener in the play, drove us in a democrat. My mother sat in front, while Miss Orlebar, my governess, Harriet Watson, and myself sat in the back seat. Tom Scott's team had run away the day before, and were ready for a repeat performance! So it was arranged I should be shoved overboard if that happened again. I was aged thirteen at the time.

We arrived in Clive in time for a bite to eat before going on stage. It was quite a show! The garden seat collapsed in the midst of a tender love scene, and when my father pulled the curtain, which wasn't fastened at the side of the stage, it came with him to the other side.

On another occasion I was dancing the Highland Fling (with black sateen bloomers under my kilt this time!) at a performance in Lacombe, when a small boy stuck his head through a hole in the back curtain. The audience roared with laughter. I was panic stricken, wondering if the black bloomers were falling off! What a relief when the audience started clapping, and I finished my dance, while the small boy was yanked back through the hole!

Holiday's End
Sparkling waters of azure hue,
Rushing streams where the wind swings by,
Rustling leaves against the blue
Casting shadows where I may lie.

To think that I must very soon
Go back again to city streets
Where the burning sun, at sizzling noon,
On white-hot pavement steadily beats.

Another fifty weeks must pass
Before the two weeks of my dreams,
When again I'll lie on the cooling grass
Beside some swiftly rushing stream.

Jean Sheret, Calgary, 1937

Army Worms — by Jean Bigelow (née Parlby)

The year of the army worm — 1939 — was an experience to remember. We had just moved onto the quarter section which my Father, Edward Parlby, had given me. The depression years were very tough, when every dollar counted, if you were lucky enough to have one!

We were hoping for a good vegetable garden, but the army worms took over. We had noticed a very large number of moths flying over a very weedy field in the fall of the previous year, but never realized they were laying eggs which would hatch out into such pests.

The army worm travels like an army, destroying vegetation as it goes. When the worms come to an obstacle, such as a telephone pole, they climb up the pole and down the other side, instead of going around. It was the same with the house, up the walls across the roof, and down again. Over in Mirror the train was stopped because the hordes of army worms made the tracks too slippery for the engines to gain traction. Trees were stripped of their leaves.

My husband, Alec Sheret, dug trenches around the vegetable garden, filled them with hay, and set fire to the hay. The worms would crawl to the trench and topple over into the flames, which stopped them in the day time, but at night they marched in over the trench and ate everything in sight, even the onions down into the ground. I hated walking in the long grass as the worms would crawl up my legs, and once when I was phoning my mother I saw a worm crawling down the cord towards my ear!

Alec tried spraying with Paris Green, which killed a great many, but unfortunately killed my poor kitten and a pet hen. In those days we didn't know much about pest control and toxic sprays. "Paris Green" contained arsenic!

"Questions!" — by J. A. Bigelow
Have you ever thought,
When you visit a zoo,
Of the terrible things
We humans do?

You could cage a sheep
And it wouldn't care,
As long as the food
And water were there.

But you cage a lion
And you break its heart.
For food and freedom
Are things apart.

Have you ever watched
On a sunny day

A polar bear panting
It's life away?

Dreaming of floes
In the Arctic seas,
With seals to hunt,
And a cooling breeze.

Wolves, as they pace
With their heads held high,
Sniffing the breeze
From the evening sky.

They listen for sounds
From beyond the trees,
The hunting cry
Of a pack that's free.

I've seen a gorilla
Shut up in a cage,
Watching the viewers,
Venting its rage.

Shaking the bars
In a futile try
For the freedom enjoyed
By you and I.

We can send a man
Into outer space.
But have we improved
As a human race?

Handicapped!

I wish I were a sea gull
A-swimming on the sea.
No need to pay a food bill,
My dinners would be free.

I wish I were a bird with wings,
And when the cold wind blows
I'd fly away to sunny climes.
No need to pack my clothes.

I wish I were a polar bear
In places quite remote.
No need to look at price tags.
I'd grow my own fur coat.

I wish I were a spider
With eyes that number eight.
For if he loses two of them
He would not share my fate.

I wish I were a centipede
With legs enough to spare.
I'd throw away my crutches,
And scrap my old wheel chair.

I wish I were a Shakespeare,
These verses would be wise.
But as my brain is handicapped
I must apologize!

Jean A. Bigelow, 1979

Death in the Afternoon — by Jean A. Bigelow

My mother, Mrs. Edward Parlby, who lived at Long Valley Ranch at Alix, Alberta, used to tell us of the harrowing experience she had as a girl in what was then the North West Territories.

At the age of 17 she had come with her mother, Mrs. Jean Wilkins, by stagecoach from Calgary to the old Red Deer River crossing to stay with an older brother, F. E. Wilkins, who later was the first M.L.A. for Red Deer when Regina was still the capital.

The Valley Ranch, homestead of the Wilkins family, was two miles upstream from Red Deer, then in its infancy. It is now the site of the Red Deer golf course.

The building of the Calgary and Edmonton railway opened up the country to new settlers.

In November, 1892 a brutal murder occurred in Strathcona, then the end of the newly-built railway. A ferry crossed the North Saskatchewan River to Edmonton.

This day a newly-arrived American, carrying a large sum of money which he planned to deposit in an Edmonton bank, was murdered by his hired man, Ole Mickleson, who had travelled with him from the States.

The pair had stayed overnight at the Strathcona Hotel. Early next morning they started to walk down the lonely road to the ferry. Mickleson, knowing it was his only chance of stealing the money before it was deposited in the bank, killed and robbed the American at a bend in the road where he thought he wouldn't be seen.

It was early in the morning and few people were using the ferry. The murderer might easily have escaped had not several mounted policemen come riding up the road from the ferry, just in time to see a man pushing through the thick bush in a suspicious manner. A few moments later they found the body of the murdered man.

The fleeting glimpse they had caught of Mickleson enabled them to give some description of his appearance, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Mickleson, however, had managed to make his escape by stealing a handcar and was heading south on the railway line. Promptly a policeman was sent to patrol the railway bridge over the Red Deer River.

There were no other bridges in those days; the only means of crossing the river was by the old ford where there was a mounted police post.

My mother's description of what happened follows in her own words:

"The first news we had of the tragedy was on the Sunday when some friends came to see us. They warned us to keep a good lookout for any suspicious character, as Mickleson was known to be travelling south on the handcar, and the railway passed through my brother's land, three-quarters of a mile behind the house; furthermore, my mother and I were often alone nearly all day as my brother was at his office in Red Deer.

"It seemed such an unlikely thing that the fugitive would stop to molest anyone at a farm that we treated the warning as a joke.

"On the Monday morning, after my brother had left for town, Mother and I were busy working on a rug when we heard the most awful shouts coming from below the hill near the railway. It was a very mild November and the river was not frozen over — which really proved to be the murderer's undoing, as you shall see.

"When we heard the shouting I rushed out of the house, followed by my mother. We saw in the distance Mr. Plumb, a neighbor, on a pony galloping fast towards us waving a revolver. I ran to meet him, but he waved me back. 'Quick', he shouted. 'Get into the house — the murderer's coming. He's shot at me twice, and attacked me with a knife!'

"Imagine the shock it gave us. Plumb hurriedly told us that morning a man answering to the description of Mickleson had come up to where his neighbor, Armstrong was working and demanded food. It was learned later that Mickleson's handcar was disabled and he was walking along the railway track. Armstrong, who had heard of the slaying, seeing he answered the description of the wanted man, started backing off to where the Bells lived to warn them. Taking fright at this Mickleson started running, and disappeared into thick brush in the direction of the river. Armstrong alarmed William and George Bell who seized their guns and with Teddy Plumb gave chase. They saw to their dismay the man heading in the direction of the Valley Ranch where they knew Mother and I would be alone at that time of day. The thought that an elderly woman and a young girl might soon be unexpectedly face to face with a desperate man decided them to stop him at any cost.

"While Armstrong and the Bells pursued the man, Plumb tore off at full gallop to warn us of our danger.

"Mickleson had hoped to get into a thick grove of spruce, west of our land, but it was on the south side of the river, and he found himself cornered. The pursuing party had now been reinforced by other settlers. They called on the man to surrender, but he evidently decided to fight to the death.

"George Smith had a marvelous escape for, as they cautiously crept through the bush into which Mickleson had disappeared, he came face to face with him, a revolver in each hand, one of which was aimed straight at Smith's head. 'If his foot hadn't slipped on the bank I'd have been a goner,' Smith told us.

"Meanwhile Mickleson managed to evade the "posse" again, for he could run like a deer. By this time, hunters and hunted were within sight of our house. There was a sharp exchange of bullets, Mickleson shooting to kill.

"As we stood watching the battle, a man on a big black horse rode up. He had a revolver on his hip and a cartridge belt slung over his shoulder. Jack Jones was riding his famous horse, Sunbeam. A Texas Ranger, and a dangerous man when aroused, he was otherwise a very kindly man.

"I showed him a gate, the quickest way to where the battle was raging, and ran along beside Sunbeam across the field. As I was returning I ran into William Bell. He was very angry at seeing me out there, and insisted that I go into the house. The firing was continuous by this time, shooting was wild and bullets were flying in all directions as the men were ordering Mickleson to surrender, and firing in the air to scare him. But he shot right back at them. He had two revolvers and, as afterwards it was found, a lot of ammunition.

"Mother and I were standing outside the door when suddenly a figure jumped the fence into our big field, and began running for the house, leaving the crowd behind him. We realized with a shock it was the murderer, and he was heading right for us. In a flash I thought I must run into the house for one of the guns, when we saw his cap fly off and he pitched forward and lay still.

"The crowd gathered around the man and my mother told me to go see, and if he was wounded to bring him into the house, but he was dead.

"The men had been forbearing; they could have killed Mickleson a dozen times. It was not until he started running for the house that William Bell, seeing our terrible danger, shot him through the head with his big rifle.

"Just then my brother came galloping up on a friend's horse, and everyone gathered in the house, and Mother and I gave them hot tea, for they were beginning to feel the strain. I shall always remember poor William Bell's worried face. He hated, I know, to think he had killed a man, even a cruel murderer, but if he had not acted quickly it is most probable I would not be alive today, over fifty years later, to write this account of a very hectic day in my life.

"Mickleson's guilt was established for they found the money of the murdered man on him."

Bonham Family Corrections — by Hazel (Bonham) Wold
(See Pioneers and Progress, Pages 102 and 519)

My Grandfather, William Bonham, married Anna Liza Thompson in Ontario, their birth province. They had three children, Ezra, Annis, and John. They all went to the United States where the children grew up in the State of Kansas.

In 1902 William Bonham came to Lacombe along with his son John. Although they were born in Ontario they came north with the immigrant train from the United States. Their married daughter Annis Ames and husband also came with them. (See Jasper Newton Ames, Page 218).

The men did carpentry work in and around Lacombe for a year to keep going. Then in the spring William and John Bonham homesteaded adjoining quarter sections about two and a half miles east of Alix, near what was later called Troon water tank on the C.N. Railway. William and son John built a frame house on his quarter section. The lumber for this was all hauled out from Lacombe on the C.P.R. grade before the rails were laid. Wherever there was to be a bridge or culvert was "slew" or mud. So lumber had to be unloaded and carried across a bit at a time. This homestead was known as the "Hurley" farm in 1929 and 1930.

William's daughter and her husband homesteaded on a quarter section about two miles further east. (See Jasper Newton Ames, Page 218).

John Bonham lived with his parents, as he could do this and still "prove up" on the adjoining quarter section.

Times were hard, as they said, and money scarce! However game was plentiful. Partridge, ducks, rabbits, etc. added meat to the garden vegetables, along with pork they raised, and the barrel of sauerkraut made in the fall and kept frozen in the tool shed in winter.

In summer the big social event of the community was the celebration or stampede at Content from the 1st to 4th of July inclusive. This was when there was still a ferry where Content Bridge is. There was a small town there which later moved to Delburne with the coming of the railway. However then people came for miles around and camped out on the flat above the ferry near the town for the four days of stampede. They had a midway too. Also a dance floor was laid with a tent top or covering. John Bonham was an old time fiddle player. His sister played the banjo, her daughter played Spanish guitar. Others who were musical also played for the dancing too, which went on in afternoon and most of the night. I am told it was here that my parents first met, as my mother played organ or piano, also autoharp.

John Bonham married Charlotte (Lottie) McDermand (see Charles C. (Grandpa) McDermand, Page 677) in May 1905, the year the territory became the Province of Alberta. Thus my parents celebrated their fiftieth anniversary of their wedding the same year as the Province. I have a nice plaque that Premier Manning sent them then. I was born in the William Bonham homestead house in August 1906. As I was the only child, and being raised in the same house with my grandparents, I was no doubt spoiled, as the saying goes.

Anyway after my father and grandfather "proved up" and had title to their farms, William my grandfather, got "itchy feet" as was his way. Distant places always looked

Mr. and Mrs. John Bonham and Hazel, 1914.

better to him, and he never stayed in one place for long. So he persuaded my father to sell the land and we all went back to Kansas City, Kansas, to visit his older son Ezra who was a stone mason and contractor there. He had a family of three girls and two boys. It was William's intention to stay in Kansas. However William's wife was a semi-invalid by this time and my mother looked after her. The doctor in the city advised William to take her back to a cooler climate. So in the spring of 1910 we all came back to Alix.

We rented a farm from Richard Sargent Sr. for a time and my father did repair work and the like in the corner of Charlie Woolgar's blacksmith shop. (See Page 168). When my grandfather passed away we moved to a house across the road from the Sims place, and my father devoted all his time to repair and machine work.

John had the third car in the Alix district, a "Hup Roadster". (See Page 519). That is William and Ann Eliza his wife in the car, on the occasion of their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. Grandpa agreed to sit in that smelly contraption to please his wife. He was an ardent horseman, and dearly loved fast driving horses. He had a thoroughbred trotting horse he brought back from Kansas City, and he would take all the prizes at the town fair with "Billy", his pride and joy.

Then about 1918 Ezra Bonham came to the Alix district along with his youngest son Arthur. They stayed with us for a time and did carpentry and cement work.

Then when my father bought the house in town by Davey Melvin's, Uncle Ezra and Arthur built two rooms on it and we all moved to town. (This is the house described under John Bonham, Page 102).

My father built a machine shop on the adjoining lot and quit farming, save in the fall when he would run the tractor for H. H. Hickling (see Page 184) during threshing. When this rig was sold to a group of farmers in the Carroll School district he still continued to run the tractor for years, till the rig died of old age.

With the passing of my grandmother, Uncle Ezra and son, Arthur, moved to Breton, Alberta, where they homesteaded. Oil has now been found on their farms, but of course they never got the oil rights, so derived no benefit from it. After they proved up on their land they went back to The States. Uncle Ezra and all his family and grandchildren have passed away before my mother and father did. Thus I could be said to be the last of the line.

I, of course, got all of my schooling at Alix grade school. It was a Consolidated School then, having taken in Open Valley School District, and those children were brought in to school in a horse-drawn van. It was hard for me to get to school in winter. In warmer weather I rode an old pony. One winter I did ride with Charlie Rouse when he took his children, Myrle and later Glen, in to school. Then for High School — we were living in town — but it was at least a half mile to walk as school was on the other side of town.

In 1930 I went to Calgary to take a business course at Garbetts Business College. Viola Toepfer was also finishing her course there, as was Marjory Mann. Viola later married James Schnepf.

While I was attending Garbetts I met John Wold and on finishing the college course we were married in January 1931. We have lived in the Turner Valley district since. My husband worked on the oil rigs five days a week, and had a quarter section land in grain farm, barley mostly. We had two children, a boy, John Narlond, and a girl Ethel Gretta. Their birthday is the 6th of February, two years apart. My husband is retired now, of course.

On the death of my parents within two years of each other I sold the home and machine shop to Geoffrey Parlby. Thus old settlers go and old land marks change.

As a morbid after-thought I just realized I have four grandparents, my mother and dad, two aunts, two uncles, and a cousin resting in the Alix Cemetery.

Ted and Rose Bowles — by Edith Rouse

Originally from England, Ted and Rose Bowles came from Irricana, Alberta, to live in Alix in the early forties. Edric, or Ted as he was known, worked as a mechanic in Jennings Garage for many years. His wife, Rose, was a very willing worker in all community projects. Their one daughter, Joan, received her schooling in Alix.

Rose and Ted also included in their family, Rose's nephew and niece, David and Jean Ann Snell who also attended the Alix School. While in Alix, the Bowles played an active part in the newly-formed Maccabees.

Upon leaving Alix they moved to New Westminster, B.C., where they have lived ever since. Here Ted worked as a partsman for Fog Motors. He is now retired. Joan is now Mrs. Alex Shaw. Her daughter by her first marriage, Linda Faucher, is an Air Stewardess. David Snell died of plastic anaemia. Jean Ann is now Mrs. Mathieson and teaches school. All live in B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brooker — by Stan Loughridge

The Brooker family, including Frank, Matt, and a sister, came to Alix from Calgary. Mrs. Brooker had a beautiful singing voice, and sang in choirs in Calgary. The daughter looked like Mary Pickford, as Stan remembers.

The boys had an orchestra, Frank on drums, Matt Brooker and Lawrence Pettit on saxophones, Walter Lissack on cornet, Floyd Cockrall on piano. They played all over, Delburne, Haynes, Clive and Alix. It was a snappy orchestra. Quite a band.

All three Brooker men were carpenters and did a lot of contract work. It was amazing how fast the three of them could put up a house.

Frank worked at the creamery hauling with the truck; he also worked with the poultry or eggs. He married Hazel Ryle and they went to Lloydminster. Matt married Mary "Bunty" Grey, and he went to work for Fish and Game.

Stan tells of a time that Matt Brooker returned a hunting rifle to his Dad. Matt had been careful to empty the gun, and on more than one occasion Stan had taken the gun down off the wall to show to his friends. On this particular occasion there was a deafening roar, and a bullet that must have been lodged in the magazine blew the rocker off the rocking chair. Needless to say, everyone standing around was quite shaken, and glad no one suffered the fate of the rocker.

The Charles Thomas (Tommy) Brown Family
— by Geneva (Brown) Anderson, October, 1980

Charles Thomas (Tommy) and Matilda (Tillie) J. Brown (parents of Wheatley, Deloyce and Geneva) moved from Trochu to Alix in 1927. Father had purchased the Pool Hall which he and Wheatley operated until it was destroyed by fire. We had moved into the house across the street from the Alvin Thompson home.

Tillie and Tom Brown, by the well he dug on the farm south of Alix.

The family had left me behind where I was teaching in my first school — Turtle — several miles southeast of Trochu. The following year I went to teach in Lousana. At Christmas a vacancy arose in the Primary Room in Alix. Anxious to be home, I immediately applied, was accepted, and happy to join my family again. In this new situation I found these little children simply delightful, and so I had a happy experience here. By June a vacancy arose in the High School and once again I applied, was accepted, and had three wonderful years.

Today I am in my seventy-fifth year, and although my memory contains gaps I remember all my pupils with love, but to enumerate would be to omit some names, and this I would never do intentionally!

Harriet Stone has written a concise and accurate account in "Pioneers and Progress" on education in this era. The pupils were easily guided, so co-operative and eager to succeed, which they did, that discipline presented no problems. And we were very "up-to-date" — really ahead of our time — no sexual discrimination! We were four female teachers — Mary Sanderson, Harriet Stone, Eva Keeton, and myself as Principal — all dedicated teachers, unaware of the sexist literature in our text books, with no attempts at revision!

After the fire in the Pool Hall, Father, single-handed, built the house west of Alix where Roy Johnson and family now live. We moved out here when it was finished and the folks lived here for several years. They purchased land south of Alix, near Diamond Lake, and again built the house, barn, etc., and moved again — their last move. Father died in August 1958, Mother in August 1960. They now lie side by side in the Alix Cemetery.

In Alix, Wheatley married Cecelia Pettit and they had five children — Bill, Betty Ferguson of Kitimat, the twins Ronnie and Donnie, and Phyllis Hedican. Ronnie is an

Geveva Brown, Wheatley Brown, Deloyce Brown (inset), Norman Todd, Deloyce's husband.

Darlene Anderson, "Miss Toronto" in 1959. She is the daughter of Geneva Brown.

Executive Director of a Pharmaceutical Company in San Francisco. Donnie is deceased. Phyllis lives on Vancouver Island and operates a gift shop. On a trip to Western Canada in July of this year Deloyce and Norman, together with Melody and children, visited Phyllis and family and Betty and family in Kitimat. Wheatley died in Reno, Nevada, in February, 1972.

Deloyce married Norman Todd of Alix. They now reside in Hamburg, New York, are retired and enjoy an active social life, which includes expert disco dancing. They have two daughters, Melody and Cherlyn. Melody lives in Point Arena, California, and operates a Health Food Store. She has two beautiful children, Sam and Sarah. Cherlyn lives in Baltimore, Maryland, and has an active son, Andy. Both Melody and Cherlyn became school teachers, and each taught for several years.

I, Geneva, married Howard Anderson of Stanmore. We have one daughter, Darlene. After several years we moved to Toronto where Howard attended the Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College. He became a Chiropractor and now practices in Toronto. During this time I taught school in Toronto until my retirement (after forty years in the profession) in June 1971.

In 1959 Darlene became Miss Toronto and gave us all an exciting year. Darlene has a daughter, Mia, who attends the Toronto French School. For several years Darlene has been, and is, teaching Special Education in High Schools.

Alix occupies many happy memories for me. Besides teaching, there were the Rebekah Lodge meetings, Choir practices, Sunday School and C.G.I.T. classes, the dances, and the Baker plays we staged, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Pettit. I early learned that acting was not my forte, being always overcome with fits of laughter in the humorous episodes.

My big regrets are not having been able to attend the 1980 Homecoming and Mary Sanderson Day. In the first case I had already been to Alberta twice before in 1980, and in the second case I had no notification. So — if you have another BIG DAY please notify me.

As this story began with our parents I will conclude it with this tribute to them: "We were blest with the best" — industrious, loving, ever caring for and sharing with their children and grandchildren — Wheatley, Deloyce, Geneva, Bill, Betty, Ronnie, Donnie, and Phyllis.

My Mother — by Chas. T. Brown, Alix, Alberta
(as published in the Alix Free Press)

Tribute to the best woman that ever lived — your Mother.

How sweet the name of "Mother"; with the exception of the one word "Jesus" there is no word in all the world that sounds so sweet, no word in all the world that spells so much, no word in all the world that means so much as the one dear word "Mother".

Remember, young reader, that it was mother who went down into the very jaws of death that you might live.

It was mother who taught you the ways of truth.

It was mother's heart that was wounded at your failure or downfall.

It was mother that sacrificed the best part of her life that you may be what you are today.

It was mother's prayer that rent the heavens and forced a hearing before the great tribunal of earth and Heaven for your safe return home; "home" how sweet the name of home, yet where there is no mother there is no home. It will be mother who will stay by us the longest; when all other earthly friends have pointed the finger of scorn, then is when mother will stay the closest. When riches take the wings of the morning and leaves us stranded on the financial rocks, then will mother plead in our behalf and bid us hope again. When fever has burned and racked our brow, it will be mother that will stand by our bedside with loving words and gentle hands until our suffering is o'er.

Although the years of time may bend her form and wrinkle her face, yet her mother heart will still beat true for us. It will be mother who will sacrifice her all that we may have more abundant; our wealth is her wealth, our poverty is her poverty, our sufferings are her sufferings, our every success and ambition is her success and ambition, our tears are her tears, our joys are her joys; 'tho mountains and waves may separate us, yet her heart, her very life, her all in all, her very soul will still yearn for our safe return. She may forget her

old neighbors yet she will never forget us. Should evil vices overtake us, yet mother will still see us as we once were when we kneeled at her knee. The following lines are but a short tribute to those dear mothers who now sleep the sleep that knows no awakening:

Farewell, dear mother, fare thee well,
We bid you now our last adieu;
No tongue or pen can ever tell
Of mother-love more kind and true.
All throughout our childhood hours,
And in each changing year
You've laboured hard with all your powers
To quell our every rising fear.
You've soothed our every ache and pain
With words of mother-love so true,
And like the sunshine after rain
Done all the good that you could do.
When earthly friends contempt have shown
And sorrows filled our heart,
You've stood by us through every storm
And took an honest mother's part.
Your loving face, your pleasant smile,
Your bright and cheerful way,
Has helped to make our life worth while
Through many a long and toilsome day.
Your care-worn form, so bent with years
Reveals an old, true story bright
Of mother-sacrifice and tears
Through many a long and sleepless night.
So now with a sad and broken heart
We come to say our last farewell
For God hath decreed that all must part,
So mother dear, oh dearest dear, farewell.

Reminiscing With Lee Carroll

Lee Carroll, a bachelor living in Alix since retiring from his farm in the Carroll District, told his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Loughridge, the following histories of residents of the Carroll and Alix Districts:

Willard Cox was a younger half-brother of W. J. Carroll. He was an accomplished violinist and played with John and Lottie Bonham. They played for many dances, Lottie chording on the organ while John and Willard played violins. Willard lived in a log house in the area for about ten years. Willard returned to Washington State in the U.S.A. and died there. His farm is now owned by the Strohscheins.

The Merrifields farmed three quarters of land. There were three boys, Otto, Jestin, and Ernie. Jestin and their mother lived on one quarter and Ernie had another. Otto's quarter was C.P.R. land. He married Lily Boomer and raised a big family. There is more about these families in Pioneers and Progress.

Another bachelor was Bill Prouse. He farmed where Frankie Cosentino now lives. He raised purebred Clydesdale horses, and he worked himself just like one of them. Although he was a small man he would carry huge loads of hay on his back the year he had no hayrack. Bill wasn't noted for his housekeeping, and stored his grain in the part of the house he didn't live in.

Archie Loughridge remembered one year at threshing time, when he moved the separator on ahead of the crew to Bill's farm. He and Bill shared dinner out of a solitary frying pan, while the crew enjoyed a hearty dinner at the last threshing place. The frying pan was the only cooking utensil on the place. Bill kept no dishes as he didn't like washing them. He eventually moved to Bashaw.

Maude and Clarence Carl came from the U.S.A. and worked for Wally Jaeck. They lived where Judy Brown lives now in 1980. They bought a C.P.R. quarter that Bud Sutley

later bought from them. Clarence eventually died from a war injury acquired before 1900 in the Philippines War.

Bill Faulkner lived with the Carls. He broke land for anyone as he owned a large brushing and breaking outfit. He later moved to the Peace River country.

Tom Cruikshank farmed a section where Roy Barritt is now. He had a threshing rig. Lee Carroll worked for him for eleven years, often up to a month, threshing. There were six teams on the first outfit, and eight teams on the second.

Frank and Annie Sheldon and daughter, Florence, lived in a log cabin on the north side of the C.P.R. track near Haunted Lake. Frank kept a human skull on a nail just above the door, and the young Carrolls always checked when they went by to see if it was still there.

In addition to a grain grinding and wood sawing outfit that he did custom work with, he also ran a democrat hearse for local livery barn owners. In those days many funerals were held in the family parlour. Then Frank would take the deceased to the cemetery for burial. This continued until our present system of funeral director took over.

An amusing story was told of Frank Sheldon and John Bonham meeting each other for the first time. Both were terrible stutterers, but neither knew it. Each jumped to the conclusion that the other was poking fun at him. They very nearly came to blows, but fortunately a citizen stopped them. Afterwards the two became good friends.

After Frank died Annie and Florence moved to town in 1916 when the farm was sold to Rolands.

Mrs. Sheldon was a Todd. She earned a good living looking after mothers and newborns for $10.00 a month. All children loved her.

Florence married a local baker, A. E. Nix. Mrs. Sheldon eventually retired to Port Alberni. Mrs. Loughridge visited her in 1946, just after the big earthquake. Mrs. Sheldon was out in the garden at the time of the 'quake, and the shaking of the garden crops upset her so much she had a small stroke, and died a few weeks later.

Dad (Maurice) Brown hauled mail from Lacombe to Lamerton. He was of quite an independent nature, and on one occasion he had a falling-out with Edward Parlby. From that time on Edward Parlby had to pick his mail up at Walter Parlby's, as Dad wouldn't stop at his place anymore.

Dad fixed up a room for himself in the livery barn. He accepted horse guests any hour, day or night. He ran the dray for express and mail from the C.P.R. He worked for both Paul Toepfer and Bud Todd.

After his dray was pushed into Alix Lake one Hallowe'en he did his best each year to hide it from the kids.

Lee Carroll remembers paying $3.00 a month to leave his school pony at Toepfer's livery barn, while he and his brother, Howard, were in school. Every noon he or Howard would go to the barn to feed the horse some grain and a little hay. The boys appreciated Dad Brown's assistance each morning to help them unhook, and help hook up again in the afternoon. He was always obliging.

Nick Hack (these are a few more words than is in Pioneers and Progress) was very eccentric. He wore two or three pairs of socks, and wrapped his feet in gunny sacks for overshoes. He gathered old fruit or whatever from what was thrown out by the store keepers. One winter at least he spent in a dug well as it was warmer.

After he was found dead behind a grocery store in Calgary, two of his sisters made his funeral arrangements and his final business arrangements in Alix.

Jack Hyndsley was another bachelor who lived in a small shack (two cloak rooms off the school pulled together) near Alix Lake in the hollow behind the present U.F.A. Co-op. He grew some garden stuff, mostly spuds and cabbage, and sold them from his shack. He also worked out for anyone who needed his help.

Hyndsley worked for a hog man, John Hamer, who lived on Haunted Lake Ranch. Jack made a trip once or twice a day to the Alix Creamery for buttermilk to feed Hamer's hogs.

John Hamer had the distinction of having the first pull type combine in that district. Because his Hart-Parr tractor didn't have enough power, Jack would drive four horses hitched to the tractor to help him up the sandy hills.

One day Jack Hyndsley was hauling hay with a rack wagon and team of horses. He

arrived back in Alix with only part of a load and stopped at Hilsabeck's. Dale Walker, who was there, remembers Mr. Hilsabeck calling him to come help. Jack had collapsed. He died there before much could be done.

Mr. Butchard, known locally as "Butch", and his wife, Marie, and daughter, Dorothy, lived in a house they built by themselves next to the present day 'station house' of John and Alice Rottenfusser. This house was one of the few to have a dumb waiter. The family used it constantly in place of a refrigerator. It was raised and lowered each meal, as milk and butter were kept in it to keep cool down in the basement. True to the pioneer spirit Mrs. Butchard built the dumb waiter of wooden orange crates. Not only was she a good carpenter, she also excelled in all manner of handicrafts.

While in Alix Mr. Butchard worked on the railroad, but after he retired they moved to Calgary, where they bought a confectionery. They lived in the back of this store. Mr. Butchard has since passed away. Mrs. Butchard continues to live in Calgary. Dorothy married and is Mrs. Ron Johnston in Calgary.

Lee Carroll also mentions Peacock and Pickard General Store handling dry goods and groceries where the present day Post Office stands.

Wally Peacock and his wife and son, Harvey, lived in a suite of rooms over the store. He had a hitching rail along the northeast side of the store to accommodate farm teams.

He also had an ice cream parlor in a small room at the back of the store. He only handled ice cream in the summer. It seemed no one liked ice cream in the winter in those days. Like stores of that era, it had a huge hand-operated coffee grinder. The aroma of fresh ground coffee was always associated with the stores in those times.

Pickard was evidently a silent partner, as no word of him could be found. Peacock sold out to Jim Lane.

When Wally sold the store his next project was to tear down the old yellow two-roomed school and build a house with the lumber. He sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Wade. Their daughter, Sheila, still lives in it.

It is believed that Wally Peacock, along with his wife and son, Harvey, moved to Ontario.

The Man That Rum Made — as remembered by Lee Carroll

This is the story the stomach tells,
The stomach that once was healthy, well.
Below the eye all bleared and wry,
Surmounting the cheek, all flabby and weak,
On the face of the man rum made.

This is the liver all pickled and shrunk,
Produced by the alcohol making him drunk.
This is the nose that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that rum made.

Ah! Well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And in the hereafter the angels may
Roll the stone from his grave away.

Note: This poem came out during Prohibition, and was sold to the Carroll family by a travelling peddlar who sold books along with other merchandise. This poem was accompanied by very scary pictures. Lee said it held him fascinated.

The Henry Channon Family — by John Channon and Vera Marryat

Henry Newberry Channon was born on April 24th, 1910 at Baizley Farm, Wellington, Somerset, England. As a young man of eighteen he immigrated to Canada and came to his sister, Mrs. Elsie Hosegood, who was living at Bashaw, Alberta. In 1934 Henry came to Alix to manage the butcher shop for his brother-in-law, Arthur J. Hosegood of Bashaw, who had recently bought the Alix shop from Stan Whitefield.

Marjorie Channon, nee Dawson, was a native of the Bashaw district, having been born June 21st, 1914 at the family homestead not far from Buffalo Lake. On January 7th,

1935 Henry and Marjorie were married at Bashaw, and came to Alix to establish their first little home in two rooms behind Jack Mackie's office on the east side of Main Street. Their first son, John Robert, was born in Stettler Hospital in May 1937. A few years later the Channons bought the Setters' house, and it was while they were living there that Patricia Alice was born in May 1941 in Stettler.

During the years that Henry Channon ran the butcher shop his chief assistant was Fritz Zimmerman, who was a great help to him in butchering and other work connected with the business. Henry bought the business from his brother-in-law, but in the fall of 1941 he re-sold the shop and moved to Bashaw, where he took over the management of the meat market there, which he gradually bought and operated on two separate occasions.

Henry tried a number of different occupations. He travelled for P. Burns & Co., he owned and operated a hog farm for some time, and also sold insurance for Investors Syndicate.

While the Channons were in Bashaw a second son, Courtney, was born in Camrose Hospital in 1949, but sad to say he passed away during an attack of polio on March 10th, 1954.

Four years later Henry Channon entered into a partnership with Jones to build the Ponoka Auction Mart. Some years afterwards he sold out his shares and invested in a poolroom. In December 1962 Henry Channon died, while the family were living in Ponoka. Marjorie continued to stay on there until her own death in 1971.

John Robert Channon, a good student, finished his schooling in Bashaw. He took an engineering course at the University of Alberta, and is at present working for the Alberta Government. He married Marlene Gay Brown in December 1962 at Stony Plain. They have three children, Courtney Robert born December 28th, 1963; Corinne Gay born May 10th, 1966; and Karen Marie born September 30th, 1967.

Patricia Alice Channon finished her schooling in Ponoka. On August 6th, 1959 she married Alvin Albert Heringer. A family of four children were born to them: Sherry Lynn born on May 11th, 1960; Thomas Blair born on May 19th, 1962; Lorelei born on October 13th, 1963; and Wendy Patricia born on July 13th, 1965.

Alvin, better known as Shorty, entered the real estate business, moved to Red Deer, and then to Lethbridge. The family are now settled in Medicine Hat where they own their own real estate business.

Charles Augustus and Ellen Sarah Clark — by Walter Ekman and Mrs. Nel McCoy

Charles Augustus Clark was born at Parry Sound, Ontario on October 11th, 1892, the second of Charles and Catharine Clark's eight children. During the early part of the century the Clark family moved from Ontario to Fort Macleod and homesteaded near Stand Off, and the boys were put to work on the farm. In 1914 the family moved to a Hudson's Bay section northeast of the town of Munson. Again the boys farmed with horses, and later with a tractor.

In later years Ellen Sarah Hume came to teach at White Rose, the school the younger Clark children attended. She boarded at the Clark home. On January 20th, 1926 Charles and Ellen were married.

Ellen Hume was born in Saskatchewan and completed her teacher training at the Provincial Normal School at Regina. After teaching for a short time in Saskatchewan she came to Alberta and continued her work as an unusually diligent and capable teacher.

Charles and Ellen Clark moved to the Coronation vicinity, and purchased a farm in the Spondon area south of Coronation. Ellen taught at various schools while Charles operated the farm. Farming wasn't too good so they moved to Calgary, then to Munson, and Ellen taught school at Hesketh where Charles Clark Senior had a hotel.

During the early part of the nineteen-forties Charles and Ellen Clark came to Alix where Ellen had accepted a position as teacher in the Alix Consolidated School, and Charles had been engaged by the Jennings' Garage and John Deere agency. They purchased the home opposite the Community Hall occupied in 1979 by Miss Sheila Wade, and lived there until Mrs. Clark retired from teaching in 1953 due to ill health, when they moved to Calgary.

In Calgary Charles was caretaker on an acreage for a Mr. Middleberg. On January 19th, 1961 Mrs. Clark suddenly passed away. Charles' brother William went to stay with

Charles and Ellen Clark, 1953.

him, and in 1967 they moved to an acreage on the King's Highway close to White Rock, B.C. He frequently returned to visit his many friends and former neighbors in the Alix and Coronation districts, and it was following one of these visits that Charles died on September 8th, 1969.

C. H. Cole and Family — by Henry M. Cole

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cole moved to Alix in the spring of 1928. They took up residence on the Hickling Ranch on the north shore of Haunted Lakes. At that time their family numbered three, Henry, Ida and Patricia. Another son, Wesley, was born in 1932. A house was built in town in 1934 at which time C. H. Cole bought a truck and did general hauling. All of the children attended school in Alix.

Henry started work in the creamery in 1938 staying on at Alix after the family moved to Edmonton in 1939. In 1942 he joined the army and served overseas. Ida joined the Women's Division of the Air Force.

For many years afterwards Henry worked for "Caterpillar."

Today, Mrs. Cole and Wesley live at Thorsby, Alberta, Henry and Ida in Edmonton and Pat in Munroe, Utah, U.S.A.

The Ross Collinge Family — by Eloise (nee Nielsen) Collinge

Eloise, second daughter of B. D. (Jack) and Molly Nielsen, grew up in the Stanton School District of Alix, and in 1968 she married Ross Collinge of Marshall, Saskatchewan. (See Page 689 of "Pioneers and Progress".) She writes:

My home is now in Saskatchewan, but I have many fond memories of kindness and friendship in my home town of Alix and the Stanton District. More so in the strength given to Mother and family, as my father has suffered so many years with his failing health. Thank you, Alix.

A lot of developments and events have occurred in my family since "Pioneers and Progress" was published in 1974.

Ross finished working in the oil field in the spring of 1973 as we had reached our goal, which was to start farming in Ross' home district. In the summer of 1974 we started construction of our new home on our own land. We also built five miles of fences, made a cattle shed and corrals, and that year we harvested our second crop. On December 15th we

bought our first herd of cattle to occupy the new corrals, and then there were chores to be done.

The spring of 1975 brought our first calf crop, found us pushing to finish our new home, Ross going to all the farm sales to buy machinery which would suit our budget, and me waiting for a rainy day to have our third child. So on a rainy day, June 3rd, 1975, our son Clark arrived, and was brought home to our new house. He was named Clark Minnick after his great-grandfather "Clark Edward Minnick", who had farmed north of Tees at one time.

As the years passed we have gradually landscaped our farmyard, planted over two thousand trees in shelter belts, built more fences and a chicken house, and now are pushing to finish a new pig barn. These achievements have been made by all of us working, and with help from our good neighbors.

I say with pride that ours is a family farm, as our children take an active part in maintaining it and doing chores.

Our oldest son Philip is eleven years old and takes after his Uncle Jack Nielsen of Alix; he wants to be a cattleman.

Donna Lee is ten years old and has been blessed with many talents in music and arts. Her latest achievement has been to be chosen for a play celebrating Saskatchewan's 75th Anniversary. Both children are taking music lessons.

Clark started Kindergarten this year, and will be six years old this summer. Like most farm boys he is Daddy's helper, and we miss not having him around us every day.

Our children are involved in the Scout movement. Philip is in Cubs, and his Daddy has been Assistant Leader for three years. Donna is in Guides. My extra time is spent assisting with Kindergarten and Guides when possible. I am also cook for camp-outs in the Scout Organization.

Our hands are full but our hearts aren't empty as we taxi our children fifteen miles to Lloydminster for their events.

Fred Crook — by Alice Nielsen, from a tape made by M. Flewwelling, August, 1977 in the home of Fred and Hilda Crook

I, Fred Crook, was born in Hubble, Nebraska, and came to Canada at the age of twelve when my parents, with my brother, Bill, and family, and my sister, Myrtle, came to Ponoka.

My uncle lived eight miles west of Ponoka. He and his son met us. It rained, just a steady nice rain. My uncle had a horse and buggy and he took my Dad and Mother. His son had a yoke of oxen; I went with him. I don't know how they ever got through. We had the yoke of oxen on a wagon. You know how fast they travel, about one mile every hour or hour and a half. It took us at least four hours, and we were as wet as drowned rats.

There was swamp west of Ponoka, and you could stand on it and jump up and down, and the sod would go up and down, just like that. They were wet years. I bet it rained eighty per cent of the time.

My uncle walked to town to get groceries. Many times he brought fifty pounds of flour, and enough to feed a family a week, on his back, with the things covered with a canvas to keep them dry. He also had to wade the river so he had to be careful.

We had received about a wagon box full of promotional material to show us what a wonderful country this was. They made it look like the Promised Land.

Dad loaded up four railroad cars. My sister and her husband and Bill and his family came too. George and Bill came with the cars. We had one mule, and machinery. There were no gang plows then, you know, just an old single plow, fourteen inches wide, with handles, and you walked behind it.

Many settlers came at that time, and there were three guys in Ponoka locating land for people. I had gone to school for two years in Ponoka, then Dad located eight miles north of Lamerton. He built a half nice log house. He was a mason and carpenter. We later had logs squared by a mill and built a wonderful house. We had cut the logs and snaked them in. We took them to the sawmill. When we moved to the homestead we had a team of ponies, the biggest weighed six hundred and fifty pounds.

I worked in a lath mill for fifty cents a day. Hank and Harry worked for the sawmills.

One day Dad and Mother visited George and Myrtle Jackson. He was one of the

original Georges of the George School that was built on a corner of his quarter-section. A prairie fire came through and burned both of our log houses; everything went; burned the chickens. The only thing that was saved was a sow and her ten or twelve pigs. Philip Neis had given her to me when she was little, and I gave her to Mother. We've no idea how they escaped, as a log barn and fence had burned. They were about six weeks old.

I worked in the livery stable in Lamerton. That was before there was a Mirror. I have pictures of when the grade went through. The grade was started in 1909, and, if I'm not mistaken, the first train went through in 1910. It was the Grand Trunk, and it was a skeleton track. There was a soft grade, not levelled or anything; the ties were laid down and rails spiked to them. The train went at a snail's speed.

In 1912 I decided to go to Idaho as I had an uncle there. I had about $80.00, and when I got up in Lethbridge I had ten cents. I had been rolled. I worked on the C.P.R. until spring. I again planned to go to Harrison, Idaho, but I got half drunk and missed the train from Milford so I still didn't get there.

I hired out to a sheep rancher who had three bands with 3,000 head in each band. They had a wagon called "Gut Wagon" and we loaded new lambs in it. I also sheared sheep. The couple were old and they had no children and they wanted to adopt me, but of course I was too old. When I was twenty-one I was the boss. I stayed six years, then I quit and went back here to Mirror. They would have bought me any land I wanted, one was the Westhead place, but I refused. I wanted to be free. I was crazy, you know.

I bought a saddle, chaps, spurs, and a good big slicker for Fifty Dollars. It was hand made and I used it for fifty years. The owner had been quite an old rounder, and the story was that he had committed murder; at any rate he left the saddle to be sold, and I was the lucky one. Even today it is good, but I gave it to Morris Flewwelling for the Red Deer Museum. Hilda weighed it and it weighed forty-six pounds. She had to slide it on.

Kid Beck and I wanted to buy a breaking outfit but it wasn't worth anything as it was old. I knew my friends in Montana had an engine, so I asked them if they still had it, and they did. I asked how much they wanted and they gave it to me, and shipped it up by rail. We went breaking land in 1917. I worked on the road for years with a grader. We had a separator, and threshed for several years. Then I sold the outfit to Bob Herniman, a farmer in the George District.

I went back to the railroad. I didn't like railroading so I bought an outfit and went back to farming. I just rented in the Thirties.

I married Hilda Buckman on April 3rd, 1939. We moved to a homestead south of Rocky Mountain House. She had taken out a homestead. We made a living by milking six cows. I bought the half-section south of Mirror; it was the Archie McDonald place. We moved in 1943 and lived there nineteen years. In 1962 we sold out and moved to Mirror, and we still live here.

I remember I had a boat. I bought it from Brindle in 1916. It was big and would hold about seventy-five passengers on seats all around. It sat on the beach, all dried out. We fixed it and painted it. I figured to take passengers to Rochon Sands. I believe there were only two or three Sundays it didn't rain. Had it been a good summer I would have made a lot of money. The boat made about twelve miles per hour. I just kept it one year.

Claude Pemberton had a pleasure boat, and he took people for rides. I always wanted to go from Rocky Mountain House to Hindsberg. But of course I never did.

Hilda Crook — by Alice Nielsen, from a tape made in Edmonton on May 21, 1976

I, Hilda (Buckman) Crook, was born in Oxlinch, a village in Gloucestershire. My father was Sidney Savory Buckman. My mother was Maud Mary Halland. They were the most wonderful people. I had four brothers and four sisters, and we had so much fun together. My oldest brother was Bernard James, the others were named George Percy, Ronald Sidney, Robert Wilford, Ethel Maud, Ella Margaret, Isobel Mary. I was Hilda Winnifred. The rest were named for ancestors, but there was no Hilda so, unless I was named for a fossil or a fossil was named for me, I've no idea.

My father was an author-geologist and an inveterate paleantologist. I was the youngest and sickly, so for years I was called "Baby". Hence my mother informed me I was Father's "Pet". My weakness caused me to miss various pleasures, at least to me, such as

climbing to the tree house in a huge oak tree, and climbing to the "Devil's Chimney" on a promontory.

However, in spite of being terribly shy, I loved school; especially botany, nature, and art of any sort. I won a prize for a water color when I was eight. It was of a pot of blue lobelia and quite difficult. I could recite poetry, and after I came to Canada I wrote poetry. I just wrote as the words came to me.

When I was ten we moved from Gloucestershire to Oxfordshire. It was in the country, and I loved the country. We children had small gardens and grew flowers and competed with each other. Once over here I said that we played in the garden, and I was told, "You do not play in a garden," but we did in England, because the whole two acres were considered garden. In Canada a garden had vegetables.

A game we used to play was with our dog, "Nep", short for Neptune. He would hold one end of the rope and we the other, and then we skipped. When he got tired he would give a jerk and run away with the rope. When we nearly caught him he would jerk and run away again. He really enjoyed that game. We had two huge apple trees with a log across, and our swing hung on this.

I remember that in school we had nature study, and our subject was a frog. I was dreadfully afraid of frogs. We had to take the frog out and clean the bowl, taking turns. When my turn came I was so afraid, and I just knew I just couldn't touch it. I was afraid to let the kids know that I was afraid, because they would tease me and chase me around with the frog. So I put up my little hand and said, "Teacher, Maudie Woodward would like to care for the frog. I live in the country and I see all kinds of frogs, so I would like to give her my turn." I was lying, but I had to keep from being teased, and I did hate that frog. I guess I was diplomatic. Teacher said I was such a kind little girl to give up my turn.

I graduated when I was sixteen years old. They gave out prizes at the end of every term. I remember getting books, Swiss Family Robinson and Kenilworth were two. After I left grammar school I went to an art course in Oxford for two years. I was then eighteen, and in two years I decided to come out to Canada. The Doctor thought that as I was sickly a sea voyage would probably help me. I came out with my brother, George. My brother, Ron, and sister, Isobel, had come out here. Ron wanted one of the other girls to come out but they would not leave England, they wouldn't dream of leaving. I wanted to come, and I did want to see Isobel. We came on the Corinthian. I believe it was sunk in the War. I stayed for six years and then went back to England for two years. I came out again in 1914 on the Minnedosa.

My brother, Ron, took up a homestead south of Rocky Mountain House. When I came out I had to be a servant in a house for six months. I was very humiliated, as I wasn't used to being treated as a servant. We had servants at home. I never expected to be a maid. As soon as Ron had his homestead I lived there.

In the meantime I worked in Victoria. My uncle lived there. I had a rather serious experience with a Doctor posing as Dr. Steele in Vancouver. I was to serve as a housekeeper for him and his daughter, but I accidentally found out he was an imposter, issuing prescriptions and all kinds of bad things. The Police didn't catch him, and I luckily was spared a bad experience. This was in the depression, and jobs paid $5.00 per month, and some were $30.00. I always had a job.

When I came back to Alberta I took up a homestead. I didn't get it proved up until Fred and I were married. I met Fred when I was keeping house for my brother, George. He would have liked to marry then, but we didn't get married until fifteen years afterward. I couldn't settle down then. However, he was never quite out of mind, so I decided in 1939 to say "Yes" to Fred. We wre married in Olds.

We got title to my homestead, and then we heard of a farm southeast of Mirror and we bought it. Later we bought another quarter, so when we sold out we had a half-section. We mixed farmed, cattle, milking, and grain. When we sold out the prices hadn't reached the fabulous high, so we didn't make that much.

We lived there nineteen years. During that time we were in the Ripley District. They had card games, dances and picnics, various things; nothing special but it was a very nice community. One thing I did was a Nature Club. We went on hikes. In winter time we met once a month. I taught them hobbies, all kinds. Then there was the Ripley Ladies' Club that met once a month, and they were such nice people.

I never had a child but I did care for a family in the depression. I raised them on my homestead. My sister and brother-in-law lived in High River, and my brother-in-law, Jack, couldn't get a job. But Marvin was a carpenter and could get Jack a job if he could get someone to look after his children. I volunteered to care for them. I cared for the four (aged three, five, seven, and nine years) for six years. I just loved those children. I was never paid, but we lived on Twelve Dollars per month. We had lots of wild meat, eggs were cheap, and then there was the garden. Mr. Marvin fixed the house and built fences in return for my work. They grew up to become just ordinary people, but I loved them.

That was the time I invented hobbies. A birch bark card was quite popular, then many souvenirs were made out of all sorts of things. I sold a lot of them and made $100.00. I thought, "If I can make $100.00, I can make $1,000.00," and I did.

We never had electricity or running water on the farm, so we bought a house in Mirror in 1962. We live on our pensions, and Fred has a good garden. I was, and am, always writing. When I needed money on the farm I wrote articles and sold them to the papers. I had a manuscript written, and it had been sent and returned several times. I was advised to always register it, but it was mailed without, so it was lost in the mail. My work was all for nothing, everything went down the drain. Some of the papers that bought my writing were Western Producer, Country Guide, Farm and Ranch Review (it paid best but it folded), Nor'West Farmer.

How much, you ask? Well, once I wanted a cart and it cost $12.50. So I wrote how to build a bird feeder. Use a shaft from a Ford car and set it in the ground. Then bolt a disc on top to form a feeder. I drew pictures, and they paid me $12.50, so — I got my cart.

When I wanted an archway between the vegetable garden and the flowers I looked in Eaton's catalogue. It was $25.00. I didn't have that much, so I thought maybe I could build it myself. We had a lumberyard in Mirror then, so I bought the two-by-fours I needed and I built the archway. Then I bought laths and built the trellis on each side of it. I still had a little money left so I bought paint, all under $5.00.

My farm home was beautiful, lily pool, and many flowers. I can't bear to visit it now, it has all been destroyed.

In the depression Jack and Mr. Marvin wanted to plant potatoes, so I bought their seed. They paid me back, and when Mr. Marvin had to have an operation the Doctor took potatoes as payment.

I am very fond of Canada,and anyone running it down will get my back up. The same with England.

I am in my eighty-third year and life is grand. The only thing I might have changed would be to teach Art, because Art is my life, with nature and botany included. I have done one hundred water colors of flowers of Canada with my left hand before my stroke. It is paralyzed now, so I paint with my right hand. Quite awkward.

My last days, you ask? I never think of my last days. They go on forever. I never think about dying. I just go on as if I were thirty-five or so. I have so many things to do, I will have to live to be a hundred to get everything done. When I write now it won't be for money but for future generations.

I do not belong to a church. Nature is my God and God is Nature. God is all around us. He is everywhere. He is not a personalized God. I just don't know what is ahead. But He is a good loving God and would not create needless pain. The porcupine has quills that protect him from his enemies and chases them away, but the quills work in and in, and in that is unkindly.

Darwinian theory of evolution. Darwin said survival of the fittest. I can understand that, but I don't want a personal God watching them do it. I just don't want it.

What do I plan, you ask? I want to write an autobiography of my life. I don't know whether I will. I have been encouraged to do this. My trouble is, how do I start?

NOTE: In 1977 I spent six months in Australia. I have been to England and many places.

Stewart Cruickshank — by Marcel DeZutter

Stewart Cruickshank was born at Keene, Ontario, a small village on Rice Lake south

Stewart Cruickshank, 1934.

of Coburg. He had many brothers. The oldest of them served with the Federal forces in the American Civil War.

As a young man Stewart went to Minot, North Dakota,and apprenticed as a wheel wright in a wagon plant. Around the turn of the century he arrived in Lacombe, Alberta, where he sold real estate and did carpenter work. While there he married Minnie Schwerdfiger, who came from the Provost country.

When the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built east the Cruickshanks moved to Alix. Stewart had a real estate office here. They lived in a house that was between where Jack Lymbery's and Mrs. Annie Lyle's are now; it burned down in the early Sixties. Stewart also helped build the Red and White Store; it also burned down a few years ago.

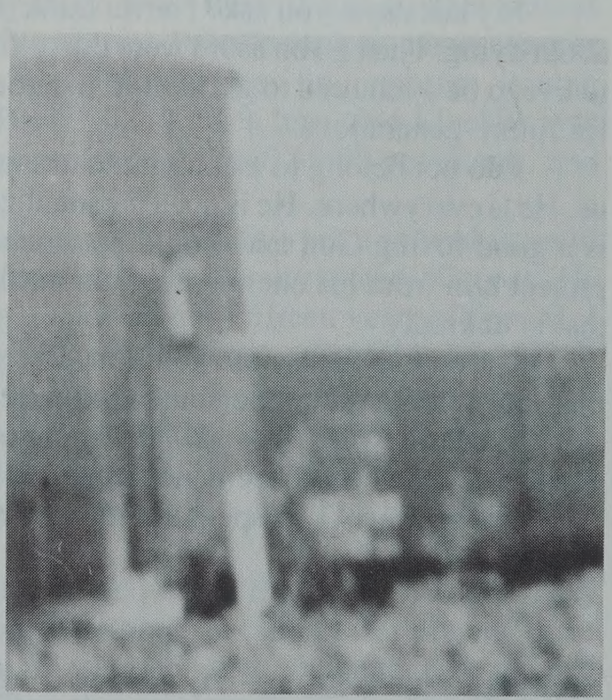
He and Mr. C. M. Yarwood bought three quarters of Section 5, Tp. 39, R. 41 and part of Section 8, Tp. 39, R. 41 in partnership. This land lies along Buffalo Lake in the South Buffalo Lake School District. In 1922 Tom Cruickshank, Stewart's nephew, moved up from Fox Valley, Saskatchewan, and bought out Mr. Yarwood's share of the land. When the old Grand Hotel was demolished in Alix, Stewart bought the lumber and built a house on the farm. The name "Grand Hotel" was visible on one of the boards for some years.

Stewart was a great entertainer,and was very well read. He loved to play bridge, and had a fondness for Scotch whiskey.

Mrs. Cruickshank passed away in 1933, and Stewart in 1945. They are buried in the Alix Cemetery.

Troon

Old Dad Mason at Troon, unknown, Sam Masi (Marci), August Cosentino.



Troon Water Tank — C.N.R.

Old Grand Trunk Station.

David Curr — by Nellie Sorum and B. Parlby

David Curr, twelfth child of Robert Donald and Jemima Curr, and the first son to be born in Alberta, was born April 9th, 1912. The first seven children in the family had been born in South Dakota, U.S.A. (See the Robert Donald Curr story in "Pioneers and Progress", pages 569 to 571, from which Dave Curr's name was inadvertently omitted.)

Dave Curr worked the home farm for several years. He sold the farm to Don Fletcher and retired to the Village of Alix. He enjoys gardening and flowers.

Dave Curr was a very faithful supporter of the United Farmers of Alberta, the Central Alberta Dairy Pool, and the Buffalo Lake Farmers' Livestock Co-operative. He quietly took a very active part, and helped in any way he could. He is a general good neighbour, and good at helping out when needed.

The Morgan Daniels Story — by Artise Daniels

Morgan was born on the S.W. ¼ of 20-40-23 at Tees, Alberta, and took his schooling at Tees.

He was in the Armed Services in World War II, along with brothers Alvie and Luther, and sister Martha. After returning home he and his parents purchased the SE ¼ 8-40-23 and the SW ¼ 8-40-23.

He married Artise Chiswell, a Lacombe girl, on October 10, 1952. During our farming career two little helpers, Arlyne and Keith, arrived.

To supplement our farm income Morgan worked part time for several Alix business men, C. Smith, J. Hennel, I. Peterson, and Art Mehle.

In the fall of 1964 we purchased a home in Alix, and here remained for another seven years. In 1965 another helper, Lorne, arrived to complete our family.

Life became more active one winter when Morgan and his sixteen Boy Scouts decided to build a boat for a project, and launch it on the Red Deer River come summer. When the big day arrived they were assisted by K. Keeton and Ron Martynuik; Bill Gould was their bus driver to the portage and exit points. The boat floated, and the boys enjoyed their day on the river.

In May of 1971 we moved to Edmonton where Morgan is employed as Crew Chief at the Municipal Airport. His spare time is taken up with the activities of Norwood Legion, and the family are members of the "Killarney Community".

Arlyne married Dale Archibald, Wild Life Officer at Cold Lake, and they have one child, Brett.

Son Keith works for the City as Number Two operator at the Water Treatment Plant. Lorne is at home, and attends Queen Elizabeth High School.

Bob Dean — from Gleanings from all over

Bob Dean came to Alberta in 1906, along with the LaFayette Deens. He was a cousin of Mrs. Deen. He was always a bachelor and never owned any land.

He worked with Fred McGonigal building houses. He took some kind of course on steam engines and ran a machine owned by Bill Falkner and threshed and worked all over the country.

In the first world war he worked in the Aleutian Islands, near Alaska. The American Army landed boats, and Bob ran some kind of boiler to keep the water open so the boats could be landed.

He had a mining claim which he and Gene Deen worked as a partnership.

Bob never talked much about himself, thus when he told about his time in the Aleutians there is no other record of him.

He worked on Jack Mackie's farm west of Mirror for years.

He eventually suffered a heart attack but he recovered from it pretty well. But one day he went to C. Wolferstans and having to face a wind he died in a chair in the Wolferstan home.

Jules DeZutter — by Maria DeZutter

I was born in West Flanders, Belgium, in August, 1900. At the age of six months I immigrated to Canada along with my parents Peter and Louise Verhaeghe, and three sisters and one brother.

My father took a homestead near the small French settlement of Lamoreaux across the river from Fort Saskatchewan. My sisters, brother, and I had three miles to walk to school in those days; it was bitterly cold in winter!

Jules DeZutter was born near Bruges, Belgium, also of West Flanders. He immigrated to Canada, to the Edmonton area, in 1911. In the earlier years he worked building railroad grades on the Northern Alberta Railway and for the Canadian National in British Columbia. He worked in coal mines in and around Edmonton; they were numerous along the river in those years.

We met and were married in 1915. The first two years we went to work on a farm at Veteran, Alberta, and then spent a year on a farm owned by Henry Morrin in the Ellice District north of Tees and west of Bashaw. Another year was spent working on the farm of Herb Lloyd in the Carroll district southeast of Alix. The large house still stands on a hill south of Jim Docherty's home place. Alix has been our mailing address ever since.

In 1919 we purchased a quarter section of land in the South Buffalo Lake district from Wallace Jaeck, an early pioneer of this area. In later years we bought another quarter adjoining, which was Jake Sorum's homestead. Along with this we rented three quarters belonging to Ross and Giles Estell, and another quarter of school land for pasture.

Jules passed away Dec. 25th, 1954, and is buried in the Alix cemetery.

I sold the farm in 1964 to Dave Matheson, and moved into Alix, and I still reside there.

Our family consists of the following:

Albert, the oldest, born in December, 1916. He married Phyllis Richards. They have three children: Leon, Phyllis, and Jimmy. His wife Phyllis has since passed away. Albert remarried to Minnie Hart and they have retired at Peachland, B.C.

Marcel, born in 1920, married Agnes Olson. They have four children: Ted, Michael, Joanne and Ricky.

Agnes was born in May, 1922. She married Carman Ferguson. They had three children: Clifford, Rene, and Isobelle. Rene passed away at the tender age of eighteen.

Irma was born in January, 1926. She married William Goddyn. They had three children: Jules, George, and Alice. Bill was killed in Langton, Ontario, in the attempt of

Peter Verhaeghe Family. Father and brothers and sisters of Maria DeZutter.

The DeZutter Family.

stopping a bank robbery. Irma remarried to Adrian Verplanke. They had twins, Larry and Linda. Adrian passed away in 1976. Irma presently lives in Brantford, Ontario.

Arthur was born in May, 1927, and he resides at Woodstock, Ontario.

Jeanette, born in September, 1929, has a farm in the South Buffalo Lake district.

Coralie, born in March, 1936, married Camiel Sinnesael. They have four children: Richard, Peggy, Donna, and Wendy. They grow tobacco at Courtland, near Tillsonburg, Ontario.

Our children all attended the old South Buffalo Lake School.

Tom and Stella Dick — by Tom Dick

Tom and Stella Dick, with their five children — Theresa, Clarence, Doreen, Olive, and Robert — came to Alix in August, 1942. We had lived in Alliance where I had been principal and teacher of Grades X, XI, and XII for the previous twelve years. In July, 1942 I answered some ads in the paper, and was accepted in both Erskine and Alix at a salary of $1800 per annum. After an inspection visit of both communities we decided to accept the Alix appointment, and so moved into one of the Woolgar houses near the school.

Our next door neighbors were a pioneer blacksmith of Alix, Mr. Charles Woolgar, his daughter, Margaret, and son, Benny. After Margaret's marriage Mr. Woolgar rented the front part of his house and we had a series of very good and friendly neighbors — an elderly lady, Mrs. Angel, then Bob and Sadie Johnson and family, and finally Lois Blair and her children, Shirley and Tommy. Our relationship with these neighbors has left us many pleasant memories.

Our first day in Alix was made easier by Mr. and Mrs. Bert (Cuthbert) Wolferstan who invited us for dinner. Bert was then the secretary of the Village School District, and he and his good wife were always so helpful. My wife, Stella, reminds me not to forget the good times she had at the weekly bridge club with Mrs. Pears, Mrs. Mortimer, and Mrs. Deen. I could go on and on about the good friends that we made during our five years in Alix.

At the school I was kept busy teaching a total of 70 credits to Grades X, XI, and XII. With just one high school teacher a pupil could get a full matriculation in four years, and I had many excellent students who did just that. To mention some of them would be unfair to those I might forget to list. However I must be pardoned for mentioning Doug Cormack, whose average on the Grade XII departmentals was in the high nineties and earned him a scholarship. We always had an excellent staff: Glen Rouse in the shop, Miss Sanderson in VII, VIII and IX, and various others in the lower grades. Then to keep the school spic and span there was Mr. Jack Tallents, and an excellent janitor he was.

All of our school time was not devoted to academics. In spring and fall the ball diamonds were kept busy, and I still recall what a fine pitcher and hitter Katy Walper was. In winter we did our best to keep the skating rink going, always organizing a gang of school pupils to clear the snow and flood the ice. As I recall our school teams played very well, some of the 'stars' were Ron Price, Mervin Pears, Conrad Ekvall, Owen Jennings, and others.

After five years in Alix my salary was still $1800 and there didn't seem to be much hope of it improving, so I applied to the newly formed Ponoka County and was accepted at a salary of $3800. In the Ponoka County I spent seven years at Bluffton, and then from 1954 to 1967 I taught math. and physics in the Ponoka High School. I retired in 1967 and still live in Ponoka.

Our family of five has now been reduced to four by the sudden death April 17th, 1979 of our eldest son, Clarence. Our younger son, Robert, lives in Lacombe. His trucks may be seen almost daily hauling sand and gravel to Stettler. Theresa, our oldest daughter, is now Mrs. Preston and lives in Toronto. Our second daughter, Doreen, is Mrs. Wall and is the personnel manager of the Bay Shore Inn, Vancouver. She lives in Port Moody and drives to work in Vancouver. Olive, our youngest, is Mrs. Kippen and lives in Edmonton. My wife, Stella, and I live at 5414-57 Street, Ponoka, phone 783-3437. We invite any of our friends and former pupils to come and see us when they may be in Ponoka.

Maisie and W. R. (Shorty) Doble — by B. Parlby

Maisie Doble nee McGregor was born in Inverness, Scotland, and came to Canada at an early age with her parents. The family settled at Mirror where Maisie took part of her education. During World War II Maisie served in the R.C.A.F. as a Leading Air Woman. After the war she came to Alix to work in the Royal Bank of Canada rising to be the banker's right hand man during the time Cyril Thorp, Harold Gulliver and M. C. Clark were managers. People of the community deeply appreciated her courteous and helpful service. A frequent comment would be, "Oh, ask Maisie! She's just as good as any manager."

Maisie found time for her full share of community activities. She was a Past Matron of the Eastern Star, a Charter Member of the Foresters Lodge. Besides these she took a very active interest in local sports.

While in Alix, Maisie met and married W. R. Doble known to his friends as "Shorty". Shorty modestly describes himself as "transient who has stayed in Alix for over thirty years." However, he is known locally as an excellent mechanic who now has his own business on the south end of Main Street.

During the summer months the out-of-doors always lured Shorty and Maisie to go camping and fishing. It was a sad day for the people of Alix when Maisie finally succumbed to a fatal illness in 1973, but the memory of her kindness and courage remains with us.

Roger Dye Family — by Gladys Lyle

Roger Dean Dye was born August 17th, 1893, the son of Verne and Melva Dye of West Union, Iowa. He was one of ten children, four boys and six girls. He met Viola Mae Fridley and they were married September 2nd, 1914 at Sumner, Iowa. Viola was born November 7th, 1894, a daughter of George and Lydia Fridley of Sumner, Fayette County, Iowa. She was one of six children, two girls and four boys. Roger and Viola moved to Canada that same year, 1914, to Kerrobert, Sask. A little town called Smiley was the post office. They homesteaded there for a couple of years, moving then to a small town in Alberta where they farmed at Langdon, near Calgary, until 1926, when they moved to Alix, Alberta, to farm on Pt. E½ 35-39-22-W4. To this union were born eight children, six girls and twin boys.

They farmed there until November 9th, 1928, when Roger passed on. Viola moved to Langdon, Alberta, to be nearer relatives. In 1931 she moved back to the farm at Alix to raise her eight children. She later met and married Joseph Alexander Cowan and they continued to farm until 1943 when they moved to Saunders Creek, where Joe was maintenance man for the coal mine there. In 1945 they moved back to Red Deer where Joe worked as a carpenter, and in 1963 they moved back to Alix to stay. He passed on very suddenly in 1969 of a heart attack, and she died on May 26th, 1974 after a struggle with cancer.

The Dye children were:

1. Winnifred Ruth, born July 28th, 1915 at Sumner, Iowa. She attended school at Ripley, Alix, and Mirror, later working in Calgary. She met and married Leading Seaman Robert J. Budge of Calgary. They lived in Calgary, Carstairs, and Edmonton, where he worked for the Department of Education. To this union were born two boys and two girls. They are still in the City now.

Their children all live in Edmonton. They are Kelly and Bonnie (Thack) Budge, who have two boys and one girl; Bobbi and Sandra (Hallett), who have two girls; Nancy and Jim Cameron, with two boys and two girls; and Karen Budge.

2. Edna Evelyn, born April 11th, 1917 at Sumner, Iowa, attended school at Ripley. Later, working in Calgary, she did a lot of church and missionary work. She met Robert John Othen, and they were married at Calgary on June 23rd, 1954. They farmed for a few years at Balzac and later moved to Calgary. There he worked in the Co-op feed mill, losing his right hand in a tragic accident in January 1973. Then losing his life battle to cancer in 1975 he passed on in July. Edna passed away in March, 1979. Their adopted daughter, Cheri-Lynn, is now Mrs. Bruce Klemmenson of Calgary, and has one son.

3. Ruby Gwendolyn was born September 19th, 1919 at Langdon, Alberta. She attended school at Ripley and Carroll, later working in Alix. She met Harold Cleo Sutley and they were married at Red Deer on November 27th, 1938. They farmed in several places in the

Alix area, and in 1976 they retired to the Village of Alix, where they are today. To this union were born two girls and four boys.

Their children are Lorna and Terry Giltner of Lacombe, who have one boy and one girl; Kenneth and Joan (Hennel) Sutley of Texas, U.S.A., who have two girls and one boy; Marlene Sutley of Alix; Keith and Debbie (Lea) Sutley of Alix who have two girls and one boy; Gary Sutley of Alix; Ronnie and Marilyn (Christianson) Sutley of Alix who have one boy.

4. Gladys Mae was born July 9th, 1921 at Langdon, Alberta. She attended school at Ripley, later working in Alix, Carstairs, and Calgary. She joined the Canadian Women's Army Corps, serving from 1942 to 1945. She married Leonard Gordon Lyle on June 3rd, 1946 at Red Deer. They lived in Alix and Red Deer, where Len worked as a carpenter, and later as superintendent of Oil-field Construction. They are back in Alix now. To this union were born one boy and four girls.

These children are Wayne and Susan (Dyson) Lyle of Comox, B.C., with one girl; Wendie and Walter Allwright of Red Deer, with one boy; Debbie Curtiss, R.C.M.P. Surrey, B.C.; Delena Lyle, Alix; Dixie Lyle, Alix.

5. Dorothy Jean was born at Calgary on April 23rd, 1926. She attended school at Ripley and then worked in the Alix area. She met Eldon Fred McGonigal and they were married November 27th, 1943. They farmed on the NE ¼-23-39-23-W4 in the Alix district, where they still live today. To this union were born two boys and two girls.

These children are Linda and Willie Winnick of Edmonton, who have three boys and two girls; Roger and Joan (Sim) McGonigal of Red Deer, who have two boys and one girl; Robert McGonigal, deceased; Shona McGonigal of Alix, who has one boy.

6. Betty Alberta was born April 12th, 1928 at Alix, Alberta. She attended Ripley, Fairland, and Penhold schools. She worked in Red Deer and Edmonton. She later met James Leonard Gibbons and they were married on April 21st, 1949, later separating. Betty still lives in Edmonton where she manages a dry cleaning plant. To this union were born two girls and three boys.

The children are Dolores and Wayne Bolinski of Edmonton, with one boy and two girls; Leonard and Kathy Gibbons of Vancouver, with one boy and one girl; Deanna Gibbons, deceased; Gary and Sue Gibbons of Edmonton; Ricky Gibbons of Edmonton.

7 and 8 were twin boys, born June 3rd, 1929 at Langdon, Alberta.

Roger Dean was named for his father, being the first boy. He attended school at Ripley, Saunders, and Carroll, later working in the Alix and Red Deer areas. He met Shirley Johanson of Markerville, Alberta, and they were married on July 5th, 1958. To this union were born three girls. They now live on Michener Hill in Red Deer. The girls are named Suzi, Sandra, and Carolyn, all of Red Deer.

Robert George was named for King George 5th. He attended school at Ripley, Penhold, and Red Deer, working in the Alix and Red Deer area in the carpenter trade. He later met Deloris (DoDi) Youngstrom from Markerville, Alberta, and they were married on August 31st, 1957. To this union were born five girls. They live in Anders Park in Red Deer.

The children are Lorraine and Allan Poytress of Don Mills, Ontario, with one boy; Jo-Anne, Carmen, Heather, and Jennifer Dye, all of Red Deer.

Henry Jasper Eller — by Marie J. Knight

Henry Jasper Eller was born August 18, 1881 in Gravet, Arkansas, U.S.A., the fifth in a family of nine children.

His father had a very interesting background. He fought in several battles during the Civil War, was wounded four times, and captured several times. After moving from Missouri to Arkansas and then to Idaho they finally settled in Cottonwood, where his father ran the local stage coach and livery barn.

Here Henry met and married Emma Edna Jessup on August 1, 1906 at Grangeville, Idaho. They lived in Cottonwood, Idaho, for a few years, and then decided to take a homestead in Alberta. They moved to Duchess, Alberta in 1910 with their two small children, Vivian and Harold.

Here they homesteaded and ran a local business for a number of years, and three more children were born to them, Irene, Mildred, and Leslie. They lived for a time in Queens-

town, Alberta, and moved to Alix about 1934, where they rented a farm east of Haunted Lakes, near what is now Highway 21. Here they farmed a small amount of land and milked cows. I remember, as a child, riding to town with him in a horse drawn buggy to deliver cream and sell home churned butter.

Both Henry and his wife Emma loved horses and had quite a few saddle horses. They, as well as their children, rode them regularly. Mildred and Leslie rode horseback to Ripley School. One of their close neighbors here, that I recall, was the Cockrall family. It seems the water on the Eller place wasn't fit for drinking, so one of my grandfather's daily chores was to hook a horse up to a stone boat with two barrels on it and make the trip to Cockrall's for water.

After a few years this farm was sold, and they moved into Alix where Henry worked at Jennings' Garage for a number of years, until his retirement. During this time he enjoyed walking up town every day and playing cards at the Barber Shop. He also enjoyed baseball games, and missed very few games played in Alix. In later years he was a regular spectator at local hockey games as well.

Henry and Emma celebrated their Fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1956. Henry passed away in 1965, after being a patient in Westpark Nursing Home in Red Deer. Emma, at the age of 91 years, resides in Rimbey Nursing Home at present. Of their five children only two remain, Mrs. Irene Warren of Lacombe, and Mrs. Mildred Jackson of Westerose. Their two sons died young, Harold in 1928 and Leslie in 1949. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. Vivian Jennings, passed away in 1979.

Al H. Finch and Horace Finch

Alexander (Al) H. and his brother, Horace G. Finch, were born at Owen Sound, Ontario. Later the family moved to Portage la Prairie, Manitoba and in 1900 to the Swan River Valley, Manitoba where the boys received much of their education. Some time later Al Finch moved west to Alix, Alberta, where H. G. was already working in the Atlas and Revelstoke Lumberyards. Four brothers in turn Horace, Percy, Norman, Carl, Cecil and Al all worked there at different times to learn the business before moving elsewhere. At various times Al H. was sent by the company to other points: Bentley, Delburne, Wetaskiwin, New Norway, Heisler, Blackfalds and to Hobbema for a year to start a new lumberyard there.

Al lived and worked with Horace at Alix from 1912 for some years. Later returned to Manitoba where he married Olive Kirkwood. He brought his bride back west to Heisler where they lived for a number of years. In 1927 Al Finch, his wife and family settled in Mirror. In 1929 they built their own house in which he still lives today. Improvements have been made to the original house through the years and a garden and orchard established. Mrs. Finch died in 1975.

A son, Glen, and his wife spent some time in Venezuela, but are at present at home at Mirror. A daughter, Beryl, has been working with the Bible Medical Missionary Fellowship at Allahabad in India. A second daughter, Kay, is a schoolteacher. She married Don Smith of Lacombe where she now lives.

Horace Finch married Jean Hall of Calgary. He moved to Wetaskiwin in 1926, then to Vancouver, B.C., where he worked for the Valley Lumber Company. He was lumber referee for the B.C. Government for awhile.

Horace and Jean Finch are both deceased but leave two daughters, Elinor (Mrs. G. F. Davies) living on a farm near Ponoka, and Margaret (Mrs. A. Staley) of Vancouver, B.C.

Dan Findlater — My Days At Stanton School

We lived about one and a half miles from school, and walked there some of the time. One winter I travelled back and forth by dog sleigh. I had a little collie dog by the name of Squibbs, that I trained to pull me on my sled. She enjoyed it as much as I did, so she would take me back and forth to school in a hurry because the louder I yelled at her the faster she would go. This was about 1928 and 1929, along about the time Graham Semmons was the teacher. It was a long time ago, but seems only a short time when you think back.

Danny Findlater and Squibbs going to school, beside a load of logs hauled in to be sawed for winter fire wood.

The Day We Saw The Lynx — by Muriel Gessleman

One day Betty, John, Shirley and I were coming home from the west field, and we saw what looked like a large grey cat. We backed up the truck for a better look, and there was this beautiful animal looking at us. It fixed us with a sphynx-like gaze. We didn't know for sure if it was a lynx, until it turned and we could see the tail, which looked like a powder puff dipped in an ink-well. It's feet were shapeless clumps of fur that resembled dust mops.

The children weren't very old then, so they stayed in the vehicle, but we surely wanted to have the lynx for a big pet. However it strode away into the brush. We never saw one again.

Eric Nielsen and lynx.

Sam Giltner — by Evelyn Giltner

Sam Giltner was born near Hanna in 1917, grew up and went to school there.

Ev Volker was born south of Erskine in 1916.

We were married in 1934. Sam had moved to Alix in 1933. He worked for Jennings Garage and later at the C.A.D.P.

Ev worked for the C.A.D.P. from 1952 to '77. They have two sons, Terry in Lacombe and Daryl in Alix.

Sam was very ill with Multiple Sclerosis but by perseverance and determination got so much better he could walk very well. He rode a bicycle every morning to help bring circulation back to his legs.

Sam left the C.A.D.P. to work for B.A. plant at Content. After the plant became Gulf, Sam continued to work until his untimely death in 1976 from a road accident.

I suffered a stroke in 1978 and I am a semi-invalid in my home here in Alix.

Frank and Nellie Graham — by Flora and Gordon Wilton

The Grahams came from Ireland where Frank had worked in the ship-building industry in Belfast. At that time their daughter, Faye, was only eighteen months old. Their son, William, was born in Alberta. They came to Alix from Calgary in the 1930's and made this their permanent home.

Frank Graham was well known in the community as the Watkins Man and his sale of School Insurance as well as for his excellent carpentry. Those who remember Frank's part in the erection of the arena often say that without him it would not have been the building it is today. He had trained as a shipwright in the Port of Glasgow on the Clyde, Scotland which art he put to work in designing the giant arches which support the arena roof which thirty-five years later holds firm as the day it was built. The ends of the trusses were shaped by hand with the big ship's adze which he brought with him to Canada.

In his later years Frank Graham had time for the painting which he loved. Many of his pictures hang in homes of Alix today.

Failing health made it necessary for the Grahams to retire to the Nursing Home in Lacombe where their friends from Alix used to visit them. Frank passed away recently; Mrs. Graham is still in Lacombe. Faye is in the Red Deer Nursing Home. Bill lives in Edmonton where he is still working for the Railway.

Harold and Mildred Hansen — by Mildred Reid

Harold Hansen was born in Denmark and came to Bashaw when he was 21 years old.

I, Mildred nee Ross, was born in Saskatchewan and came to Bashaw with my parents when I was 11 years old. Later my father farmed the Harley Mann place near Alix and I lived there until going to Bashaw to work for my sister who had married Billy Breum, the owner of the Bashaw Creamery where Harold Hansen was the butter-maker.

Harold Hansen and I were married in Bashaw in April, 1932. We lived around Bashaw for almost a year, then sometime in 1933 the Central Alberta Dairy Pool started a Creamery in Taber, Alberta, and hired Harold to go down and manage it. We were down in that part of the country for several years, but when things weren't very profitable the Creamery was closed and we came back to Alix. By this time we had two children, a daughter Jean who was born in 1934, and a son Bill born in 1937.

In 1939 the Pool bought the Bentley Creamery and Harold was sent over there to be butter-maker. In 1942 or 1943 he was made the manager. In 1944 we had another daughter, Kathleen, and in 1948 another daughter, Betty. In the fall of 1948 we were transferred to Rocky Mountain House, and Harold was manager there until September, 1951 when he passed away with a heart attack.

In December, 1951 the C.A.D.P. moved me and my family back to Alix where my family all grew up, got married, and are doing well on their own. Jean married Owen Jennings and they live in Alix; Bill married Lois Stone and they live at Grimshaw; Kathleen married Ross Holsworth and they live at Calgary; and Betty married Bernard Priegnitz and they live at Grande Cache. I have eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

In 1967 I married Jack Reid and we lived in Vauxhall and later in Lacombe, until his

passing in 1976. I came back to Alix in June, 1976. I am happy living in the Lakeview Manor at Alix with seven other women, all good friends.

Mrs. Isabel Hazlett — by Millie Hazlett

Mrs. Isabel Hazlett came with Jim and Millie Hazlett from the Innisfail area to live on the Harold Clarke farm.

Jim's mother and father, Joe and Isabel Hazlett, were pioneers, trailing horses from the Drumheller area to the east Red Deer area. Joe Hazlett came to the east Red Deer area in 1894. He served with the Lord Strathcona Horse Regiment in the Boer War in South Africa. Isabel and Joe were ranchers, and prided themselves on keeping good horses. One special horse, called Buck, Joe rode from Calgary to Red Deer in twelve hours, proof of his good horses. (Canadian Cattlemen).

Mrs. Hazlett moved to the C.N.I.B. in Calgary in 1976, and is now at the Senior Citizens' Home in Drumheller.

Jim and Milly Hazlett — by Alice Nielsen

Jim and Milly Hazlett came to Alix in the spring of 1974 and purchased the Harold Clarke farm east of Alix. Jim's mother, Mrs. Isabel Hazlett, and Milly's five sons, James, Arthur, Billy, Crawford, and Herman came with them. Crawford and Herman went to school in Alix. All five now live in Red Deer. James married Carol Huston, and they have two sons, Darrel and Dwayne. Mrs. Hazlett senior now lives in the Senior Citizens' Home in Drumheller.

Jim is self-employed with a back-hoe and a welding shop on the farm. In the summer of 1980 he used his machinery to dig in water and sewer connections at the Fairgrounds, and he donated his time back to the Alix Agricultural Society. He is President of the Agricultural Society, and is working to get the 1981 Fair under way. He is involved with the Light Horse Club in Alix, and was for six years President of the Central Alberta Light Horse Association.

Milly is involved with the Agricultural Society, the Light Horse Club, her home; and has a new venture going now, breeding and raising Welsh ponies, as she loves horses so much.

The picture shows Milly Hazlett and Alice Nielsen dressed to represent Alix homesteaders, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Todd, in the 1979 Alix Fair day parade.

W. G. Heath by W. G. Heath (in a letter to Mrs. Alice Nielsen)

What can one say after sixty-eight years? I came to Edmonton from Stirling, a town just north of Belleville, Ontario, arriving March 26th, 1912. I noticed in the paper that Stanton School, Alix, wanted a supply teacher for a few weeks as their regular teacher was ill.

I phoned Mr. C. C. McDermand and told him I had taught in Ontario. He engaged me and we made arrangements to meet on a certain day at Alix. We met as arranged. He had a team of horses and a wagon. The roads were rough at that time of year; however I enjoyed the trip to his home. The country was beautiful, the rolling land, trees, and lakes, and it was a lovely warm spring day.

On our way to his place I asked him if he knew of a place where I could stay. He asked me if I could milk. I told him that I was born and grew up on a farm. He told me he was very busy getting ready for the spring on his farm, and that his wife wanted some help getting up the cows from the pasture, milking and separating. He said if I would accommodate them they would give me board and room. Well, I told him I would.

The next morning he took me to the school and introduced me to the pupils, some twenty-five of them, in all grades from One to Eight. I enjoyed my work and teaching very much, but I remember only a few persons; Mr. and Mrs. McDermand, a Mr. Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen. The Nielsens had three girls, two attended school. I taught for six weeks and was paid the huge sum of sixty dollars.

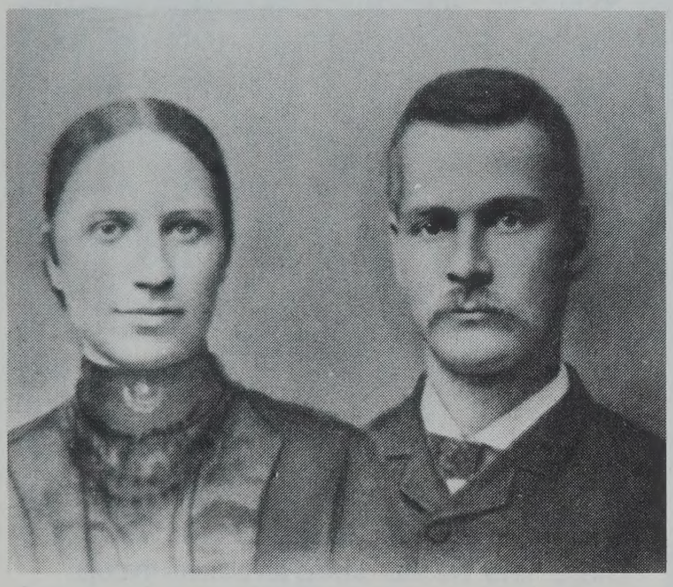
I came back to Edmonton and was engaged as accountant and time keeper for Goldsmith and Johnson, building contractors. After a year with them I read in the paper that

Alberta College had a position for a Registrar and Accountant. I applied, and I was chosen out of forty-two applicants. I was at Alberta College for fifty years.

I married in August 1916. We have two sons; Jerry lives next door to us, and Joe lives in Madison, Wisconsin.

I do not know if the above is what you require. I have often thought that I would like to visit the district, but as I am now past ninety it is doubtful if I ever will.

This is one thing I will never forget. When I was a boy I set traps in the spring along a small creek near my old home, and I always got muskrats and learned how to pelt them.



Charles C. McDermand, born in Lampton County, Ont., Aug. 20, 1860; died Feb. 23, 1939. Married Annie Dadson Aug. 29, 1882. This is their wedding picture.

Near Mr. McDermand's farm was a small lake and a great many muskrats. I used Mr. McDermand's shot gun and traps while I was there and I got twelve muskrats and sold their hides for sixty cents each. Mrs. McDermand was a wonderful cook. When I pelted the muskrats she warned me to be very careful of the carcasses. She would take those carcasses and do something with them. She soaked them in a brine of some kind for a few days and then cooked them. At first the thought of eating muskrat made me ill. However after tasting the meat I really thought it very good.

Roy Hoppus — by Ruth Hoppus

In 1913 Vick Hoppus traded a quarter of land at Haynes to Enoch Nelson for the livery barn at Alix. His son, Roy Hoppus, operated the livery barn, together with his brother, Lloyd, and their father. Later Roy bought out his father, and operated the business until April, 1926, when he moved to Lacombe. During those years he took many homesteaders out to look at land, plus taking food to people who were ill with the flu, also taking the Doctor around.

Roy was active in baseball, helped with stampedes, and was Mayor of Alix from

Ray and Lottie Hoppus, 1957.

March, 1919 to January, 1922, when J. R. Mackie took over. For a time during these years Roy had a pool hall and a garage, which are mentioned in "Pioneers and Progress".

The team in the picture with Roy Hoppus in front of the livery stable had a memorable incident. In the winter of 1917 Mrs. Roy (Lottie) Hoppus, with her daughter, Vera (now Cameron) and son, Willis, took Roy's sister, Ethel, to the Vick Hoppus home at Haynes, driving the team "Tog" and "Reg". When Mrs. Hoppus and the children were returning to Alix the team ran away with them, passed by the livery barn and went up over the railway bridge east of town, and upset the cutter and children. Mrs. Hoppus suffered a dislocated shoulder. The team then ran back to the barn.

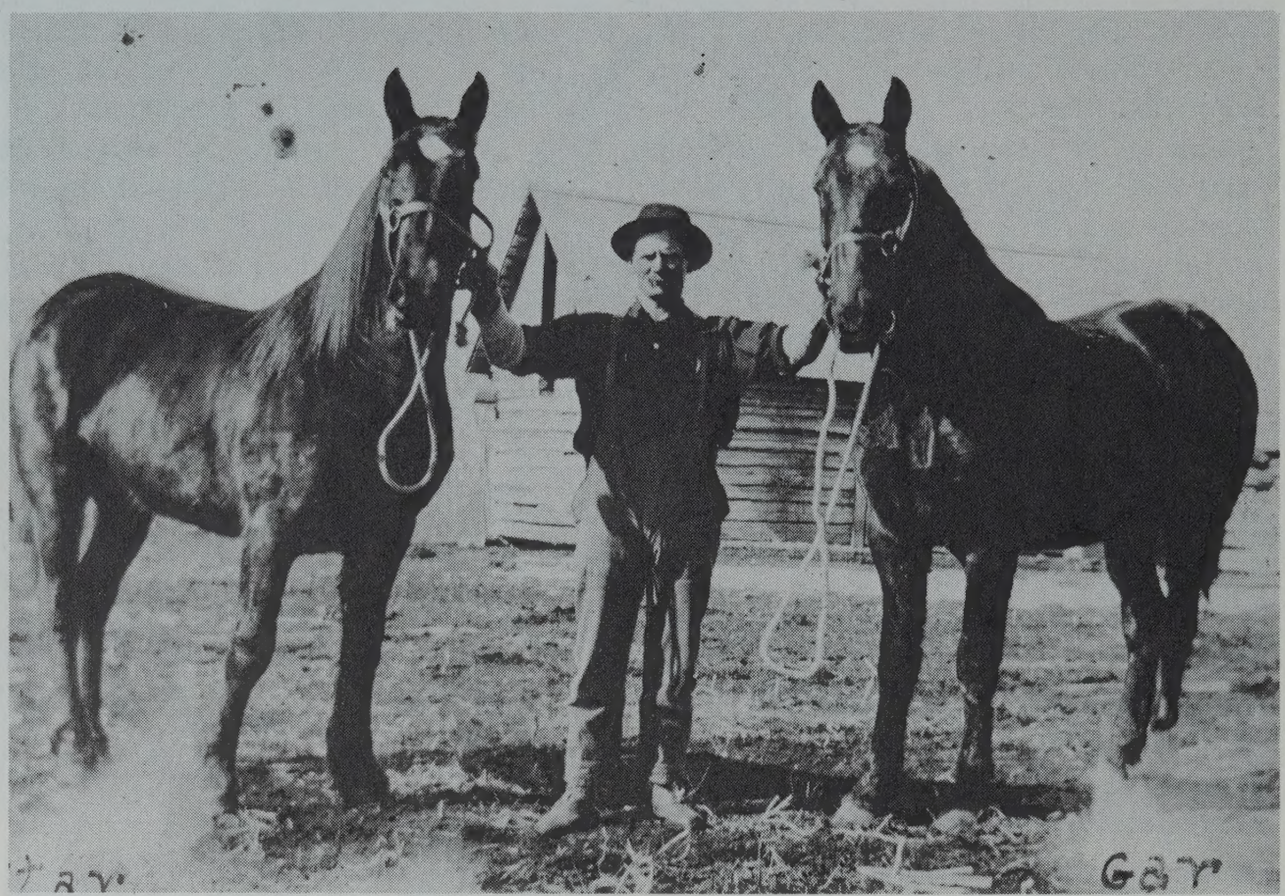
Roy then sent a Mr. Hudkins with "Tog" and "Reg" back to Haynes to get his sister, Ethel, to come back to Alix and help with the household. As a result of their antics "Tog" and "Reg" had to cover fifty miles that day.

Roy Hoppus and team Tobb and Rig on Content Bridge, 1919. He was driving an oil man through the country signing up oil leases. This man said then, that this would be one of the largest oil fields some day.

The Hoppus' horses, 1914.

Ray Hoppus and Weaver Shuell at Alix. Livery Stable on Railway Avenue. The Grand Hotel is at the right.

Ida Cook's house (later Mrs. Bray's home) Ethel (Hoppus) Hornseth and Katie Kerr. Ida Pinnell's house in background.



Foxey Grandpa and his matched two-year old black colts.

Mrs. Roy Hoppus and Vera, 1914 (then called the Sheldon House, in later years Maurice Brown lived in it, by the school).

Interrupted joy-ride. Wayne Lawton, Sam Hornseth, Vic Hoppus, 1914.

Hugh Housen — by Mrs. Pearl Wilton

Hugh Housen came to Canada in 1900 from Faribault, Minnesota, with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brazier. He was eight years old. Left behind were Hugh's parents, a brother Frank (now of Larkspur, California), and two sisters, Mrs. Nellie Fredenburg of Northfield, Minnesota, and Alice of St. Paul. Both sisters are now deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brazier also raised Hugh's cousin Belle Brazier, later Mrs. Bill Patrick.

In 1913 Hugh married Dora Keeton. At that time they farmed what was known as the Cundiff place. They later moved to the Haynes area for a short time.

In 1914 Hugh and Dora Housen had twins, Bert and Pearl. A daughter Hazel was born in 1917, and a daughter Blanche in 1926.

In 1927 Hugh moved his family to Alix, where he spent many years working for the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

Their son Bert married Dorothy Richards. They had two sons, Henry and Bobby.

Hugh Housen's truck.

Henry married Betty Morrison of Condor and they have three children, Dottie, Colleen, and Randy. Henry lives in Lacombe. Bobby passed away in 1952 from polio-myelitis.

Pearl married Duncan Wilton of Alix. They had four children, Darlene, Larry, Kenneth, and Rosemarie.

Darlene married Les Hilker of Stettler and they had two children, Roxanne and Garth. Darlene and her family live in Alix.

Larry married Diane Sim of Tees and they live at Alix. They had four children, Laurie, Brent (deceased 1971), and the twins, Donald and Dennis.

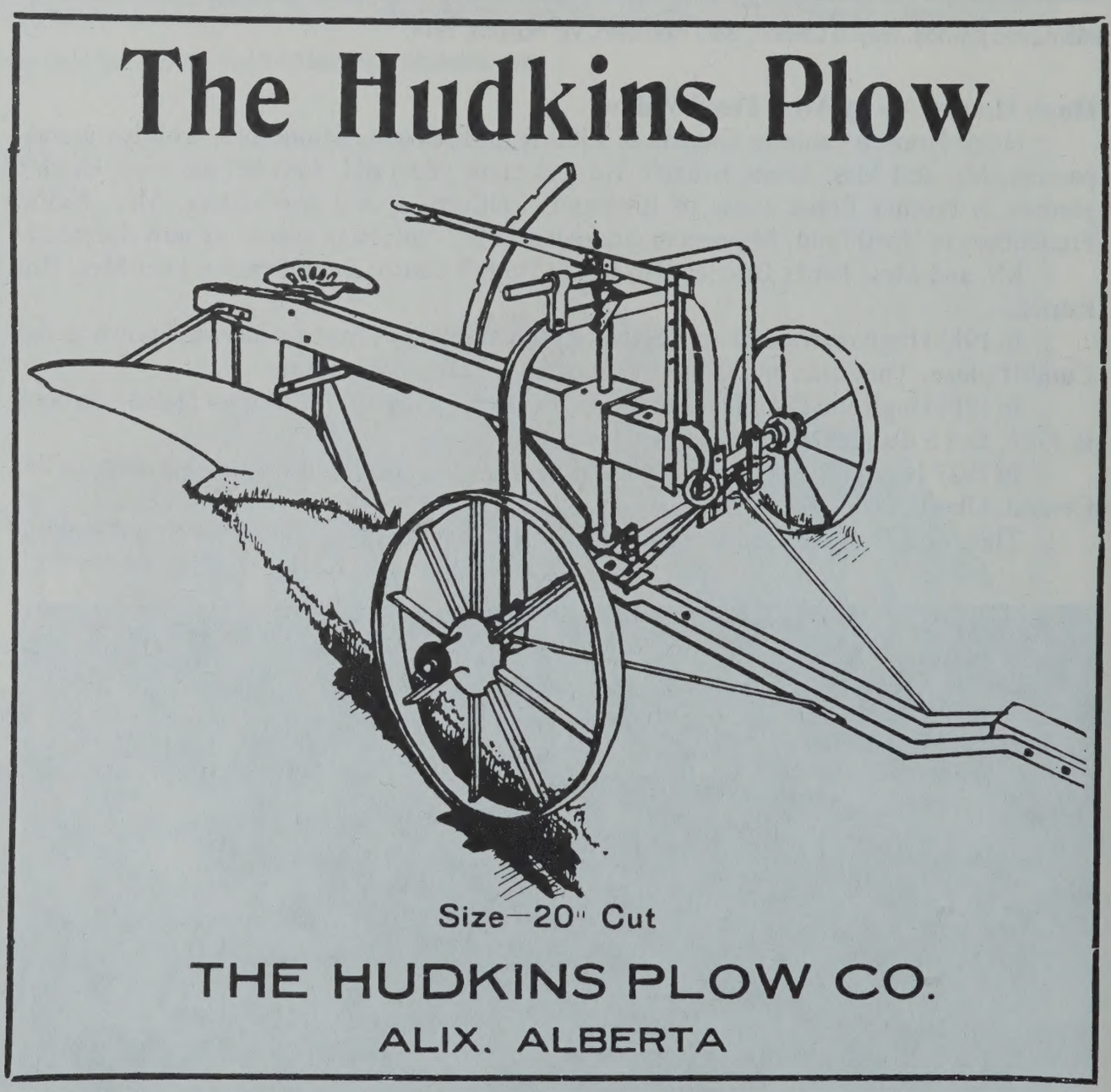
Kenneth married Anita Heidt of Bashaw and they have two sons, Kevin and Aaron. They live in Lacombe and Kenneth operates the Lacombe Hotel.

Rosemarie married Allan Nelson of Alix. They now live in Calgary where Allan works for Renton Construction Company. They have three children, Cathy, Connie and Trevor.

Hazel is now Mrs. Forsyth and lives in Alix. Her son Bob Clift lives in Red Deer.

Blanche married Elmer (Bud) Jayes, who drove the Red Deer-Consort bus for many years. They have two daughters, Pat who lives at Red Deer, and Sheila who lives at Wetaskiwin.

In 1971, just after he had celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, Hugh was reunited with his only brother Frank, for the first time since Hugh had left his Minnesota home at the age of eight years.



The Hudkins Brush Breaking Plow was invented by an Alberta farmer, Mr. Harry Hudkins, and has been used with great success in the Alix district. It is particularly adapted to conditions there, and all over the Northern parts of the Province.

At the time of writing Frank is the only member of his family surviving.

Hugh Housen passed away in December, 1972. Mrs. Dora Housen passed away in July, 1980.

Plowing with the Hudkins Plow.

Threshing with the Hudkins.

Flora Harriet Hviid — by Harriet Hviid, January 1974

Flora Harriet Stone was born August 4th, 1906 at Alix farm, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stone. Her memories of her childhood with her five brothers on the farm are happy ones. Our mother was a devoted and very unselfish homemaker and mother, and a source of inspiration and strength of character to all her children. Our father was good to us, ambitious for us, and proud of any of our successes.

We had no electricity, no phone, no running water or indoor plumbing. Mother baked

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hudkins on their first wedding anniversary.

Grandma Hudkins.

bread, churned butter, often cooked for ten people, which included six children, Dad and Mother, and two hired men. She also sewed most of our clothes. Once, a hat she had ordered from Eatons, didn't fit, so she sent it back and got Hurlbutt's "Story of the Bible" in exchange. After that, for many years, on long winter evenings, we children would gather around the long dining-room table and listen to Mother read, by lamplight, a chapter of "Hurlbutt's Story of the Bible". There was no radio, or T.V., and we enjoyed these sessions. Wood and coal were used for cooking and heat. A large box stood beside the kitchen stove and held a supply of wood for the day. The chore of keeping the wood-box full was handed down from Fred, John, Bob, Ellis to Dave. Dave, being the youngest, got stuck with the job. Mother was greatly amused one morning when Dave, quite a young lad, announced that he thought he'd have to get married to get rid of the chore of filling the wood-box.

Our father was extremely interested in politics and in later years, despite his limited formal education, spent many hours reading "Hansard" from cover to cover. Harriet got her elementary education at Stone School, then situated on the family farm. She went to Crescent Heights High School in Calgary when William Aberhart was principal. She boarded with Aunt Christine and our little cousin, Isabel. Later she went to Normal School in Calgary, and started teaching at the age of eighteen years, teaching five years in country schools, two of these in the Stone School where her mother taught when she first came to Alberta. Then Harriet taught five years in Alix, Grades Four, Five and Six. She and Eva Keeton batched in various houses in Alix, Eva teaching the primary grades.

In 1934 Harriet married Niels C. Hviid who was born in Denmark, then working in the Alix creamery. She stopped teaching then. In 1939 they moved to Valhalla Centre, forty miles north of Grande Prairie in the Peace River country, where Niels managed a Co-op Creamery in a little hamlet of about sixty people. It was here Maxine spent her babyhood and early childhood. She was five years old when the family moved to Holden, sixty miles east of Edmonton, where Niels managed a creamery for the N.A.D.P. (Northern Alberta Dairy Pool). Maxine got all her elementary and high school education in Holden, graduating in 1961.

Harriet went back to teaching Grade Four in Holden in 1951, and taught until 1963

when she retired on account of ill-health. During this time of teaching she was assistant principal from 1957 to 1962, as well as a regular classroom teacher. She also took University Courses at two Summer School sessions.

Maxine went to Business College in Edmonton and worked in the Bank of Montreal for several years both before and after marriage. In 1964 she married Brian O'Driscoll, and they lived in Edmonton where Brian worked for Dunn and Bradstreet. They had two little girls, Theresa born in 1966 and Maureen born in 1969. In 1970 they moved to Kamloops, B.C. where Brian worked for Hudson's Bay Company. Maxine worked in the bank for several years here, then started doing some sewing for customers, as she likes and is very efficient at sewing. She also did some babysitting. They built a very nice home in a new development in an old apple orchard.

When Maxine was a little girl the Hviids made a number of trips down to Chelan, Washington, U.S.A. to visit Dad's nephew, Allen Stone, an old bachelor who lived in his home on the shore of Lake Chelan. In his earlier days he had worked for the Department of Forestry, blazing trails, guiding, etc. He knew and loved the lake and surrounding mountains. A tug-boat used on the lake was named "Allen Stone" in his honor.

When Niels retired from the Holden creamery in 1966 he and Harriet moved to Alix and bought a home on Lake Street, overlooking a pretty little lake. They enjoy the many relatives and friends who visit them.

In concluding this article, I, Harriet, wish to say that Maxine, Brian, and our two little granddaughters, Theresa and Maureen, are our greatest source of pride and joy, and we hope most sincerely that the future years hold much health, happiness and blessings for them.

Letter from Dr. R. B. Jenkins of Victoria, B.C.

May 20, 1980

Dear Mrs. Nielsen:

Many thanks for your letter and the invitation to contribute to the Supplement of "Pioneers and Progress".

I am not a good story-teller and lack any records of the years we spent in Alix (1922-25). Some of the most vivid memories are of the miles travelled on dusty and muddy, and snow covered roads, in a Model T Ford.

The happiest memories are those of the many kindnesses shown us by the people of Alix and district.

My wife joins me in wishing you and your co-workers every success in your endeavours.

Sincerely,
R. B.Jenkins

Dr. Jenkins — by D. Marryat

I remember Dr. Jenkins very well, as our family became great friends.

During his stay in Alix he built the building in which Harold Edgar ran his Hardware Store in later years. Dr. Jenkins lived upstairs, and started a small pharmacy in conjunction with his practice.

They had a son, Allan who was around five or six at that time. A daughter, Diana, was born during their stay in Alix.

Clifford and Claire Johnston — by Claire Johnston

In August of 1946 Clifford and Claire Johnston and their two boys, Kenneth and Wilfred, fourteen and ten years old respectively, moved to Alix, Alberta, after spending five years in the Fraser Valley of B.C. We enjoyed our nine-year stay very much, living one mile south of Alix.

We had anticipated settling at Knee Hills, east of Innisfail, Alta., but fate landed us at Alix. We had camped by the North side of the railway over the week-end, and Monday morning Clifford took a walk over to town to look around. The first man he met was Mike Williams, who was leaning against the front of the lumberyard, enjoying his morning chew of tobacco. They visited for awhile, and Mike told him about the Bill Seelye quarter south

of town that was for sale, so we took a drive out to see the Seelye's and made a deal for their place. When one thinks back it is strange the turn circumstances take. Mr. Seelye didn't want to have a sale of his machinery and stock; he said we would need things to start with, so he left everything for two years, which we surely did appreciate.

Clifford worked around the district, helping with carpentering and getting to know many of the people, also doing much dealing with Mr. Ed Jennings, and found him to be a prince of a man. He had sold us a John Deere 40 tractor, and our oldest son Kenneth thought it would be great to earn a bit of cash ploughing gardens in Alix. He would work after school until late at night, when the mothers had their children in bed, so they would come out and say, "Look, Johnston, take your little tractor and go home so our children can get some sleep."

Six years after coming to Alix, in 1952, the Lord blessed us with our only girl, Fern. We adopted her when she was seven days old, and as she grew older Wilfred got a great delight out of teasing her.

Kenneth and Irene McLean were married while we were still at Alix, in July of 1951.

When winter came Clifford enjoyed working at the mines, and Kenneth also worked at the mine. When Allyn Mann acquired the mine he had a man by the name of Hoddy Walper as Superintendent. Another man working at the mine was Mortimer; he had a nickname for very nearly everyone. He called Hoddy the "Shuffling Mumbler", and he called Clifford "Gray Ghost".

Jack Lymbery has our land at Alix now. We have many pleasant memories of Alix and all the good neighbors we had. The Lord did indeed bless us in many ways. We attended the Free Methodist Church while we lived at Alix.

Carl and Gladys Kurp — by Mrs. John Kurp

Carl was born in 1896, the son of Ben and Alice Kurp. They came from Ontario about 1907 and bought the south half of 10-38-24 and built a house. There were also two sisters, Frances and Ida.

Carl helped his Dad to mine coal when he was still very young. He later mined with Theodore Kurp. He left for Detroit, Michigan, and there worked for the Ford Motor Company for a number of years around 1923.

In 1927 Carl married Gladys Ethel Straub, daughter of Felix and Adeline Straub of the Alix district. Gladys was born in Iowa in 1900. She and her parents immigrated to Canada in 1914 and rented a farm west of Delburne. They moved to the Alix area in 1917.

Carl and Gladys formed a partnership with her father to mine coal. They did this on the north side of the Red Deer River for a number of years. The coal was still being hauled by team and sleighs, and Carl and Gladys would put the teamsters up for the night. Gladys never knew how many men would sit down to eat, but there was always plenty for everybody. She was a wonderful cook, and also very efficient. Two boys were born to them while there, John and Bob.

In 1938 they traded S.W. 26-37-23 to Theodore Kurp for S.W. 7-28-23 which was where Theodore's mine was. Carl and Gladys operated this mine till 1953.

Gladys always planted her garden by the moon, and never had a failure.

When Carl closed the mine he went to work for Lynass' with his truck, hauling coal to the tipple and delivering coal to out-lying areas.

Gladys passed away in January 1962, and Carl passed away in December 1977. They are both buried in the Delburne Cemetery.

John and Bob both took their schooling in Delburne. John worked for a number of years as a meteorological technician, but now has a business in Delburne, Del-Wood Products. He married Edith Hopps in 1958 and they have one son, Brian. Bob is with the Air Force, is married, and has one boy and one girl.

Andy and Lillian Landels — by Lillian Landels

In January 1929 Andy Landels and Lillian Goodbrand were married, just at the beginning of the Depression years and the "Dirty Thirties" on the prairies.

By 1936, after eight crop failures due to drought, we decided to leave the Youngstown

area, and through Dick Magee of Clive we were able to rent a half-section of land in the Stanton District, owned by Roy Reynolds, also of Clive.

The government provided free freight to farmers from the dried out regions, so in November Andy moved our meager stock of machinery, cattle, horses, etc. to this farm.

The first part of December Andy borrowed a little car from Mr. Berg, who lived a mile west of us, and brought us up to join him. By this time we had three little daughters, Dorothy, born in 1934, and twin daughters, Joyce and Jean, born in 1935.

On Christmas morning 1936 our fourth child decided to make her appearance. Dr. Warren came out in his car to get me, and Alice Nielsen took the three little girls to care for until "Grandma" could come from Consort. So at 11:15 A.M. our little Christmas gift, Marjorie, was born at Nurse Magle's home in Alix.

The first winter was especially hard, as cutting down trees for firewood was completely new to prairie-raised Andy, as also was clearing land for breaking the following years. However, after the dry years that we had experienced, it was wonderful to see the rains come, crops and gardens grow, and best of all no more dust storms. Neighbours were kind and helpful, and we gradually began to get on our feet.

In the spring of 1940 the land we were renting changed hands, and we moved to a quarter-section in the Milton district north of Lacombe, later moving into the town of Lacombe, where we have since resided.

Dorothy married Ron Hilsabeck, and they live near Clive. Joyce is now Mrs. Daniel Shalanko, and they reside in Kitchener, Ontario. Jean is Mrs. Ed Gingrich of Lethbridge, and Marjorie is Mrs. Ray Albers of Ponoka.

Andy passed away on October 15th, 1979 after a lenthy illness.

We are grateful for all God's goodness to us through these many years.

The Lofstrand Story — told by Ethel Lofstrand

Peter Eric Lofstrand and his wife, Brecken, four sons and a daughter came to Canada from Sweden to Calgary in 1901. While they were in Calgary, Maria (Mary) was born. Their son, Dave, delivered the paper and herded cows on what is now 8th Ave.

They moved to Bankhead, near Banff, where Peter worked in the coal mine. He went out to three miles north of Nevis and took up a homestead in 1905. Mother and the family came to Lacombe, then by wagon to Alix. They stayed the night with the Joseph Todds. Next day he drove them to their farm in a wagon.

Mother thought her house was a hay barn, like in Sweden. They cooked outside and many times she cooked pancakes in the rain under an umbrella. When on the farm, there were no fences, so the cattle wandered. Milk cows became mixed with range cattle, and it meant a lot of searching. Mother had to leave the children and hunt for her cows. Once, she had searched and was running along the path, a big bull was lying on the path. When asked what she did, she said, "I just stepped in the middle of him and kept on running."

In the First World War Pete, Jr., went to the States to enlist. He came home an invalid, and died in 1923.

Dave went to California as a tourist, in 1922, where he met Ethel Rounds, and they were married January, 1923. They came back to Canada in 1926 and have lived here ever since.

Dave and Ethel had three sons, Dave, Vern and Clayton. They lived on the old Ennis and Walper places, for about three years. Then they moved to Erskine. They farmed until 1944. Then he took over the Watkins business and was the Watkins Man. He also bought a drugstore. Ethel had the honor of running it. They never severed their ties with Alix, coming to town every Saturday night and visiting with their friends.

It was in Erskine, Dave passed away in 1972 and is buried in Stettler.

The Senior Lofstrands moved to Edmonton in the '30's. They and son, Pete, are buried in the Alix Cemetery. Maria married Harry Wautki late in life and lived in Edmonton. Annie married Dewey Ball, and they lived in Botha. They had eight children who are all living. She lives in a Senior Citizen's home, in Edmonton and is the only living Lofstrand.

Dave Jr. got his schooling at Alix and South Buffalo Lake schools. He married

Dorothy Small from Brooks. They live in Bashaw, where he is the Calgary Power Man. They have three girls and one boy.

Vern finished his schooling in Alix. He helped Mrs. Richards with the paper and also worked for Klepfers Hardware Store in Stettler. Later he went into the Oil Business. He married Jean Martin in 1952. They had three boys. He was killed in Saskatchewan in a car accident while on the job.

Clayton was born while they lived at Nevis, in 1934. He got his schooling in Alix and Erskine. He worked for Gulf Oil for a number of years in the Valley View and other locations near. Then he went into the Construction Business. He and his wife, Susan, live in Hinton. He has a son and two daughters.

Ethel lives in Paragon Place, a senior citizen's home, in Stettler. She has her car and enjoys visiting her friends.

Okey O. Lundberg and Family — by Ruth Lundberg

Okey Lundberg's father and another Swede took up homesteads at Lockhart, near Eckville, in 1905. It was raw land that required a great deal of work done to it. His wife came over from Sweden a short time later, and they set up housekeeping.

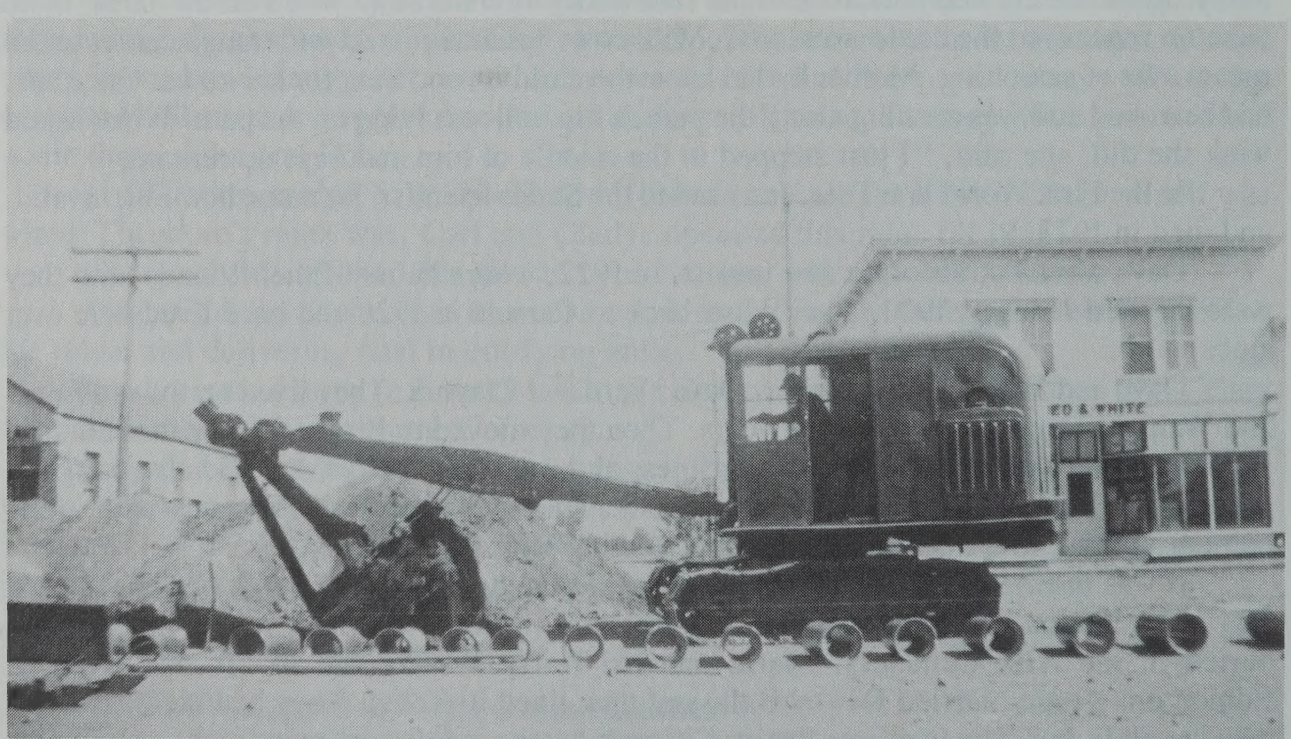
Okey was born in 1907; his brother Berthil was born two years later; and two years after that a sister, Elizabeth (called Lisa), was added to the family.

His father purchased the Eckville Hotel at the time the railroad was being built to Rocky Mountain House, and he ran the hotel for several years. He gave it up when the clamor for an adjoining beer parlor became too much to fight against. He purchased a farm three and one-half miles from Eckville, and there his fourth child, Lester, was born. Mrs. Lundberg died very shortly after that from acute appendicitis. They were many miles from Red Deer and a doctor, and the long trip by sleigh to Red Deer in the winter was too much for her. She was buried in Red Deer.

Mr. Lundberg was left with four children to raise, one of them a baby. He got along as best he could, but finally went to Vashon Island, near Seattle, and brought home a Swedish lady as a mother for his children.

All four children grew up and were educated at Eckville. Mr. Lundberg was a very progressive man, and worked hard to improve the schooling, and also to get telephones installed for all the farmers. Okey remembered that as a very little boy he helped to string telephone lines over the hills and muskegs.

Okey Lundberg started in the creamery business at an early age, washing cream cans for Fifty Cents a day. When he was eighteen years old he took a Government Cream



The digger that dug ditches for the laying of water and sewer lines in Alix, 1954. The Red and White Store in background burned in 1972.

Grader's Course, and worked for the Alberta Government Grading Service for two years. He was butter-maker at the Eckville Creamery for a few years, managed the Lacombe Creamery for a number of years, and then purchased the Rimbey Creamery. When the Central Alberta Dairy Pool bought the Rimbey Creamery in 1946 Okey O. Lundberg came to Alix to manage the Alix Creamery.

With him came his wife, Ruth, and their two children. Ruth Lundberg was born and educated at Bentley. She took teacher's training at Calgary, and taught for four years. She married Okey Lundberg in 1928 and they had two children, son David and daughter Leslie.

During their years in Alix both Okey and Ruth Lundberg were very active in the community. He was Mayor of Alix from March 11th, 1948 until they moved to Calgary in April 1960. It was during this period that natural gas, water and sewer services came to the Village. Okey was, among other things, President of the Alix Board of Trade, President of the Central Alberta Chamber of Commerce, and active in the Alix Athletic and Agricultural Association. Mrs. Lundberg was a member of the Alix Horticultural Club, and a leader of the Girls' Club that later became the 4-H Club.

In Calgary Okey Lundberg was manager of the Alpha Jersey Dairy and Ice Cream Plant until his heart gave him trouble. He and Mrs. Lundberg moved to Vernon, B.C. when he retired, where he passed away in 1969.

Their son David married Betty Deen of Alix. They live in Drayton Valley where David works with data computers and Betty is a nurse. They have three girls, one of whom is married and is nursing in Edmonton.

Daughter Leslie married Clayton Lofstrand of Erskine. They also had three children. They are divorced, and Leslie is living with her mother in Red Deer.

Elmer and Marjory Mabbott — by Leona Goldsmith

Elmer and Marjory Mabbott must have moved to Alix with their children Leona and Jim about 1938, as Jim was born in Hanna in 1937, and the next child, Les, was born in Lacombe in 1940.

The family lived on N.W. ¼ Sec. 23, Range 23, Tp. 39, on what was known as the Palmer Place. It is now owned by Andy Macey. Elmer did odd jobs around the district, such as stooking grain sheaves to be threshed later, or whatever job was available. We were all just emerging from the "Dirty Thirties".

We moved to Lacombe from Alix, and Dad (Elmer) worked in the Ford garage at Lacombe for many years. He passed away in 1964.

Marjory Mabbott, nee Goodbrand, was a sister of Lillian Landels. She passed away in 1968.

There were five children in the Mabbott family. Jim is now a medical doctor in Edmonton. He married Gweneth Nelson, and they have three children. Les is married, and also lives in Edmonton. Sharon lives in Olds; Stan lives in Saskatoon.

I, Leona, taught school for a couple of years before marrying Dan Goldsmith. Since then we have been engaged in pastoral work, and now live in Calgary. We have three children, all teen-agers.

Savilla Matilda (Nielsen) MacGregor — by Gordon and Grace

Daughter of George Nielsen and Cora Ellen Cundiff, born March 30th, 1893, at Goodell, Iowa where she attended school until migrating to Alix, Alberta area with her parents and family in 1902. She completed her schooling at the Sargent School.

As a young girl, she found employment as a waitress in the Imperial Hotel run by Mr. Lee, in Alix, and with this experience went to Halkirk where she found similar employment in the dining room of the C.P.R. Hotel. It was here that she met and married Murdock (Barney) MacGregor, a carpenter by trade, who was also working in that area at the time. They were married in December, 1911, in Calgary.

Murdock had also taken up a homestead in the Halkirk area but later dropped this interest in favour of continuing at his trade on a full-time basis.

After their marriage there was a demand for his trade in and around the then growing Town of Craigmyle where he constructed many buildings, including a house for them-

Savilla (Nielsen) MacGregor, away to pick berries.

selves. It was here that their family was born, consisting of George, Grace, Donald, and Gordon. She acquired seven grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren during her lifetime.

By the early twenties the requirement for more buildings in this area had diminished so in 1923 they moved to Kintail, Ontario, which was where her husband had come from. Again, there was plenty of employment in and around the Lucknow area which is only a short distance from Kintail. By the early thirties when the world economy broke down, the resulting depression brought some lean years to this family as it did to most people at that time, however, they managed to survive like everyone else, although her husband never did see the end of those tough times because he died in 1935.

Savilla stayed in this area until her family was all raised, married, and on their own. Her three boys were in the World War II Services, during which time she spent in Alberta employed part-time in Edmonton, and visiting with her daughter, mother, grandfather, brothers and sisters. At the end of the War she returned to Ontario and went to Coldstream, near London, Ontario, to help out with a young family in a motherless home. She remained with this family until they were all raised and old enough to manage on their own. She had been accepted as a housekeeper, but the younger children knew her as the only mother they had ever had, and this bond remained until her death.

Having now raised two families, she felt it was time to have a life of her own, but not ready to quit doing something, she moved back West, bought a variety store in Delburne and operated it until 1958. This was near where her daughter and son-in-law were then farming.

After selling the store she bought a house in Alix, where three of her sisters were still living, and where she lived until 1972, at which time she moved into the Centennial Courts,

a Senior Citizens Lodge in Red Deer. Her daughter and son-in-law were now living in this City, having sold their farm, so Savilla was again near them. She remained in this accommodation until her death in 1976.

To summarize, her life was not unlike most others, some good times, some bad times, but mostly doing the things that had to be done and doing them because they were there to do, and being satisfied that she had done the best she could. Testimony to the fact that she

Five generations with Cora Nielsen. Back Row — Grace MacDonald holding Joanne, Savilla (Nielsen) MacGregor, Arnold (Paine) MacDonald. Seated — Great-Great-Grandmother Nielsen, 90 years, with Roxanne MacDonald. Mrs. Nielsen passed away in April, 1963.

had done what she could comes from the respect and regard that her family and many friends had and still have for her.

Annie Luvinnia (Vinnie) Magle — by Hazel Michael

Annie Luvinnia (Vinnie) Magle was born August 8th, 1875 in Missouri. She died October 22nd, 1965 in Edmonton, and is buried in the Alix Cemetery.

Vinnie (Kesling) Magle came to Canada in 1906 with her second husband, Jim Magle, who had a farm at Sweet Grass, Sask. Mr. Magle appears in this story only to account for the name. Although married twice, she spent most of her life single, and was divorced from Mr. Magle before coming to Alix.

Sometime prior to 1920 she came to visit her sister, Mrs. Olive Deen, my grandmother. Although Aunt Magle had no formal training as a nurse, she started nursing during the flu epidemic of 1918-19. My mother recalls that the Gschwendtners were the first family she went to help.

"Nurse" Annie Vinnie Magle.

During the 1930's she had a nursing home in Alix, which she gave up during World War II. She practiced midwifery, and many of the babies of Alix and the surrounding district born during the Thirties were 'her' babies. She was fiercely maternal about these children, and they were her family.

Mrs. Magle was a very large lady; though not very tall she must have weighed well over two hundred pounds. When we hugged her we couldn't possibly reach around, and the lap she insisted on holding us upon was non-existent. With wildly improbable red hair, and the large-flowered print dresses she favored, she was a flamboyant figure. As a guest at my aunt's wedding she is said to be hiding at least four people in the informal 'snaps' of the occasion.

As my Grandmother Deen's sister, she was my mother's aunt, and always just Aunt Magle to us. Her friend, Mr. Jack Brethour, used to bring her to visit us on the farm. She

loved cottage cheese, which Mom mixed with sour cream, and Aunt Magle always finished off any "schmeer-kase" left in the bowl. She didn't worry about calories — I doubt she even knew what they were, and "what you don't know won't hurt you, kid!" The song "Huggin' and Chalkin'" could have been written about her.

Dunc McDonell — by George McDonell

Dunc McDonell was a partner of Stewart Cruickshank in a real estate office in Alix, on Main Street where the sheet metal business is in 1980. He was also "The Rawleigh Man", driving many miles from Alix. He was well known in the George School area north of Mirror with his horse and buggy. He bought a Model T Ford in 1918, just before he left Alix.

He had polio when a child and it left him quite lame. He was a brother of Mrs. Joe Ennis, and he married Georgina Elliot, a sister of Mrs. Christine Yarwood. They lived two houses away from the Yarwood house; the latter is now occupied by Ralph and Nellie Toepfer. They had one son, George.

They moved to Bashaw in 1918, where Dunc had a real estate office. He was Secretary-Treasurer of the town from 1923 to 1935.

Mrs. McDonell passed away in 1930, and Dunc McDonell in April 1943.

I, George McDonell, married in January 1936 and we live in Calgary. My wife was Dorothy Sharp, a sister of Cleo Sharp who lives in Bashaw. We often visit on week-ends so have kept in touch with folks in the area around Bashaw, though we have never returned to Alix.

William Hugh Alexander McKenzie — by Freda Hayman

William Hugh Alexander McKenzie was born in New Richmond, Quebec, in 1877, where his forefathers had settled in 1817 and 1823, coming from the County of Ayr in Scotland. His family farmed in the summer, and lumbering was their winter occupation.

As William, or Will as he was known, grew older he decided he would try some other way to earn his living. Talking it over with a watchmaker who lived near, he then wrote to obtain literature on watch making courses. Having chosen the Canadian Horological Institute in Toronto, he left his home in Black Cape, Quebec, in February 1898.

At the Institute the students studied the drafting of watch parts, followed by the actual work on watches, as well as making a watch for themselves.

While living in Toronto he became interested in optometry, so he took training at the Cohen Optical Company.

After graduating from the Canadian Horological Institute he returned to New Richmond. There he ordered and fitted glasses for a medical doctor who did the eye testing for the people in the area.

Shortly after this Mr. McKenzie began to look around for a business of his own. He went to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where mines were being started, but he found two New Brunswick jewellery firms had already opened stores in the town. He then went to Campbellton, N.B., where he purchased a store and operated it for some time.

By now he realized it would be to his advantage to obtain his degree in optometry, which meant he had to go to Boston, Mass. While taking his courses Will also took a position with a jewellery firm as their watchmaker, and in so doing he also received experience in the jewellery business. He continued to practice in Boston after receiving his degree.

In 1904 he returned to Black Cape and there he renewed his friendship with Alice Thorburn, who had returned from living in Montreal. In October of that year they were married at St. Andrews Church in New Richmond. Following their marriage they resided in Boston, where Will continued his position with a jewellery firm as their optometrist and watchmaker. Later they returned to Black Cape, and it was there their two sons, Charles and Harold, were born.

By now Mr. McKenzie was looking for a change of location, and the urge to "Go West, young man!" interested him. In 1910 Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, accompanied by their two young sons and his widowed mother, set out for Red Deer, Alberta.

At that time the Grand Trunk Railroad was being built from Calgary to Edmonton,

McKenzie Building on Main St., Alix Jewelry Store, Mr. G. G. Norris' Law Office.

and following this Alix became the central point for the three railway lines. After a time in Red Deer Mr. McKenzie realized that Alix would be a good area in which to open a jewellery store, as times were good and Alix had the prospect of being a busy centre. He built a two-storey building on the Main Street, and when it was completed he opened his business in the front half, using the back and the upper floor as the family's living quarters. Later he rented a portion of the front section to Mr. G. G. Norris, a lawyer who had come to Alix and was in need of office space.

During those years many families coming to Alberta were obtaining land by homesteading, so Will selected a quarter section at Stauffer, west of Red Deer, where his brother Gilbert had settled. They would spend most of the year in Alix where Will operated his business, but in early spring the family would go to Stauffer for a few months to do the necessary improvements to the land to be able to receive title to it. It was during their time there in 1912 that their daughter Freda was born.

In 1914 Mr. McKenzie bought a new 1914 Overland car, which made travelling much easier and faster as long as the roads were in fair condition. At the same time that Mr. McKenzie bought his car Mr. E. L. Trickey bought the same model of car. As the two families were close friends they did much of their travelling together. At times they used only one car as the Trickeys had no children, and if they had car trouble with the car they were driving they would get some one with a horse to take them back to Alix to get a part from the other car, or at least get it to bring the others home. Many times due to the gumbo roads they would have to be pulled out by some kind farmer with his horses.

The Trickeys and the McKenzies continued to be close friends when both moved to B.C., one to Victoria and the other to Ladner. While they were all living they had many more car trips to parts of B.C., and all along the Pacific Coast to Mexico. With the purchase of the car the family was able to visit Gilbert McKenzie and his family in Red Deer. In the summer all enjoyed picnics to Buffalo Lake accompanied by friends who had no car, among them the Misses Brewer and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin.

During the years in Alix the main interests of Mrs. McKenzie were her family and her church work. She belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and was active in the women's organizations and taught Sunday School classes, mainly those for boys. Later when they moved to the Coast she continued with her church groups till near the time of her death.

In 1915 the Ophthalmic College of Toronto under Mr. M. G. Maybee offered Post

Graduate Studies in Calgary, so Mr. McKenzie took the opportunity to up-date his ophthalmic degree and, accompanied by his wife and young daughter, went to Calgary for the necessary period of time. It was there Freda had her first street car ride, and following it she wanted at all times to ride the street cars rather than walk.

By 1918 Alix had not developed into the great railway centre as had been expected. Mr. McKenzie took a business trip to the coast of B.C. He visited Vancouver, Victoria, and other parts of Vancouver Island. Although it was February he saw roses still in bloom, as well as many spring flowers already in blossom. When he stepped off the train in Calgary on his return the weather was cold — thirty degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Back home in Alix he said to his wife, Alice, "When there is a place in Canada where roses bloom in February we don't need to stay in this cold!" He sold his business and in April the family was on the way to Vancouver. On the train west the children were intrigued on the Sunday morning when nearing Vancouver groups of East Indian Sikhs boarded the train to go to religious services in the city. The children had never before seen men wearing coloured turbans.

After a short stay in Vancouver the family moved to Ladner, about twenty miles south of Vancouver. Mr. McKenzie purchased a jewellery store from Mr. and Miss Weare, and thus became the third owner of a store that had been in operation since the later eighteen hundreds.

The McKenzies soon settled into the community, and that first summer Ladner residents were more than generous in supplying them with fresh fruit, to which they were not accustomed. For the first three years they lived in a rented home, again on the Main Street, so when in 1921 Mr. Paul Ladner subdivided his farm land near the outskirts of the town Mr. McKenzie bought a five-acre parcel and built the first home in the subdivision. It was a real change for the family to have plenty of room around them, and later to be able to have their own fruit and vegetables, and then to share them with other people who came to Ladner from a prairie province.

About this time a group was formed for a Ladner Bowling and Country Club. Mr. McKenzie was a charter member and became a very keen bowler, winning many trophies and honours. He had the honour to represent his Club and area against touring groups from such countries as England, Australia, South Africa and the United States, as well as teams from other parts of Canada. Mrs. McKenzie, too, became a bowler, but with other activities she did not become as involved as her husband.

In 1944 Mr. McKenzie sold his business but continued to help the next two owners as they needed assistance. This allowed him and his wife to do more travelling, and have time to visit their son Charles who had moved to the United States in 1926. Charles was a branch manager for a large San Francisco firm. He was stationed in San Diego, Hawaii, and Seattle. During World War Two he was with General Patton's army in Europe. He retired from business in 1969 and settled in Seattle, where he and his wife, Marie, had lived in previous time.

The other son, Harold, worked for a short time as a banker, and then he went into business. In the spring of 1939 he sailed to New Zealand, but when war was declared he returned to Ladner. He was an accountant for Ladner Canning Company and later Hall Packing. At the time of his death in 1972 he was purchasing agent for Pacific Coast Packers in Richmond, B.C. He was survived by his wife, Mabel, whom he had married in Vancouver; son, Donald, with C.P. Air in Richmond; daughter, Judy Hagan, a teacher who lives with her husband, Mike, in Ladner; and daughter, Marie, who graduated in Education but has held department positions with the Vancouver branch of the Workmen's Compensation Board.

The McKenzie's daughter Freda graduated as a teacher and as a school librarian. After her marriage to Jack Hayman of North Bay they lived in northern B.C., where her husband was foreman of the Cominco Mercury Mine. After the war ended the need for mercury lessened, and they transferred to Trail and then moved back to Ladner, where Jack was in business, and later in Education. They bought property on Denman Island and live there today. Their only child, Charlene, married Jack Hope, a professor at the University of Saskatchewan, and they live in Saskatoon with their children, Shaun and Kim.

William and Alice McKenzie both died in 1965 just short of their sixty-first wedding anniversary. She died in April as the result of an accident, and he in July after an illness. Mr.

McKenzie had spent over fifty years in his chosen professions, and had seen many changes over the years.

Harley and Mary Michael and Family

Harley and Mary Michael were both active members of 4-H, Harley winning the trip to National Club Week in Toronto in 1957 and Mary was a Club Week winner from the Satinwood Clothing Club.

They were married in Lacombe on July 3, 1961. Harley worked for the Dominion Experimental Farm, and Mary worked at the Lacombe General Hospital. They moved to Altario, Alberta, to work on a ranch, and in 1963 Brenda was born. In November, 1964 Ken was born.

Harley and Mary bought a farm in the Haynes district in 1965. Their second son, Ed, was born in June of 1966. They farmed in the Haynes district until 1978 when they sold out and bought the Morris Schnepf estate in the Stanton District.

The Michael children have been members of the East Lacombe and the Alix Beef Clubs for some years winning public speaking awards as well as judging and showmanship awards. The boys play hockey with the Alix Minor Hockey Association. They are also members of the Haynes Boy Scouts.

In 1975 Ken was awarded the Alberta Junior Citizen of the Year Award for his actions in taking care of his mother and his brother and his sister after an automobile accident in which his mother was seriously injured.

In 1981 Ed was awarded the Alberta most valuable player award on the Alix Bantam Hockey team which played in the Central Alberta Bantam "C" League.

Brenda attended the Rural Seminar in Edmonton and was fortunate to win the Rotary Club Scholarship which is to be applied to any College or University.

The Michael family enjoy taking an active part in community affairs.

Editor's Comment: In his story H.M. has downplayed his own part in many community activities. To mention a few, he has served on the Board of Directors of the following organizations; Canadian Boy Scouts, Central Alberta Agricultural Society, Independent Order of Foresters. In 1980 Harley Michael became the first president of H.O.P.E. (Heatburg Organization for Protection of the Environment) and has been working very hard to preserve Agricultural farm land for agricultural purposes.

Wilfrid John (Bud) and Hazel Michael — by Hazel Michael

My parents, Tom and Fern (Deen) Ralston, came to Canada with their respective families in 1906, the Deens from Iowa, and the Ralstons from Scotland. Mom and Dad have lived in the Alix and Haynes districts for most of their lives, and are still making their home in Alix. They celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary in 1980.

I was born at Alix and we lived on a farm south of town until I was eight years old, when we moved to a farm east of Haynes. My brother, Bill, and I started school at Carradale; Miss Mary Rasmussen was the teacher. The pupils were our cousins, Rita and Walter Deen, Uncle Cliff's children; Louella Walker, and Bill and me. When the Schafers moved here the school population almost doubled as Arthur, Albert, Esther and Willie joined us in what really was a 'little red schoolhouse'. It was covered with tin, painted red.

We loved our teacher, and I can remember going home from school with her when Mom and Dad were away. Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen were very kind, and Mrs. Rasmussen made such good things to eat.

Mrs. Stone occasionally looked after us too. Grandpa Stone would go to the creek just over the hill from the house and bring back clay. Then he showed us how to make marbles, and Mrs. Stone baked them in the oven until they were dry and hard.

Mom and Dad didn't go out very often, and when they did go we usually went too. Probably the last time they took us to a dance was one evening when we were quite young. They were tripping the light fantastic and we were perched, like two young birds, side by side on a bench. A lovely lady, in what was undoubtedly the latest style, came and sat beside us. Bill started to bellow and I, who always followed his lead, started roaring too. I didn't know why, but if Bill was in distress, then so was I. We continued to yell for some time, but it wasn't until the next day that Bill enlightened us with an explanation. He was all right, he

said, till that lady in the nightgown came and sat beside him. Perhaps that is the reason we didn't go very often.

We always seemed to have lots of company, relatives and friends coming and going all of the time. Mostly I remember music — Mom at the piano, Uncle Art and Uncle Gene played the violins, everyone sang. There were harmonicas and jew's harps and kazoos, (what lovely gifts these were at Christmas time). Then there was tissue paper on a comb, (tickles the upper lip), and spoons make good percussion instruments. But always there were songs and laughter, and fortunately these were free.

I had dolls. My mother rode on horseback for miles selling subscriptions to the Ladies' Home Journal to get me a Shirley Temple doll. If I still had her she would be worth $250 to $300. Today Shirley Temple dolls are collectables. Unhappily my Shirley had an accident; my baby sister loved her to pieces.

Jack Nixon and Ernie Cameron, two bachelor friends, would come to visit and play cards, sometimes playing so late that they would stay all night. One such occasion was a Saturday night prior to Easter Sunday. Mom dyed hard boiled eggs and hid them in the barn and sheds, and come Easter morning Jack searched just as enthusiastically as Bill and I for the colored eggs.

One time, when Jack was going to Calgary, he asked me what he could bring to me from the city. After due deliberation I told him that I would really like to have a teddy bear. Now it was spring and teddy bears were out of season, for toys were in evidence only at Christmas in those days. Jack went to a large department store and said he had to have a teddy bear, or risk disappointing a little girl. The store had a heart, and also had teddies in storage, and, at great inconvenience to many of their staff, they dug out a magnificent specimen of bearhood. He was the most beautiful plushy golden teddy bear, and we lived happily ever after.

As I mentioned, we moved when I was about eight years old and I didn't come back to Alix till I was sixteen. Then I came to work at the Creamery, wrapping butter. On that assembly line I remember Betty Sanderson, Jean Marshall, and the Naslund girls. Harry Price was the manager. Jean and I boarded at Mrs. Myrtle Findlater's house.

I went to the Olds School of Agriculture for the two-year course, graduating in 1948. I met many new people and enjoyed myself immensely. Eve Allan, Norah Fewkes, and the Cormack boys were there at that time. We all agreed that it was a great place to spend the winter.

I worked once again at the Creamery in 1949-1950, this time in the office. Okie Lundberg was the manager. George Neal was office manager, and Althea Tarzwell and Mary Lyle worked in the office too. I stayed with "Mom" Housen. Our family there, was comprised of Theresa Beingessner, Ben Woolgar, and Don McKinnon.

In 1950 I married Bud Michael. The Michael family came from Saskatchewan in 1946 to a farm west of Haynes. Bud was born and educated in Saskatchewan. He played hockey for Alix during the winter of 1947-48. He went to work for Imperial Pipeline in Redwater in 1949. We lived in Redwater until 1956, when we moved to Carnduff, Sask. We moved from there in 1964 to Estevan, Sask. We stayed in Estevan until 1974, when we bought the corner store and house in Alix from Glen and Edith Rouse, and we moved back to Alix. I ran the store from 1975 to 1979, while Bud worked, and continues to work, as a construction inspector for Dome Petroleum.

In the spring of 1979 we purchased what is often called "the old Parlby House", Manadon, from Philip and Ann Hunt. We moved here in July of that year. We sold the store to Brent and Lorraine Macdonald, and they took over in September, 1979, leaving us free to devote our time to our house and yard.

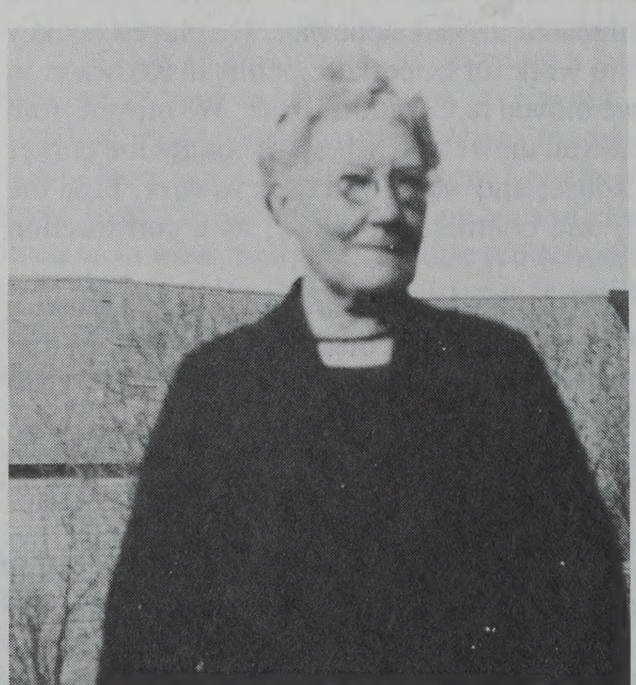
Our family consists of Patrick and his wife, Jan, living in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, where he is Clerk of the Legislature, and Jan is a CBC news reporter. Rae Marie, our oldest daughter, has been travelling and working in India and Australia for the past two years. We expect her home this summer of 1981. Laurie has lived and worked in Red Deer since graduating from M.A.C.C. High School in Alix; and Clary, who graduated in 1980, is at home.

Country living agrees with us, who are always farmers at heart. We are presently trying to restore the yard to some semblance of the beauty we read about in the time of Mrs. Walter Parlby. When we first came we had the carragana hedges removed, and when tidying

up, removing roots and debris, I found old jam cans and tobacco tins with holes punctured in the bottom. At first I assumed these had been used as plant pots. However, after reading "Perennials and Politics", Mrs. Cormack's book about Irene Parlby, I found out their real purpose. Mrs. Parlby had sunk the tins in the flower borders and filled them with water to keep her plants alive and thriving in times of drought. This very practical idea appeals to me and I plan to adopt it, my only regret being that the original cans went to the dump. They could have served me as they served Mrs. Parlby so many years ago.

When we first came to look at Manadon I went from window to window, enjoying the varying views. (I didn't think to ask about plumbing or the wiring or other important concerns.) I only knew that this was where I wanted to live. Fortunately Bud felt the same way, and we hope to continue to enjoy the views for many years to come.

Mitchell Home. L-R — Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sanderson, Edna (standing), St. Elmo, Isa (Sanderson) Mitchell, Allan Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Mitchell. The latter couple came to Canada in a sailing ship.



Mrs. Annie Mitchell, affectionately called Granny Mitchell.

Francis Robert Mitchell — by Mary Sanderson

Francis Robert Mitchell came from Preston, Minnesota. He brought with him as well as household effects a line of race horses, but unfortunately they all died in this west country. He homesteaded west of Alix, and later moved into town. There he had a machine shop — Massey — on the west side of Main Street, in the neighborhood of the present Lymbery Garage.

Mr. Mitchell died March 22nd, 1920 at the age of 63, and his widow, Mrs. Annie Mitchell, lived alone in their home across from the north end of the school. She was a faithful worked for her church, the Presbyterian, and was known lovingly as "Grandma Mitchell" to all until her death on Aug. 27th, 1944 at the age of 87.

Their only son, Allan, married Isa Sanderson and they and their three children, Victor, Annabell, and Frank, lived in Clive for a number of years before moving to Calgary.

Mr. F. R. Mitchell was Mayor of Alix from Jan. 31, 1910 to Dec. 15th, 1912.

George Mortimer — by Ray Mortimer

George Mortimer was born in Calgary and his wife was born in Lamont. They were married in Wetaskiwin in 1919.

"Father" worked for Pat Burns at Gleichen where the four oldest children were born. The family lived in Leduc, Bashaw, Mirror and ended up in Alix in 1941.

They lived on a farm owned by Bob Wilson where Darryl McDermand lives now. Some years later they moved to Alix where George worked in the Meat Market. Afterwards he worked for the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

Mother passed away in 1955, Father in 1971.

B. D. and Molly Nielsen, Since 1974 — by Molly Nielsen

In 1974 B.D. sold all his land to our son, Jack. Molly kept her land that B.D. gave her. It is called the Bruce Place.

B. D. and Molly Nielsen — January, 1981. (B. D. Nielsen passed away June 22, 1981.)

B.D. sold some of his herd to our three children, Jack B. Nielsen, Ellen Mueller, and Eloise Collinge. The remainder of his herd was kept on shares with our son, and it was a happy partnership. We are grateful to Jack's wife, Shirley Nielsen, for keeping the books and keeping track of which was whose. B.D. spent many hours counting and watching the herd, and was pleased with the size of the calves, and with the pasture.

In November of 1979 B.D. sold most of his herd at the Lacombe Auction Mart, and they sold well. We were pleased that many were bought for breeding stock by farms where we knew they would be well-treated. Thus ended almost sixty years as a stockman for B.D. He always liked cattle, and could tell the life history of each one. We were able to attend the auction. B.D. still had a few cattle in the feed lot. The last ones were sold in 1980.

Now we are retired. Our past three winters have been spent in Lacombe Senior Citizens' Lodge, as the doctors advised us to be close to the hospital in winter on account of B.D.'s poor health. It is a good place to be, when we can't be in our own home. We truly get tender loving care in a friendly atmosphere.

Each spring or summer we have been able to return to the farm. We enjoy seeing all our grandchildren grow. B.D. likes the short drives we take to Alix and around the farm and district. Last summer it was interesting to watch the local road work.

On one occasion, when we took B.D. to Edmonton for a checkup, the Doctor said, "Well, if it isn't that Old Pig Farmer from Alix." B.D. said, "How did you know?" The Doctor had been a farm boy, and a relative of his knew about B.D. It's a small world after all.

When we are home in summer we generally attend the Tees Amateur Rodeo and the Alix Citizens' Day, and always meet friends old and new.

We now have nine grandchildren. The three youngest are: Jason Walter Nielsen, born March 27, 1974; Clark Edward Collinge, born June 3, 1975, and Steven James Nielsen, born March 18, 1979.

A. M. B. and Anna Marie Olsen — by Sevilla (Olsen) Tunheim

Dad's name was Anton Marius Bang Olsen. 'Bang' did not sound the same in Danish as it does in English, so Dad had it changed to Bernard. Dad and Mom were both born in Allborg, Jutland, Denmark, in 1880, Dad on October 28, and Mom on December 1.

Dad was a sailor in his younger days, and also worked on farms. At one time, where working, he was made to sleep in a drafty cold place, and he caught pneumonia. The Doctor had to saw his rib to get at his lung. Dad bit the nurse's finger because he was in such great pain. The Doctor could not give him any anaesthetic. Dad recovered.

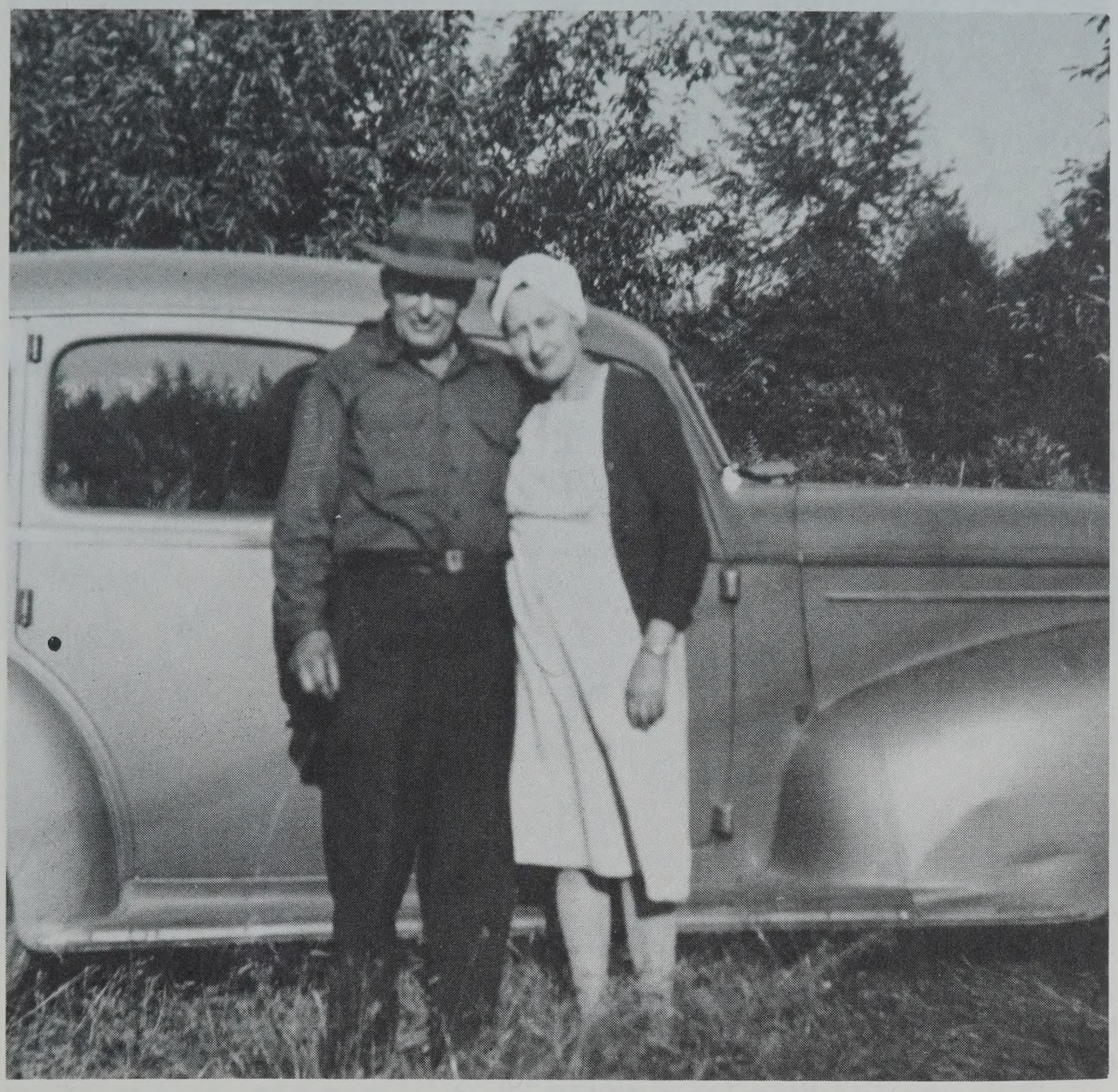
Mom was a milk-maid, milking twenty cows twice a day. She walked many miles to and from her work. They were married in 1901. Since Dad had to serve time in the army he was not home very much at first. Mary was born on January 23rd, 1902, and Ellen on December 25th, 1904.

Our Grandmother was over here and she coaxed the folks into coming over. Dad and Mom, Mary and Ellen, came over here in April, 1905. Mom's grandmother came wth them as she wanted to see her daughters. Some were living in Racine, Wisconsin, and she never saw them. She saw her daughter, Mrs. Kate Shuell, at Alix, but preferred to live with Mom and Dad. She was an uncomplaining old lady, and was a great comfort to Mom. She died the winter of 1910-1911. Dad's father was with us too. He could not speak English so we all spoke Danish. We learned most of our English in school and from visitors. Mom and Dad learned English quickly. It was harder for Mom because she was at home with the kids all the time. I am glad we learned to speak Danish then, because we were able to talk to Grandpa which helped him to feel less lonely.

Dad took a steam-engineering course through the I.C.S. company in Scranton, Penn. He learned to read and write English from them, and it kept him out of the front lines when he went overseas in 1916. He ran a steam engine in a lumber camp over there.

Dad ran the old brickyard at Lacombe for awhile. While he was there a man whose name I forget forged Dad's name, and left him having to pay the money.

Dad worked for Mr. Morrical and the Morricals were good to us, just as a great number of people were. People had to get up early in the morning to feed the horses and



"Bang" or Ben Olsen and Mountene (Shuell) Lanway.

harness them so they'd be ready when the men had had their breakfasts. Some small part of the huge fields I've seen were likely worked on by my Dad.

The first winter the folks were here, 1905-1906, was mild, but the second winter was very cold with lots of snow. When Dad was hauling wood, sometimes the teams would get off the road. They had to be unhitched before they could get back on the road again.

Dad had filed on a homestead near Alix, the SE¼ 32-39-23-W4th. It was here I was born in 1907, with Mrs. George Nielsen attending Mom. I was named Sevilla after her daughter. I am fairly hale and hearty at seventy-four years.

We moved to Vegreville in April of 1912. Because Dad had filed on the homestead in the Alix district he could not take up one in Vegreville, but Grandpa could, and did. So Dad came up by train to Vegreville, and by sleigh from there, to get a house built for us. There were lots of logs to build with. The neighbors helped, and we had a good-sized house when we moved up in April, 1912. We came by wagon and sleigh from Vegreville, bringing our stoves, tables, and dressers. Some of these things are still in use. We were happy to have a new house to move into when we came to the end of the trip. I think we had some stock along. I was only five years old, but can remember a great deal about it all.

When we got settled Dad began freighting groceries for a storekeeper at Abilene, Alberta. It would take him a week to make a round trip, but it gave us groceries. We got our mail at the store for a long time. Then Dad hauled the mail for awhile. The next year, 1913, my mother had to go down to Lacombe with Dad when he went down to work, because Hazel was soon to be born. So Mom had to leave us three older children with Grandpa, and it must have been a worry. Our neighbors, the Johnsons, kept an eye on us. Mother took

Christmas, 1954. Ben and Marie Olsen (parents of Sevilla (Olsen) Tunheim.

Annie, who had been born on August 9th, 1910, with her. We were happy when they came back again. There were no doctors here at that time. At any rate they were a long ways away and the roads were poor.

There was a school about one and a half miles from our place, but it was only open until Christmas, when it was closed till spring. It was hard to get teachers to come out to teach in the bush.

Dad had been told that the railroad would be coming in right away, but the war that began in 1914 changed that. We did not get it until 1921.

Dad went overseas in the fall of 1916, and we were alone. To complicate things, Mom realized there was a baby on the way, and she took it in her stride. The winter passed by and it was spring again. Mom had to go down to Vegreville and leave us children in the care of our neighbor, Mrs. Jim McDonald, and Grandad. It must have been quite a worry for them. Poor Mom was frantic, as she had to stay at Vegreville so long. Finally our sister Bernice was born on July 3rd, 1917, and Mom was able to come home.

One bright spot in the first year that Dad was away was that we bought an Edison phonograph with cylinder records. We had many visitors, because there were only a few of the phonographs in the country. Mom sang a lot when she learned the songs from the machine.

The next winter went by very much the same as the first, and then it was spring and the garden had to go in and the spuds had to be planted. There was always plenty to do. Then it was November 11th, and the war was over. Everybody was relieved and happy. It took a long time before the soldiers came home. Dad did not get home until the spring of 1919. It was a wonderful thing to have him back.

In the fall of 1918 the flu hit us. We took in a couple of bachelors so that others would not catch it. Soon we were all well again, without anyone dying. Down south by the river a great many died.

Both Mom and Dad had a great sense of humor. Dad was a secretary for the School Board, the U.F.A., and the Livestock Co-op.

My brother, Wilfred Raymond, was born March 15, 1921. After so many girls it was a wonderful thing to finally have a boy. He grew up to be a six-footer. He went overseas during the Second World War, and came back again with a wife and a little girl.

After Dad went Mom spent her winters in Penticton with my sister Mary and George, but her summers in Edmonton with my sister Bernice and Louis. Part of the summer she was in her house on Hazel and Hjalmar's place. She had an enlarged heart that finally caused her death in an Edmonton hospital in May of 1966.

Buffalo Lake. Fishing. 1949. Very cold. Sevilla (Olsen) Tunheim (with back to camera) and some of her family. The two boys seated are Mickey and Ray Mortimer.

George Alexander Hall Parlby — by Jean A. Bigelow

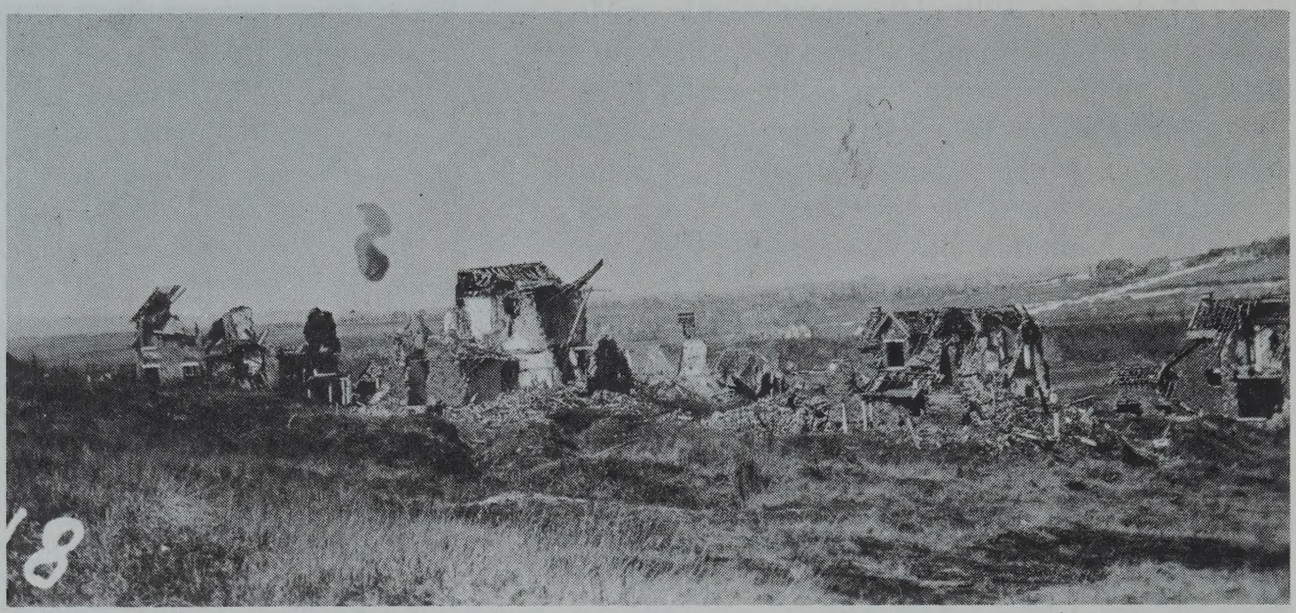
George Alexander Hall Parlby was born in the old log house on Long Valley Ranch on March 12th, 1898, the first white baby born in the district. His older brother, John, was born on my uncle's ranch near Red Deer. There were no doctors nearer than Red Deer, and my father drove six miles over drifting, snowy roads to fetch the woman who was to attend my mother.

John and Alec went to the Alix School for several years, riding the four miles on their ponies. They would stop at Arthur Wright's place to warm up. The boys were then sent to the Western Canada College in Calgary as boarders, returning home for holidays until 1916, when they stayed home to look after the ranch while my parents and I were in California for the winter.

Alec joined the 191st Battalion in the summer of 1916, and went overseas in the spring of 1917. He was declared "missing" at the Battle of Lens, August 21st, 1917.

My parents received many letters from men who were in the same battle, saying they thought he must have been taken prisoner by the Germans when the Canadians had been forced to retreat. A cousin, Brigadier General Sir Percy Radcliffe, who was Chief of Staff to General Currie, went down into the trenches to interview the soldiers in hopes of shedding fresh light on what had happened to Alec. The letter he wrote my mother states that the troops had to fall back so quickly there was no time to pick up the wounded.

For two years a search was made through the Swiss Red Cross and other sources in hopes that some trace of him would be found. Mrs. Blanche Allen of Elgin, Scotland, whose cousin, Princess Dolgorouki, was a great friend of the King of Spain, asked the King if he would enquire through the prisoner of war camps in Germany if there was any trace of Alec. A photo of Alec was sent to the King, who returned it saying he could find no one of that name in any of the prisoner of war camps.



A. H. Parlby was killed in action within a few yards of this place near Lens in France, Aug. 25, 1917.

4th Platoon Draft. 191st C.E.F. at Calgary about 1916. Alex Parlby, Alix, 3rd row, 3rd from left. Ulric Marryat, Alix, 3rd row, 3rd from right. Fosbury, Alix, beside A. Parlby, 4th from left. Ronald McDonnell, Alix and Mirror front row, 4th from left. David McDonald, of Lacombe Nurseries, back row, 5th from left.

Two years after Alec was declared missing my mother met the mother of one of the men, S. H. Frederick, who had told her that Alec had been so badly wounded he doubted he would have survived.

The Fred Pears Family — as told by Bernard Pears

Fred Pears came from England in 1903 with his wife and young son Fred Jr. He settled on a homestead in Saskatchewan near the town of Grayson. While farming there two more children were born, Olive and Bernard. In 1909 they moved to Edmonton where they lived for a short time, and where their youngest child, Millicent, was born in 1910.

The family then moved on to Alix in 1911, and while there they lived in four separate houses. Their father worked on the railroad on the section gang for a time, and also in the signal box. He also tried his hand at clerking in Panrucker's Store.

In the fall of 1918 the family went to Red Deer for two years, then on to Victoria, where Mr. Pears managed a fruit farm and did a lot of gardening until his passing in 1935. Mrs. Pears continued to live in Victoria until her death in 1941. Mr. and Mrs. Pears always raised a large garden, and Mrs. Pears was an avid knitter all her life.

The two older children, Fred and Olive, are now deceased. Bernard makes his home

on a farm northwest of Ponoka, and Millie is presently residing in the town of Cochrane, Alta.

The Claude Pemberton Family — by Margaret McLeod

Claude Pemberton came to Canada in 1902 and again in 1903, found the land he liked, and filed on a homestead. In the winter of 1903 he built a log cabin and Mother, my sister Cecile, and I came to Lacombe from Yates Center, Kansas, in March 1903.

We drove from Lacombe to Theodore Barritt's with all our possessions in a wagon, plus the shingles for the cabin. We stayed at Barritt's until the shingles were on, then went home. Edith and Ivy Carroll and their father and mother were at Barritt's too waiting for their house to be finished.

Father was a carpenter and during his life built many buildings around the country. He built the Ripley School which was one of the first schools in the country. Some of the pupils rode nine miles to come from around Buffalo Lake to school. Bert and Percy Tulloch, Robbie Scales, Hilmer and Pearl Sorum came the farthest. We would run up the hill and sit on the gate to watch them go by.

There are many buildings around the country built by our father. Many of them I was too young to remember, but some that I do know are Martin Sorum's house and barn, the old Gassnick house, Black and White Ranch at Nevis, houses for two Clark families at Erskine, Lennie Clark's house, the Bergner house, and many more.

Our house on the farm was built of native lumber. Logs were hauled up in winter and sawed into lumber in the spring, piled and dried till the next spring when the house was built (about 1910). When we sold the homestead to Giles Estell he moved the house and barn over to his farm. It is the house Imer Sorum lives in today. The last building my father built was the locker plant in Alix.

Glenn and Fred McGonigal and Paul Petzke started working with him when they were young, and went on to be carpenters themselves.

In the winter Dad hunted and trapped when it was too cold for carpenter work. He travelled many miles on his skis or snowshoes. The grease scraped from the hides was kept for making soap. I remember Mrs. Theodore Barritt and Mother making soap and boiling it in a big iron kettle outside. Later on Dad got fox-hounds and wolf-hounds, and he and the Sorums went coyote hunting in the winter.

Now back to the rest of the family. Harold and Ella were born in the little log cabin, as many of the pioneer children were, with only father and a neighbor woman to help. The closest doctor was at Lacombe, and with only trails for roads, he was often met and sent back as a baby was already born or some sick person had died.

The pioneer women were kept busy with looking after the family, milking the cows, making butter, raising chickens and gardens. Butter and eggs were traded at the store for groceries. Bread was made and all baking done at home. Clothes were sewn at home and washed on the scrub board. All very different from what it is today.

Cecile married Ian Kerr and had three children. She first lived at Nevis and later at Sylvan Lake. Their first little boy passed away as a small child. Kenneth lives in Edmonton and Kathleen in Cranbrook. Cecile lived with her for awhile, but passed away in Cranbrook.

Harold married Winnifred Mann and lived in Drumheller. They moved to Vernon when he retired and he passed away there. They had two daughters, Noreen and Nelia.

Ella married Alton Jewell and they lived near Elnora. Alton was killed in a car accident. Ella lives there yet, and her son, Bud, bought the farm and lives in a trailer close by. They had four sons, Daniel, Bud (William), Robert, and Donald.

Margaret married Francis McLeod and lived in Mirror until 1958 when the C.N.R. car department moved to Edmonton. We moved to Edmonton and I still live here. We had three children, Donald, Robert, and Mary Joyce.

The Home Where I Was Born — by Ella Jane Jewell
(from "Gems" — by permission)

The home where I was born was made of logs.
One room, with outside walls rough hewn and gray,

Logs neatly notched and fitted at the corners
With just an axe. It stood for many a day,
And it was snug and warm the way Dad made it.
He had few tools, but did his work with good intent.
Moss, mixed with clay, was packed in crack and crevice
And hardened to a substance like cement
That kept the cruel cold winds outside throughout the winter.
Close by the north wall, rough with the axe marks Father made,
He planted trees, wild cherry, with drifts of white and fragrant blossoms
That turned to ruby colored fruit in summer's shade.
In summer too wild roses bloomed 'neath tiny windows
That let the little squares of sunshine light the floor
Where four small children laughed and played together,
So very happy that we couldn't ask for more.
It wasn't much, compared with modern standards,
Crowded and small, and made of peeled logs, gray,
But it held more perhaps of joy, security and loving
Than any mansion you can show me today.

The Pemberton Story — "Things I Remember" — by Ella Jane Jewell

I was the youngest of the Pemberton family. My sister Margaret has written the story of our family and there isn't much that I can add, just bits and pieces of a happy childhood and memories of what I will always think of as "the good old days".

I was born on the homestead in a little one-roomed log cabin. Only Mom and Dad were there to welcome me, the other children had been rushed over to the neighbor's and the doctor was far away at Lacombe, and I didn't intend to wait two days for him.

The picture of our little home is on page 582 of the book "Pioneers and Progress". I remember it well. Dad made it of poplar logs, notched and fitted at the corners. Cracks between the logs were filled with a mixture of clay and moss from muskrat houses. The inside walls were papered with newspapers, over and over again. Mother never put a paper on upside down. They were neat and straight, and every page was right side up. The floor was of poplar boards, and as the soft wood was worn away the brown knots stood in little raised bumps. At first there was only wood to burn, and on very cold nights the water froze in the pail. Dad kept a little hatchet to break the ice when he filled the tea kettle after starting the fire in the morning. Since the room was small it was soon warm, and we jumped out of bed and put on long underwear, hand knit woolen stockings, and all the warm things that kids needed in those days. After we got our horses Dad made a long trip to a coal mine by the Red Deer River, and the fire was banked at night with coal. We still used wood during the day.

Dad had a big garden and sold vegetables to the workers who made the railroad bridge over the Red Deer River. He got our first cow with the money, and all of our milk cows in later years were the daughters and granddaughters of that cow.

The first horses we had were raised on the range and had never been touched until they were caught and sold. Time and patience were needed to tame and break them. They were willing workers but they loved to run and they could never be trusted. Eventually Dad got a quiet little pony and a buggy so that Mother could take the butter and eggs to the store. Eggs were taken to town in a clean milk pail filled with oats. Butter and eggs were traded for groceries.

The first store I remember was the old trading post at Lamerton. There were long tables of rough boards with the bark still on the edges. They were stacked high with woolen blankets that were traded to the Indians for furs. Other tables held bright cotton print, and there were shelves of cooking utensils and groceries. One day when we went to town we found something new. One rough table was covered with china, and Mother bought several very pretty pieces. They were made in Bavaria and were decorated with pink roses. That was more than seventy years ago and I still have the syrup pitcher.

When I was about four years old Dad, Mother, and all four of us kids went to the Alix Fair. I think it was the first one. Like everyone else we went in the big farm wagon, took our

lunch, and spent the day. There were exhibits of baking, canning and sewing for the ladies to admire. For the men it was grain and livestock, and for the children the most wonderful thing we had ever seen, a Merry-Go-Round with little prancing wooden horses and music. Later in the day there were horse races around a track with no fence. One horse left the track, and, before it could be brought under control, I was knocked down. Mother snatched me from underneath it, and I wasn't hurt, but I remember to this day how frightened I was.

In my early childhood the Indians roamed around and camped on any vacant land. They always sat flat in the wagon box, all had long braids, and regardless of weather I can't remember seeing them without red plaid woolen blankets wrapped around their shoulders. They drove small, hungry-looking ponies, and an assortment of scrawny loose ponies and half-starved dogs followed the wagon. The children always looked well fed and chubby. Dad would visit with them when he saw their camps as he hunted around the country. They never bothered his trap line but considered him a friend. He came home one day and told me he had seen a little girl just my size eating a boiled muskrat. It didn't sound good to me.

Dad had a pair of hand made Indian snowshoes that he wore in winter when following his trap line. The frames were white wood and they were pointed at the front and turned up. These frames were filled with an intricate network of raw hide woven into a fine mesh that kept them from sinking in deep loose snow. A strap much like those on skiis held them to his feet. It must have taken many hours of careful and painstaking work to make them. They were light in weight.

With no radios or T.V.s everyone read for pastime. Good story books were not expensive and were common Christmas and Birthday presents. We spent many evenings around the kitchen table, playing games or making scrap books, or perhaps we sewed for our dolls. Mom knitted or sewed and Dad read aloud. The first book I remember him reading was Anne of Green Gables, and it ran as a serial in our weekly farm paper. Around 1912 Dad got a phonograph with little cylinder records about the size of soup tins. It had a big black horn trimmed with red roses. When company came every one sat quietly and listened. We thought it was a wonderful invention.

The whole district crowded into the little school house for the big event of the year, the concert at Christmas. The tree was beautiful with strings of popcorn and cranberries. Real little candles sat in tiny tin candle holders that fastened to branches much like a spring clothes pin. I've never forgotten the smell of warm pine needles. Some of the men stood near in case of fire, and after the program was over Santa came with presents and little bags of candy, nuts and oranges. The room was lighted with coal oil lamps and lanterns.

Every fall an order was sent from the Catalogue to a far away store. In due time a big wooden box arrived but it usually wasn't opened until after we children were in bed. No doubt it contained the fur trimmed bedroom slippers that we always got for Christmas. Santa Claus got all the credit, but the real heroes were Mom, Dad, and the T. Eaton Co. A common item to come out of the box was four-buckled overshoes for the whole family. At first all of our shoes and ready-made clothing came from the Catalogue.

Pioneer wives were too busy to waste time feeling sorry for themselves. One of their duties was soap making. Any kind of fat would make soap. Some people used canned lye, but if they didn't have any they stirred wood ashes in a wooden barrel of rain water, and after setting for a time the water was the same as water containing lye. The fat and lye water were boiled together. I don't know if they used a recipe or if they just made it. If not boiled enough it would just take a longer period of time to harden and cure. I remember it took a lot of stirring as it boiled over quickly. When the boiling process was done the soap was poured, after cooling a bit, into a wooden box lined with cloth. After a few days it was cut into bars and stored for future use with the old corrugated wash board. It was hard on hands but it turned out white clean clothes.

One warm summer day I watched Mom make jelly glasses from empty bottles. Dad had picked them up from the railroad camp. String soaked in coal oil was tied around them and lit with a match, and as soon as the fire burned around it the bottle was dropped into a tub full of cold water. Most of them broke off neatly and were used for years. Of course care was needed to wash and dry them, but Mom did that chore herself. We were trusted with the other dishes, and any little girl old enough to stand on a chair by the table was old enough to help.

Before Mom had sealers for canning they dried saskatoons. They were tough and seedy, but people boiled them; discarded the berries, and used the juice. Dried peaches and prunes could be bought, but usually only a couple of trips were made to town in a year, and several days were needed for the long trip to Lacombe. Money was scarce and saskatoons were plentiful, so pioneers used whatever was available.

Until a garden could be grown, big white Sharp-tailed Grouse, Ruffed Grouse, and rabbits were the main part of the diet of early homesteaders. They were with us at all seasons, and in summer and fall there were ducks. No doubt it got a bit monotonous, but no one starved.

One of my early memories is of an afternoon spent in Colonel Marryat's lovely flower garden. I wasn't old enough to go to school, and the columbines were as tall as I was. There were little gravel paths edged with stones, and I remember Sheila telling me how her father hauled them from the lake and that the flower seeds came from England. It was the first beautiful flower garden I had ever seen, and I was delighted when we were given little seedling plants and went home to start a flower garden of our own. The flowers I saw that day are still favorites and are in my garden.

How I envied the girls old enough to be "Camp Fire Girls" when Sheila Marryat and Jean Reed started the girls' club. Many of the meetings were held in our home as it was centrally located. Sheila was a lovely girl and always found time to say a few kind words to me.

Years passed and the time of the depression, known as the "Dirty Thirties" arrived. People who had lived through pioneer homesteading had already learned how to "make over, made do, and do without", and even though times were hard they managed to keep the family filled and covered. We didn't feel "depressed". Neighbors visited and helped each other, and we made our own good times. No one tried, or was expected to, "live up to the Jones's". During the early Thirties I lived west of Mirror and could see the trains going by. No matter which way the train went there were men sitting on the tops of box cars, going somewhere looking for work. I have counted as many as thirty on one freight train.

There were empty caboose cars on a short side track behind the round house where the men could stay while enquiring for work. It was less than a half-mile to our house, and scarcely a day passed without a hungry man knocking on our door. I didn't have much to give, but they were happy to get home-made bread and butter, eggs, potatoes and milk. Eggs were only six cents a dozen anyway, so I gave them away. Every lard pail that I gave them milk in, and every saucer used to carry butter, was washed and returned. One man even borrowed my scissors. He told me there was a barber in the group who would give them free hair cuts if they could find some scissors. In a short time he was back, and when he handed me the scissors he said, "We might be broke but we still try to keep clean and neat". He had a very good hair cut. All of the men were very polite, and we never had anything taken. I've often wondered how they made out. So many were just boys, no more than sixteen, most of them from Saskatchewan.

In 1927 I married Alton Jewell and we spent a few years farming. Then my husband started working for the Department of Highways. He worked on Highway 21 when it was changed from an old wagon trail to a gravelled Highway. He worked with a grader for years, then when the road was hard-surfaced he drove a truck. Altogether he worked on the road for thirty-seven years, many years as foreman, before he retired. A few months later he was killed in an accident in 1970 on the road he had helped to build so many years ago. In 1941 we bought a farm in the Elnora District, and I still live on it.

Our second son William — known as Bud — has taken over the farm and has the same job that his father had for so many years. Our first son, Daniel, is an electrician in California. The third son Robert lives near Pine Lake and runs a grader for the County of Red Deer. The youngest son, Donald, is a rig manager with an oil drilling company.

Lantern Light — by Ella Jane Jewell
(from "Gems" by permission)

I well remember lantern shadows on the snow,
And how our short and chubby legs would shorter grow;
And I remember how with lantern's swing the plumpness wilts,

Leaving our long distorted bodies high on stilts.
But with a different swing, and many a childish caper,
Leg shadows looked like scissors, snipping at paper.
And just by stepping here and there, and making lanterns swing,
We could be short, we could be tall, or almost anything.
A coyote howling in the dark was not a thing to fear,
For we were brave and very tall with just a lantern near.
And no child on a homestead was afraid the darkest night,
With a giant for a shadow, and the friendly lantern light.

Evelyn and Percy Peterman — by Catherine M. Anderson (nee Peterman)

My parents, Evelyn and Percy Peterman, came to the Alix district in the spring of 1929. They farmed on Land No. N.W. 35-39-22, rented from Rennie Vanderbourgh and Victor Goddries. This was when the depression hit, so for a number of years they rented it by paying the taxes, then for a portion of the crop. In those days the farmers would work out the taxes by putting a team of horses and a slip on the road, to build the roads or repair them. My folks were on this place for eleven years.

Evelyn was my step-mother, but a real mother to me, and had been my mother since I was nine years old. She was a California school teacher, and real English. The neighbors had lots of fun with her for she had never been on a farm before and was a real green-horn, but she was a jolly sort and became a real friend to all the neighbors.

I had been going to school in California, but in 1930 I was homesick to see my father and mother. My father always tried to do his best for me in his trying years, and had me in a boarding school. I came home in August of 1930. The first Sunday I was home there was a ball game over at Lewis Olson's, and my father was introducing "His daughter" to all the people around, and they couldn't believe he had a daughter sixteen years old. I went to school at Ripley, and also to Mirror High School.

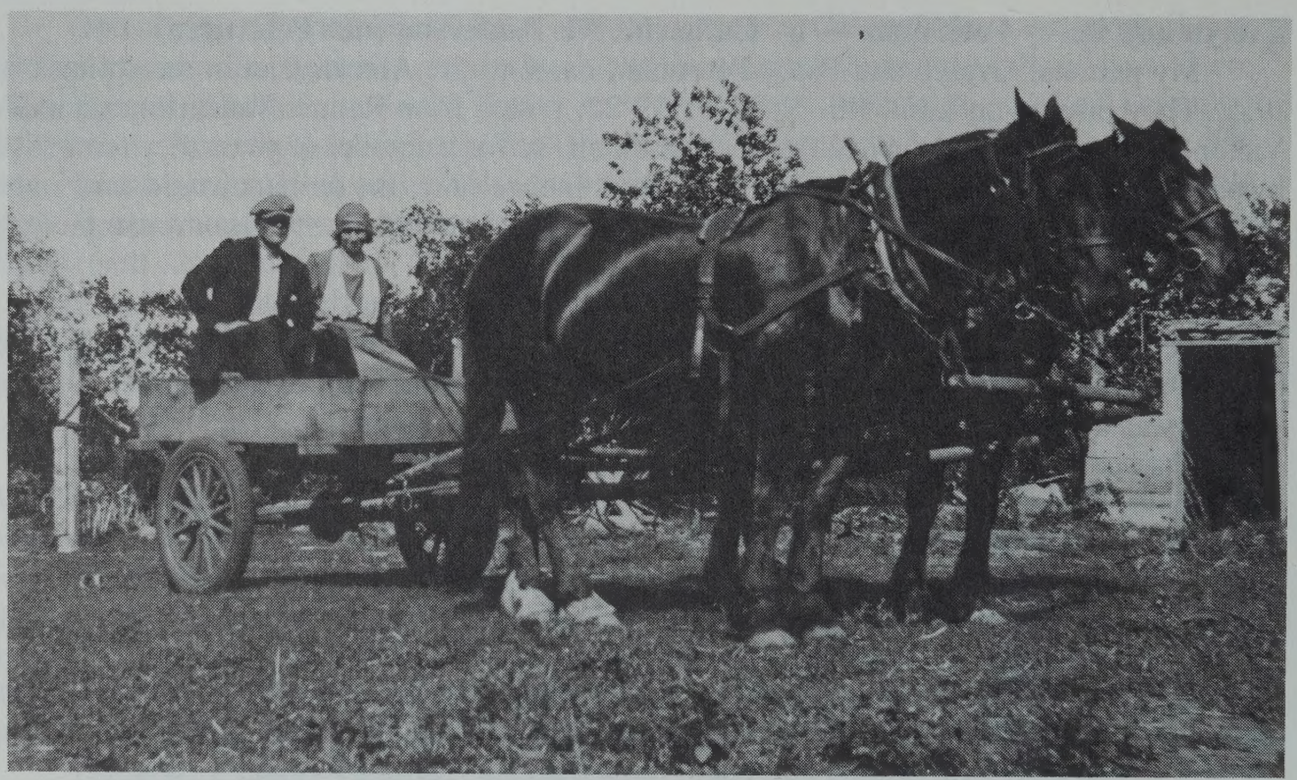
My intentions were to be a nurse; then my father took ill and I had to go home and help. "I was the hired man". Then he felt it wasn't fair for me to stay home so I went to work

Percy, Evelyn and Catherine Peterman, 1934.

in Bashaw to help out. I had been there only a short time when Mr. Dickinson, an old time friend of my father's from the Vulcan years of 1912-1915, came out to the farm to see if I'd come and work for him at the Bakery in Stettler. It was a hard decision to make, but I did accept. My father had said to me, "Catherine, if you turn that offer down you've made the biggest mistake of your life".

My father was quite right. A year later I married Dick Webster, the baker, and we had five children.

In August, 1940 my father passed away with a heart attack. Joseph Cowan, a



Evelyn and Percy Peterman in their home-made Bennett Buggy, 1932.

neighbor, tried for half an hour to revive him, but by the time the Doctor arrived he had passed on.

Mr. Wheeler, G. J. Estell, Bert Barritt, Joseph Cowan, and Mr. A. G. Dickinson were pall bearers. His remains were taken to Calgary for burial.

My mother then had a farm sale, October 5th, 1940, Harry Lynn being the auctioneer. In November, after all the business was settled, my mother returned to California. As she had a Life Teacher's Certificate she went back to college for six months and taught school up to 1970. Two years later she passed away.

The Petermans were active workers of the community during the eleven years they lived in the Ripley District.

The enclosed picture is one of the Bennett buggy my father had made as a means of transportation in the Dirty Thirties.

I was widowed in 1963, and in 1967 I married Joseph Anderson of the Scales District, and now live just five miles east of Stettler.

I might add that Mrs. Bea Parlby and I were confirmed at the same time by Rev. Griffith in 1932.

Grandma Primus' Hundredth Birthday — from The Lacombe Globe, May 16, 1979

Mrs. Alma Primus of the Lacombe Nursing Home was one hundred years old on May 16th, 1979. She celebrated the occasion with about fifty friends and relatives at the Lacombe Legion Hall on Sunday, May 13th, 1979.

Mrs. Primus (nee Pohlman) was born in Grand Island, Nebraska. As a girl of fourteen she moved with her family to Oregon, and in 1895 she married Dietrich Primus. In 1902 she and her husband and three children arrived in Lacombe by train, and they travelled by horses and wagon to their homestead in the Alix district. (See the account in "Pioneers and

Grandma Primus on her 100th birthday, with Bobby Bulmer, Jeffrey Lund, and Jason Hancock, descendants.

Progress" commencing on Page 699.) In 1919 they moved into Alix, and Mr. Primus passed away in 1938.

Mrs. Primus lived alone, did her housework and gardening until moving to the Lacombe Nursing Home in 1977. She was active in Women's Institute work, and loved to play bridge.

Mrs. Alma Primus passed away August 14th, 1979.

Lorenz (Lou) Primus

I arrived in Canada by train in 1902 as a babe in arms, with my parents Dick and Alma Primus. We travelled by wagon from Lacombe to our homestead a mile west of the present Stanton School-house.

In 1906 my Dad purchased land three miles to the east in order to be closer to school. I started to school in Alix in 1907 when I was six years old, and had to walk the three miles until I was old enough to ride a pony.

Dad and Mother moved into Alix in 1919, and I took over part of the farm.

I married Alice Cundiff in 1923 and we farmed until 1942 when we gave an auction sale and moved into Alix. I started with the P.F.R.A. and stayed until 1956 when I transferred to the Alberta Department of Water Resources, and worked with them till my retirement.

We have two sons, Floyd and Carl. Carl married Grace Gray and Floyd married Helen Gray. Floyd and Helen have three daughters, Pamela, Cindy Lou, and Candace. Pamela married Dennis Hancock; they have one son, Jason Patrick Bryant Hancock. Cindy Lou married Eldon Lund; they have one son, Jeffrey Michael Primus Lund. Candace is still at home.

Alice and I retired in Edmonton, and the boys and their families all live in Edmonton. Floyd and Carl both work for the Provincial Department of the Environment.

The Alger Ramsay Family — by Shirley Ramsay

Alger Ray Ramsay, son of Ray and Marion Ramsay, was born in the "Nurse Magle House" in Alix on October 12, 1937. He was raised on farms east of Alix, and attended the Carroll School until it closed, and then finished school in Alix. He attended S.A.I.T. and attained his Journeyman Heavy Duty Mechanic Certificate. The following year he received his Journeyman Welder's Certificate from N.A.I.T.

Shirley Fae Stewart, younger daughter of Fred and Viola Stewart, was born June 25th, 1938 in the farm home southeast of Haynes. I attended school at Hopedale, Stone, and Alix, graduating in 1956. In July of 1956 I worked at the Royal Bank in Alix. In June of 1957 I moved to Red Deer and worked for the Department of Highways, and continued there until the spring of 1959.

We were married in Red Deer in 1958, and in the spring of 1959 we bought a little trailer from Allyn Mann. Al worked for Mann Construction, and thus we travelled from Wabamun to Camrose, Red Deer, and Alsike, and came back to Alix in the winters.

We built our home and farm site east of Alix in 1962. We purchased the quarter-section adjoining ours from Aaron Metz in 1972. Al operated a Repair Shop, and then in 1965 he went into the Liquid Sulphur business. I worked for ten years for the Village of Alix as Recreation Director, first at part-time, and then full-time.

We have four children, Tammie, Terry, and the twins Bonnie and Bill. Tammie is a registered nurse, and has been employed at Wetaskiwin since graduation. Terry is attending Red Deer College in the faculty of Education, working towards her Bachelor's Degree. Bonnie is in Grade Ten at M.A.C.C. High School, Alix, and Bill is in Grade Ten at the Lacombe Composite High School.

Ray and Marion Ramsay — by Marion Ramsay

Albert Ray Ramsay was born at Lot 16, near Miscouche, Prince Edward Island, in 1902. He left the Island at the age of seventeen years and went to New Brunswick. His one ambition was to go west, and go west he did; and as Prince Edward Island is the 'home of the silver black fox industry' he came west to be Assistant on a silver fox ranch at Regina, Saskatchewan, where he remained for five years.

In December, 1925 he went to the Parkhill Silver Black Fox Ranch at Calgary, Alberta, and was there for five years. That was where he met his wife, the former Leah Marion Dorr. They were married in 1930 and came to Alix to live, and have lived here ever since. The later years have been spent in raising purebred Hereford cattle.

They also raised a son, Alger Ramsay of Alix, and a daughter, Mrs. Claudia McLellan of Edmonton.

I, Marion, was born in the city of Scranton, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. in 1906. At the age of four years we lived for a time in West Virginia, the beautiful 'South'. Father was also 'West' minded, as he had been 'Out West' a couple of times, so he finally persuaded my mother to come.

We were living in Elmira, New York, at the time, and the Armistice had just been signed. Dad came on ahead, and Mother and I came out on a troop train; we were the only women-folk on the train. I was thirteen years old. It took us five days to come from Toronto to Calgary. Calgary had only about 85,000 people at that time. Anyway, that is how I happen to be in the West, and how Ray and I became 'Westerners'.

Hulda Rhodes — by Ralph and Hannah Rhodes

Mrs. Hulda Rhodes moved to Alix in 1951 after the passing of her husband Mark Sr., at Athabasca in 1946.

Mother was born at Ida Grove, Iowa, Nov. 25, 1883, attended school there, and continued her education at Charles City College, Iowa, to obtain her teacher's certificate. She met Mark while teaching in South Dakota. He too was born in Iowa, at Grundy Centre, Feb. 7, 1879. The couple were married at Tyndall, South Dakota, Dec. 17, 1905. Dad filed on a homestead in 1908 at Beverley, Saskatchewan, near Swift Current. They built their own

home on the homestead in 1909. They built it well, as it was still being lived in at this time of writing in 1980.

When the dust storms of the early Twenties arrived they decided to move elsewhere. They settled in Los Angeles with their three sons, Walter, Ralph, and Jack, and Dad resumed his trade as a mason. Here a little girl, Jean, came to bless their home and be well taken care of by three big brothers. They did well here until the crash of 1929. Jobs became very scarce in California. They returned to Alberta, and eventually to Athabasca, where they purchased land and Dad worked as a fire ranger, patrolling the Athabasca River to supplement their income till the land was brushed and broken. Here they once again built their own home, and Dad declared they had made their last move.

The family were active in the Fairhaven School community north of the River, and many happy evenings were spent at the school when we and our families visited there. Cards and dances were the enjoyments in the winter, and ball games and picnics in summer.

After Dad's passing Mother decided to make her home nearer the boys at Alix. Here she lived happily among many good neighbors. There were always cookies in the jar for grandchildren and neighborhood children alike. She was "Grandma Rhodes" to them as well. There were always flowers in her yard for small fingers to pick.

She passed away on October 30th, 1971, but left us this:

"May there be just enough clouds in all your lives to make a beautiful sunset."

Charles and Henrietta Ritchie — by Henrietta Ritchie

Charles was born October 9th, 1895 at Owen Sound, Ontario. When he was two years old the family moved to Toronto, where he grew up. He was the youngest, and was only eight years old when his father, James Ritchie, passed away.

His father was a superannuated Dominion Officer and teacher. He married Margaret Ann Mitchell, daughter of Peter Mitchell, one of the Fathers of Confederation. James Ritchie never believed in owning a home, which caused a lot of hardships in keeping the family together after he passed away in 1903. The mother ran a nurse's registry and nursed part-time.

At fifteen years of age Charles was working for Loblaw's store. His schooling was limited, so he went to night school when possible. In his twenties he started coming west on

The Ritchie's fourth winter in Northern Saskatchewan. They had no horses so borrowed the neighbor's oxen to haul logs and firewood. Charlie driving with Bennie on the load, 1937-38.

excursions, and worked at many jobs in B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Around 1922 he came west and stayed. He and his brother, Bill, rented a farm from Newton Graham at D'Arcy, Saskatchewan from 1924 to 1927.

I was born July 6th, 1906 ten miles west of Dundurn, Saskatchewan. I met Charles Ritchie at D'Arcy on December 7th, 1923. We were married June 30th, 1926 in Saskatoon by Rev. Willy C. Clark at the Knox United Church manse.

On August 8th, 1927 we lost a bountiful crop to frost. We moved to the hamlet of D'Arcy and bought a house from Valentine Hill. Charlie had a mail route to Totness, drove a

Charlie and Henrietta Ritchie, Christmas in Blackfalds. Retta in the Korean kimono that Bennie gave her.

Claire and Irene, Kenneth, Arnold and Bob, building the first house at Alix on Clifford Johnston's place.

school van, and did carpentry work. I sometimes drove our Model T Ford as a taxi service, and ran a small grocery store in our home.

In 1933 we sold our home and moved to Morin Creek with our oldest boy (6), and the youngest (9 months). We lived there for eighteen years on Hudson's Bay land. Our first six weeks we lived in a tent, and it snowed every day. Everybody was hard up and had little to eat. Wild rabbits were plentiful and we were grateful for them, till spring came and they died like flies. Many folks died, and cattle too. People cared, and everybody helped each other. What a joy it was to receive a box of used clothing! Memories of near famine days will always linger in my mind. I always considered myself fortunate that we had bought a "Reliance" treadle sewing machine from Eaton's for $25.00 in 1927. I am still using it. If I had all the clothes it has sewed in all these years I would have a well-stocked store.

We rented out our Morin Creek farm in 1950 and came to Alix. We spent the winter in a log building on Clifford Johnston's farm, that we fixed up. Charlie worked at Mann's Mine with Clifford, and with Maynard Russell.

Clifford's wife and I are sisters, and we were saddened when our father, Antoine Darveau of Dundurn, Sask., was one of the victims of a savage March blizzard in 1951. It was sixteen days before his body was found in a roadside drift about three-quarters of a mile from home.

We built a house on Alix Lake and sold it to Sam Masi. We moved to Red Deer and built a home, but although we were in Alix only a year we have maintained strong connections with it through our son, Bennie, who married Wanda Waddy in 1956.

Charlie had a bad stroke in 1975, but we celebrated our Fiftieth Anniversary on June 30th, 1976. Charlie passed away August 12th, 1976 at eighty years of age.

Our family consisted of four boys. John Alexander was born in 1927. Benjamin Anthony was born in 1933, he and Wanda live in Innisfail. Charles Arnold was born in 1939 and is a carpenter in Red Deer. Willis Arthur was born in 1945, and lives at Summerland, B.C.

Karl and Frances Schnepf — by Frances Schnepf

Karl was born June 20th, 1908 at Viola, Illinois, U.S.A., the youngest child of Valentine and Helen Schnepf. They moved to Canada in 1911 to the farm in the Carroll School District.

Karl grew up and attended school in this district and enjoyed the pleasures of that time, i.e.

The large warm cakes of Mrs. Hamilton — big enough to satisfy the hunger of many growing boys after an afternoon of hunting; Fishing — a pleasure that lasted him a life time; Friday night dances, sometimes in someone's home or later in a school house; A crystal radio and the marvel of music waving in and out from far off places like Salt Lake City via ear phones.

In 1931 Karl started working in the coal mines, starting in the Great Bend Coal Mine, later moving to Rosebud and buying a coal mine there in 1939. In 1940 he received his Third Class Miner's Certificate, it being the sixth one issued. In 1948 we moved back to the Great Bend District, buying the Blades farm and mine. Due to failing health we moved to Red Deer in 1954 where Karl worked as a Steam Engineer at the Radar Site until illness forced an early retirement. He died 1st July 1977.

Frances Schnepf — My only claim to be mentioned here is that I was born in Alix, one of Dr. Shore's babies, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Blades. I went homesteading at the early age of six months on NW ¼, Sec. 10, Tp. 38, Range 22, West 4th Meridian, approximately three miles down stream on the Red Deer River from Content Bridge. It was at this place I met Karl Schnepf, and we were married June 2nd, 1938. We had a family of three children, James, Helen, and William. All are living in Red Deer at this time.

A Letter From Dr. A. E. Shore to Mrs. B. Parlby, March 23rd, 1981

Dear B.

I feel that I know you well enough to address you as "B".

I have intended answering your very nice Xmas Card for sometime but have put it off, partly on account of my vision which is getting gradually worse. However, I got the thrill of

my life today when I received a Xmas card signed by 25 or 30 people from Alix. I thought that was the nicest thing that could happen to me. I recognize so many of the names, and some that I brought into the world. I thought that you would be the best one to thank, and would thank those whom you may see from time to time, and the nice phrase you put after your name.

Is there an Alix Free Press now? If there is I would like to write an article to express my thanks to Alix people for their kind thoughts of me, and to let the people of that town know how much I appreciate their remembrances of me. Had I a chance to live life over again, there is no place on earth I would want to start practice medicine over again more than at Alix. Your family in particular were so very kind to me and my wife.

I hope that you will be able to read this as I am using a magnifying glass to help me write this.

I would like to go there once more but as I am nearly 96 years of age it would be a little strenuous.

Best wishes to all.

Sincerely,
A. E. Shore

(Dr. A. E. Shore, 116 Trinity Lodge, 1111 Glenmore Trail S.W., Calgary, Alberta.)

Florence Nightingale — by Dr. A. E. Shore

In a letter written by Dr. A. E. Shore from 116 Trinity Lodge, 1111 Glenmore Trail, Calgary, Alberta, shortly after his ninety-sixth birthday (May 25, 1981), he explains his relationship with his cousin, Florence Nightingale. "Florence Nightingale is very dear to me, and I am proud to be a distant relative. Her Grandfather and my Great-grandfather were brothers. Her father, William Edward Shore, changed his name to Nightingale to inherit the estate of his great-uncle, Peter Nightingale, of Lea, Derbyshire, England. He was fourteen when his uncle passed on,and the estate accumulated five hundred thousand dollars by the time he was twenty-one and became the owner. He was considered wealthy at that time. He married Frances Smith a daughter of an Member of Parliament from Sussex. They had two daughters, Frances Parthenope and Florence. The elder daughter was known as "Parthe".

When Florence was a child her characteristics showed that her vocation was nursing. Her dolls were always getting sick and required nursing. Her first real patient was "Cap", a shepherd's dog which had a broken leg. Roger was going to destroy him, but Florence nursed him with hot cloths, and he recovered. The best book about her life was written by Sarah A. Toolery and published by S. H. Housefied & Co., 12 Portugal Street, W.C., London.

Some More of Dr. Shore's Own Experiences in Alix

Ennis

The Ennis Family were quarantined for diphtheria when I arrived at Alix. The doctor told me that the quarantine should be released at such a date. I did this and sent them a bill. They wouldn't pay the bill because Mrs. Ennis said they never had diphtheria. After listening to what she said, I agreed. I had the family as patients and they were among my best friends. Although they said they would never have a doctor again, three of them later had surgery, all were successful, and I was their doctor.

Deen

The Deen Family of father, mother and six children had come to Alix from the U.S.A. I was told that Deen never paid his bills, and that I was wasting my time. During the years I was in Alix the Deens paid me more money for services than any other family — and I never sent them a bill.

Hurley

Bob Hurley came in on horseback early one Monday morning. He had nothing on but a pair of pants. He called to my window, "Doctor! My wife is having a fit. Come at once."

She was unconscious when I arrived and six months pregnant. I did something which was illegal. I emptied the uterus, and the next day she was normal. Time was the factor.

Sincerely,
A. E. Shore

Arthur Henry Soli — by Marie J. Knight

Arthur Henry "Art" Soli was born in Edmore, North Dakota, U.S.A. on December 31, 1903, the son of Norwegian immigrants from Oslo, Norway.

While still a young boy he moved with his parents, sisters and brothers to Queenstown, Alberta, a prairie town southeast of Calgary. There his father farmed and practiced his old country trade of stone masonry. He carved head stones for many graves in the old days around the district.

My Dad was always mechanically minded and loved to fix things, any things. He was also a good carpenter and seemed to be always building something. However his first love was mechanics, and he took over the only garage in the Village of Queenstown at that time.

Here, in 1928, he met and married my mother, Irene Alberta Eller, daughter of Henry and Emma Eller, who were homesteaders from the State of Idaho. While here my Dad, who was a frustrated saxophone and clarinet player, joined the local dance band and played for dances for awhile. As I remember, both my Mother and Dad also spent a good deal of time playing badminton in the local hall.

In 1936 they moved to Alix, where my Mother's folks had gone before. Here my Dad joined the staff of his brother-in-law, Ed Jennings, at Jennings' Garage. My Dad had always enjoyed cooking, and they built and operated a small Coffee Shop next door to Bert Hollings' Garage on Main Street, this building has since been demolished.

While there he received an offer of a job at Macklin Motors of Calgary, and we moved there, where he held the position of head mechanic for a number of years, except for a year or so that he spent as a mechanic during the building of the Alaska Highway at Pouce Coupe, B.C.

In 1943 they again returned to Alix, and once more my Dad went to work for Jennings' Garage. After a time they built and operated a Purity 99 Service Station and Coffee Shop on Highway #12. This garage is still operating today.

My Dad passed away suddenly at the age of 52 in July, 1954, of a heart attack. My Mother moved to Stettler shortly afterwards with my younger sister, where she worked at the Stettler Nursing Home. She then returned to her old home in Alix for a time before finally moving to the Senior Citizens' Lodge at Lacombe, where she met and married Ken Warren in 1977. They still reside at the Lodge.

Their family consisted of three daughters, Marie, who married Ken Knight, and resides on a farm north of Tees, Alberta; Verla, who married a former Alixite, Lorne Hollings, and resides at Kelowna, B.C.; and Myrna, who resides and works in Edmonton.

Mike Solvey — by Alice Nielsen

Little could be found about Mike Solvey. He worked on Len and Roy Johnson's threshing outfit in the 1940's. He lived in the garage on Tom Ralston's lot. Tom says he still digs up separator teeth and odds and ends of iron out of the ground. The garage had been fixed up so it seems that he must have been a machinist as he had a work shop in it. The lot and garage at that time belonged to Yarwood.

Later he lived in a shack below the U.F.A. Co-op where the Senior Citizens' Lodge is located. Two little boys, pre-schoolers, Ralph Holsworth and Chad Thorp used to slide down the hill to Mike's. He grew very good corn on the plot.

Mike Solvey passed away February 1, 1964 at the age of 81 and is buried in the Alix Cemetery.

Fred Victor Stone — by F. V. Stone

Fred Stone took his public school education in the Stone School called after his father, on whose land the school was located. His brothers and sister also attended this school, and his sister and mother taught there.

In 1918-19 he went to Camrose High School for Grade IX and the next two years to

Crescent Heights High School in Calgary for Grades X and XI, boarding at both places with his Aunt Christine.

The next four years he stayed home and worked on the family farm. In 1925-26 he took a teacher's training course at Calgary Normal School, again staying with his Aunt Christine in her home at 904-20th Ave. S.E. The following year he taught at North Star School, south of Clive, Alberta.

In the fall of 1927 he enrolled at McGill University, was graduated with a B.A. degree in 1931 and an M.A. degree in 1933 — having taken his third year (1929-30) at University of British Columbia in Vancouver as an exchange student from McGill. He put in one more year at McGill on a Research Fellowship.

In the summer of 1934 he was appointed Secretary to the Premier of Alberta, and served three years in that position, one year under Premier R. G. Reid of the United Farmers of Alberta administration, and two years under Premier William Aberhart of the Social Credit government.

In July 1936 he married Margaret Alix McCaig, whose family were also Alberta pioneers, her grandfather Charles McKillop having been the first resident Presbyterian minister in Lethbridge, and her father, James McCaig, a prominent educationalist whose text books were widely used in Alberta and other provinces.

In 1937 Fred and Alix moved to Montreal where Fred became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. With that company he held several positions, retiring in January 1970 as President of Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd. For two years thereafter he worked part-time as Chairman Coal Committee — Canadian Pacific — Cominco.

For a few years he also served as Director and member of the Executive Committee of Montreal Trust Company. During World War II he was loaned by the C.P.R. to the Government of Canada, where in Ottawa he served as Chief of Personnel for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board under the Chairman, Donald Gordon.

Both Sheila McLeod Stone and Heather Alexandra Stone were graduated from McGill University with B.A. degrees, having first taken secretarial courses at the Mother House in Montreal. Sheila went with the Montreal Star, beginning as a secretary and then becoming a reporter — winning a National Newspaper Award in 1968 for feature writing — a series of articles entitled "The Immigrants Dilemma". She married Paris Arnopoulos, a Professor in Political Science at Sir George Williams University in Montreal, and continued her newspaper work writing under her married name. In 1971-72 she and Paris took a year off for a trip around the world, spending several months in Geneva where Paris had an assignment under the United Nations.

After graduating from McGill, Heather took a year course in Education at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland, followed by a year in France, where she taught English and studied French — living with a French family. The next year she taught school in Montreal. In September 1966 she married Leonard Roberton, Vice-President Finance, National Drug and Chemical Company. Before her son Alexander was born, she worked as an Interviewer in the Personnel Department for McGill University.

As at this writing, January 1974, Alix and Fred are the doting grandparents of the Roberton boys, Alex the climber, and Norman the crawler.

Andrew James Van Nest — by Edith Rouse

Andrew James Van Nest was born in Solina, Ontario, on January 26th, 1879. The great west was opening up beckoning to young pioneers. He set out from his home and worked his way west to Alberta. In 1909 he married Lydia Gerrow, and they moved further west to British Columbia where he worked as a steam engineer in the sawmills. A little later he became stationary engineer on the railway. During World War I the family moved to Redcliffe, Alberta, where he worked in munitions. From there they moved to the Rosedale Mine near Drumheller where Mr. Van Nest ran a hoist in the mine. He bought a farm at Rosedale on which he grew grain and raised foxes.

In 1933 the Van Nests bought a farm just east of Alix which is now called the Strohschein place. Here again Van Nest raised grain and foxes. Shortly after this, the daughter, Edith, married a local boy, Glenn Rouse, and made her permanent home there.

Then in 1936 Van Nests moved once more, this time to Rimbey where they carried on

mixed farming. Mr. Van Nest was a great gardener and also a hunter. A very active man he never spent a day in hospital in his life until a few years before he died. He had the misfortune to break first one hip and then the other which forced his retirement at age 96 years. This was in 1975. He died in 1979 just a few months short of his hundredth birthday.

His daughter, Edith, and her husband, Glenn Rouse, now live in Red Deer. Their daughter, Twyla and her husband, Eddie Sissons, farm at Alix. A grandson, Charles Rouse trained as a druggist.

His son, Hector, married Evangeline Noble. They are still dairy farming at Rimbey and have four children: Terry, Richard, Melody, and Wesley. Andrew James Van Nest lived to see his seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Grace (Curr) Trout — by Nellie Sorum and Grace Trout

Grace Curr, who was born February 17th, 1908, was the third daughter of Robert Donald and Jemima Curr to be born in Alberta. Their first seven children had been born in South Dakota, U.S.A. (See "Pioneers and Progress" pages 569 to 571). Grace attended Ripley School. She married Ross Ogram Trout, who was known by his middle name. "Ogram" had been his mother's maiden name. Grace and Ogram Trout lived west of Mirror for two or three years, then farmed for a number of years at Bashaw. They adopted two sons, John and Stanley. Later the family moved to Edmonton, where Mr. Trout became caretaker of the Crestwood Curling Rink. The boys did a lot of curling. In Edmonton Grace's husband was known by his first name, Ross.

John Emerson Trout, oldest son of Grace and Ogram Trout, won the 1959 Dominion High School Curling Championship at Calgary. He went with Don Twa to the Brier for the Yukon in 1977, but lost out there. He owns Kluane Wilderness Village, two hundred miles north of Whitehorse on the Alaskan Highway. He has two sons and one daughter.

Stanley Arthur Trout won the 1967 Dominion High School Curling Championship in Flin Flon, Manitoba. He has won the Northern Alberta twice. He owns an auto body shop in Edmonton. He has one son.

After several years in Edmonton, Grace Trout and her husband returned to Bashaw, and Ross, as he was then known, passed away in 1973. Grace still resides at Bashaw.

(Note: The name of Grace Curr was inadvertently omitted from the Robert Donald Curr Story in "Pioneers and Progress")

1977 at Henry and Annie's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Back Row — Robert, David, Isobel Allen, Henry and Walter. Front Row — Annie, Nellie Sorum, Grace Trout.

A HELP TO VICTORY
ON EMPIRE DAY
from the
Boys & Girls of the Empire
1917
Presented to Grace Carr
Who has helped to send some comfort & happiness to the brave men who are fighting to uphold the freedom of our Glorious Empire
Patron H.M. the King
Over Seas Club
General Buildings
Aldwych London, W.C.

1917 — A Help to Victory.

John Trout, with trophies won in the 1959-60 season.

No 168 Government of the North-West Territories.

Department of Agriculture Regina JUL 24 1902

Received from Robert D. Curr of Lamerton

the sum of One ~~~~~ Dollars.

on account of a Cattle Brand.

$ 1.00

Edward Stanton.

Deputy Commissioner.

1902 — Receipt for Cattle Brand.

Some of the Curr family. Back Row — Bob Curr, Hired Man, David. 2nd Row — Jean, Nellie (Curr) Sorum, Jessie, Grace, Mrs. Curr. Front Row — Jimmy (middle) and two friends and dog.

Stanley Trout, with trophies won in the 1966-67 season.

Alix Westhead nee Byng-Hall

A letter dated May 16, 1981 from Watergrove, Milland, Liphook, Hampshire, England, reached Alice Whitfield, as curator of the Museum in Alix, a few days ago. It was

The Westhead Ranch House, 1911.

like an echo from our past for it contained interesting information about Alix Westhead, the earliest white woman settler of our area. The letter was written by her nephew and contains the following excerpts: "I have found one (photograph album) with a number of photos of Quarter-Circle-One Ranch taken about 1910-12. The ranch was then owned by my Aunt Alix, Mrs. Westhead." "My cousin, Tim Nicolson, had written to us some years ago telling us you had expressed in interest on behalf of your museum, in what had happened to my aunt and in old photos of the district. I believe Alix was named after my aunt."

"I believe she ran the Ranch herself for a number of years before returning to England in 1913. She managed the Exbury Estate belonging to Mr. Lionel de Rothschild (the banker). During the 1914-1918 war she personally captured two escaped German prisoners

Westhead's Living Room.

Horses in corral at Quarter Circle One Ranch about 1910 to 1912.

"King of the Cedars", the Westhead's champion Hereford Bull (about 1910), held by James Bruce.

of war and was thanked by the government. She was then asked to build up staff and manage two large military hospitals. She received a letter of thanks from Princess Beatrice and the War Office."

"Later, when she retired from active management of the Exbury Estate she undertook the job of cataloguing and recording the plants collected by the Rothschild family from all over the world. The Exbury garden has one of the leading collections in the world of Rhododendrons and Azaleas, etc. She died in 1941."

The letter is signed:

John Byng-Hall

Reminiscences of Duncan Wilton

Mr. Larsen hired me to work in the creamery at construction inside the building. Clarence Johnson was the cream tester and painted cream cans, as he was quite an artist with his hands. He was a very good tester, and the workers sent cans back just to test him, but he never missed. He had been a sailor, and it was sure that when he took a notion to scrub a floor he just about wore out the scrubbing brush. He always gave you credit for what you did.

Then Harry Price came along and he took over the can painting business. They got so busy they had to have a can painter. Then Harry went up to the office and worked his way up.

We had as high as 3,000 cans of cream a day, about 18,000 per week in the busy seasons.

Jack Pears was a dray-man, and the drays were loaded three or more tiers high. He hauled from the C.P.R. and C.N.R. stations every time the trains came in. Empty cans were hauled out and full ones hauled in to the creamery.

Ole Bourke was another young worker on the platform, weighing and taking samples to be tested.

I remember that for three or four summer holidays we camped at Buffalo Lake. The Hudkins, Pettits and Wiltons put down a floor with a tent over it. Dad and they took turns driving to work in town. Dad had a car, Pettit had a car, and Hudkins had a big old Hubmobile. Pettit was running the Municipal Office, Hudkins his blacksmith shop, and Dad, of course, his store. Sometimes the Darlows came out for supper; then we had a camp fire.

After the First World War ended we had a big celebration of Armistice at the Pettit Point where the camp grounds are now. A pile of brush and a big load of straw were lit, and we had the Kaiser up there — a big dummy made of straw, and they were shooting bullets at

him. Everybody was there — Hudkins, Pettits, Darlows, and everybody that had come back.

I remember when the land where the new trailer sub-division is belonged to Jack Mackie. It was solid brush and trees. "Chief" L'Hirondelle, some other boys, and I cut and piled all this brush to be burned to clear the land. It took a couple of summers, but that is how we worked to get a few dollars.

Bill Faulkner had a big steamer (engine) and a breaker (plow), and he broke up the land. It was field until these later years, when it was turned into the mobile home sub-division.

In the "Dirty Thirties" we had a circus come to town. I carried water in a pail from a well to water the animals to get a pass to that night's show. I never knew animals could be so thirsty.

Talmage (Tom) Wilton — by Duncan Wilton

My father, Talmage (Tom) Wilton, worked in a mental institution in Pontiac, Ontario. He met and courted my mother there. After they married they went back to Grandfather's place. It was then they decided to come west, stopping in Innisfail. They bought a country store and Post Office seventeen miles east, at Kneehill Valley, in 1908.

Some time later he and his partner Leslie Roach had a store in Huxley until the C.N.R. came from Calgary to Mirror. They supplied the railway company with groceries that were hauled the fifty-five miles from Innisfail on a dray bed pulled by four head of horses. It took two days to go across and back as there were no roads then, just a trail.

Gordon, my brother, was supposed to be the first child born in Huxley. It was just a small place. He was supposed to get a plaque, but he never did.

Just after the First World War broke out we moved back to Knee Hill Valley. Then in 1917 we moved to Alix and bought the "Big Store" from Herb Johnson. We lived in two rooms in Mrs. Garrett's rooming-house until we found a house to live in. The Alix population was around 125 people.

In 1933 my father changed it to the Red and White Store. My father fed a lot of people around here in the "Hungry Thirties", and left a lot of money he never did get, but that all goes in the battle when you are in business. You have to take the good with the bad.

I remember talking to Rennie Allan, he always dealt at our store. One day he asked Dad "What do you do when you give out a lot of credit, and don't get it in"? Dad said, "What do you do when you lose a pig or a cow"?

As time went on some of our customers were McDermands, Sargents, McCallums, Loughridges, Nielsens, and many more. Some of our clerks were Edith Sim, Les Pears, Bill Findlater, Katie Kerr, and many more.

After the Second World War started and the three boys joined the army he was short of help. The government sent out help, and one of these was Vivian Smith. There was also a Chris. I was turned down by the army, so I moved to Vancouver and worked on the docks for several years.

In 1923, with Alec Bissett as head, my father and several other business men decided to raise money to build a two-sheet curling rink and a high board hockey rink in front of the creamery. They sold shares at $10.00 to the public. The creamery supplied lights and water. This was used until the arena was built in 1946. Alec Bissett worked very hard on this enterprise.

My father was on the Church Board and Fire Department. He was an Oddfellow and held every office. The Chautauqua was a very worth while entertainment, and was another thing he worked very hard for. The Chautauqua were the memorable shows that came to the towns and villages every year or so, and were a real source of entertainment for everyone. They were held on the lots across from Jennings' Garage.

My father's health was not too good. He had been in the store for thirty-two years, so in 1942 he sold out to Mrs. Malm from Hanna, and with Mother and the girls he motored back to Strathroy, Ontario, where he had been raised.

Jack and Betty Ziegler — by Jack Ziegler

Jack and Betty Ziegler and daughter Catherine moved to the Alix area in 1960. I worked for the California Standard Co., now known as Chevron Standard Ltd. Our son Tom was born in 1961.

In 1964 we moved to Bentley and I worked at Sylvan Lake and Gilby gas plants, both owned by Chevron Standard. In 1968 we moved back to Alix to work in the Chevron Nevis gas plant. I have been a head operator there since 1970.

In 1976 Catherine finished high School and went to work for the Royal Bank of Canada (Main Branch) in Edmonton.

In June 1979 Betty passed away.

In the fall of 1979 Tom started his first year at University. He was an honor student in Grade 12, and also received a $4,000.00 scholarship from Chevron Standard. Catherine at this time (1980) is attending Alberta College furthering her education.

I have been Fire Chief in Alix since 1974.

On August 2, 1980 I married Elaine Mehle and we continue to live in Alix.

People of Alix — as suggested by Gordon and Flora Wilton

Many thanks to Gordon and Flora Wilton who took time to send us a long list of names of people who once lived in Alix and about whom little or no mention was made in Pioneers and Progress. Some of these will have stories in Gleanings. The following will give whatever information we have been able to glean about the others.

Blairs had the Hotel during and before 1916. They were very good friends of the Patricks.

Bogus, Frosty: Frosty Bogus was a barber in Alix in the 1930's. After the barber shop burned down, the family moved to Stettler. They now live in Red Deer.

Boyston was a barber who was very fond of wrestling. He wrestled with Morris Schnepf and others out at the Alix Fair Grounds. He was also the drummer in Frank Brooker's band.

Brookhart, Mrs.: lived in the house where Mortimers lived later. She kept many boarders. Mrs. Brookhart was admired for her courage as she did her work from a wheel chair having had one leg amputated. She was a most wonderful cheery person and raised her family of boys by herself. Cliff Brookhart served in the Armed Forces during World War II. Later the Brookharts moved to Stettler.

Gathercole, Jim: Nothing can be found.

Chinn: Chinn and Fisher operated the garage which later became W. E. Jennings'. The two families were related. A great tragedy occurred when Mrs. Chinn tried to clean clothes with gasoline. The vapour caught fire and Mrs. Chinn was burned to death. Lee Fisher was last heard from living near Stettler.

Cole: The Cole family lived on a place with a little house close to Highway 12 near Alix. The family consisted of the parents and four children: Henry, Ida, Patricia (Pat), and Wesley; all of the children attended school in Alix. Henry Cole worked for "Caterpillar" for many years. He and his wife, Joyce, are at present holidaying in England. Pat lives in the U.S.A. Mrs. Cole still lives with the youngest son, Wesley, on land which has a gravel pit near Thorsby, Alberta.

Collins: Mr. and Mrs. John Collins lived in the C.P.R. Railway station as John Collins was the station agent for Alix in the 1930's. They were active in community affairs especially curling. Two children, Jack and Illene, attended school in Alix. Jack joined the Navy during World War II. After they left Alix, Mrs. Collins was killed in a fall downstairs. Jack passed away. John Collins, when last heard from, was living at Fort McLeod.

Ditto, Ella née Toepfer was for some time telephone operator in Alix. She married Andrew Ditto some years after his first wife died and lived with him on the Ditto place just north of town. They retired to Kelowna after the farm was sold to John Ditto.

Ferguson, Mr.: owned the Drug Store in the 1920's. He was also agent for Watkins Products. Willie Ferguson, the son, attended school in Alix. His former classmates chuckle over memories of Willie bringing Yo-Yos (then very new toys) to school to show them off. Of course the other boys and girls wanted to buy them. It is said that he was the best salesman his father had. Willie now lives at Chase, B.C.

Ferguson: Another family by this name lived in North Alix during the 1920's. Carmen married Mrs. DeZutter's daughter.

Flemming: Mr. Flemming used to have a tailor shop in the old Underwood building on Main Street in the 1920's. He made suits fitted to order for his customers.

Henry: Henrys kept the Drug Store on the corner during the 1930's; Mrs. Henry was a trained druggist. This store contained many things attractive to young people, boxes of chocolates with pretty pictures on the covers. If you wanted a birthday gift for your sweetheart that was a good place to go shopping. The two sons, Frank and Jack, attended school in Alix.

Hurley, Nora: Nora Hurley came out to Canada with her brothers from Ireland in 1911 and lived with or near them south of Alix.

Jones, Eric: was a veteran of World War I who took up a quarter section of land south of Alix under the Soldiers' Settlement Scheme Board. He played the banjo to the accompaniment of Tom Bullivant's piano for the dances. He retired to the coast of British Columbia.

Loney: Mr. Loney drove the bus from Alix to Edmonton via Camrose. The children attended Alix School. Everett Loney lives at Blackfalds and has been Brand Inspector for some years.

Marks: Mr. Marks was Mr. Loney's father-in-law. Mrs. Marks was very active in the U.C.W. They lived east of Alix near the overhead bridge.

Matheson, George: George Matheson worked as mechanic in Lymbery's or perhaps Holling's garage.

Monts: Two brothers and their families lived in the old Early house on Lake Street in the 1920's. They were probably brothers of Mrs. Oscar Sims.

Morgan, George: Mr. and Mrs. George Morgan and their family arrived from Britain some time after World War I to take up land two miles north of Alix under the Soldiers' Settlement Board. They arrived in Alix when the creek was in flood. Ulric Marryat met them at the train with his team and democrat. On the way to their new home the team went off the grade covered with water and they got stuck. Mrs. Morgan and the little ones had to be carried to dry land before they could continue their journey. The boys' names were Merlin, Herbert, and Benny. Their sister's name was Enid. Herbert married Isabel Martin and they had two daughters, Shirley and Pat.

Madsens lived near the overpass and not far from the Free Methodist campground. A daughter, Lydia, became a teacher in Lacombe and is now on the town council.

Owens: Mac Owens was born in Ireland and came to Alix in 1930. He later left to homestead in the Peace River country but found it too hard to break land so returned to Alix. Alex Findlater found him his first job at Tom Bullivant's. From there he went to Harbottles. Later he took up farming on the old Toepfer place. Then he sold his farm and moved to Red Deer. He never misses a day going to the Senior Citizens' Drop-Inn to have a game of pool.

Page, Floyd and Irene: The Pages owned the Corner Drugstore, Floyd was a qualified druggist and Irene Page nee McBean was a nurse. After they left Alix for Stettler, Floyd died. Irene lived on in Stettler with their two children, Joyce and Harvey. Irene is now married to an old school friend from Gleichen, Bill Graves. They now live in Banff. Joyce, whose married name is Mrs. Ken Bauman, lives near Fenn.

Peacock and Pickard kept the general store on the corner in the late twenties and early thirties. Later this became the Deen's Restaurant. Wally Peacock was a good amateur carpenter and electrician. The son's name was Harvey.

Shepherd: Lee or "Dad" Shepherd was Mrs. Alex Bisset's father. He was a man of many parts. He had been a member of the North West Royal Mounted Police in his younger days. While in Alix he was by turns shoemaker and harness repair man, caretaker of the livery barn and town policeman.

Speelman, Harvey: Speelman bought the hardware store from Bob Toepfer. He was very tall and rather thin. At one time he had had his arm tattooed with his name, which was the fashion at the time. His amusing comment when he was asked about this episode was, "Before that chap was finished with the operation, I only wished that my name had not been so long."

Sailor, Ted: Sailors lived for a few years on the old Tallman place a few miles west of Alix. In the 1940's they bought Lyle's dairy and delivered milk in the town of Alix. Their family consisted of two boys and two girls. Mr. Sailor passed away in 1969. Mrs. Sailor now lives in Red Deer.

Woods, Wally: He was one of our most enthusiastic hockey players. Wally married Irene Straub who was our chief operator in the Telephone Office for many years.

Dr. Hart came to Alix about 1910. He lived in the tall old house belonging to John Gus opposite where Ellers used to live on the north side of the railway tracks. Elmer Primus recalls Dr. Hart setting a broken leg for him. All would have been well had Elmer, weary of being in traction not persuaded his mother to release the traction for a while. Result for Elmer — one leg slightly shorter than the other.

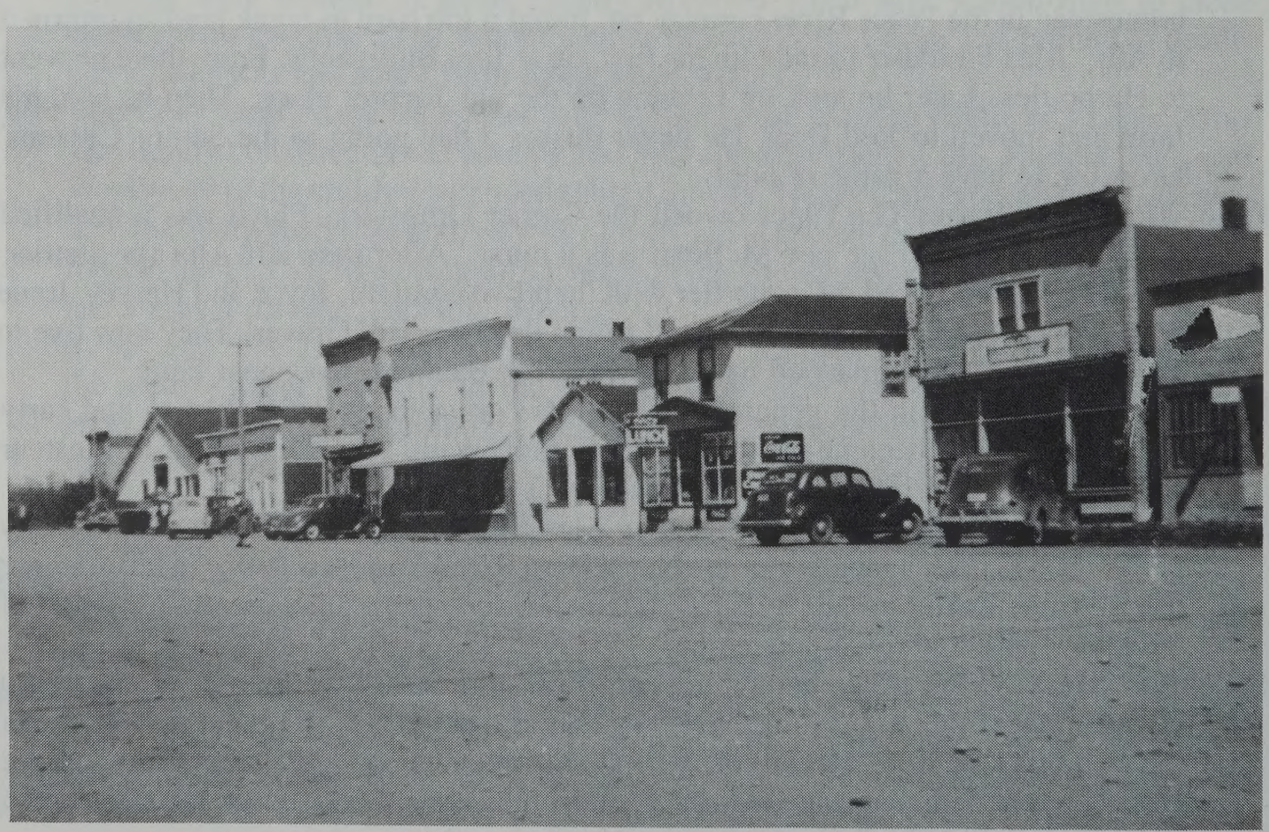
Dweaks had a long underground mine with rails and a coal car for bringing the coal to the surface. Three of the daughters, other girls remember at school, were Jessie, Loretta and Dolly. Iris Sissons says they still call the land, Dweaks place.

Prokopuk, Joe and Annie: Joe came from the Ukraine. Annie was born in Manitoba, a sister of Jake Pidherney. Joe was a section foreman for the railway at Joffre. Then he was transferred to Coghill where Annie passed away. Annie was quite a lady and fixed herself up with make-up. She did all kinds of fancy work, grew flowers and gardened industriously. They had no children.

Zimmerman: The Zimmermans lived near the Free Methodist Camp. Mr. Zimmerman looked after the railway switch called " The Diamond" for years. They had a large family of seven children: Jay, Mandy, Vern, Fred, Sam, Jim and Jennie. Jennie is now Mrs. Melvin Ripley, and she has three sons. Some of the Zimmerman boys worked on the railway.

Wilton: During World War II the three brothers, Rex, Ray and Gordon, were all in the services. Duncan had an injury to one eye as a little boy which impaired his vision so that he could not join up. Roy Pears and Cliff Brookhart joined up at the same time.

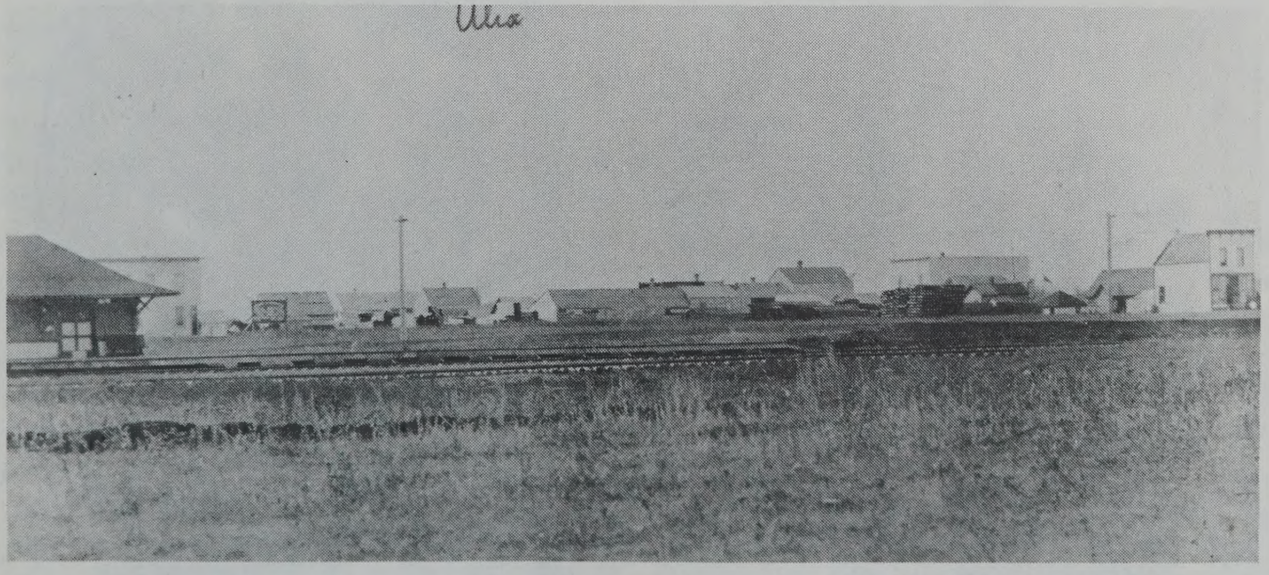
Views of Alix



East Side of Alix Main Street, 1947.

Peacock's Store, later Rouse's Hardware, then Deen's Restaurant, on the corner. Looking N.W. on Main Street.

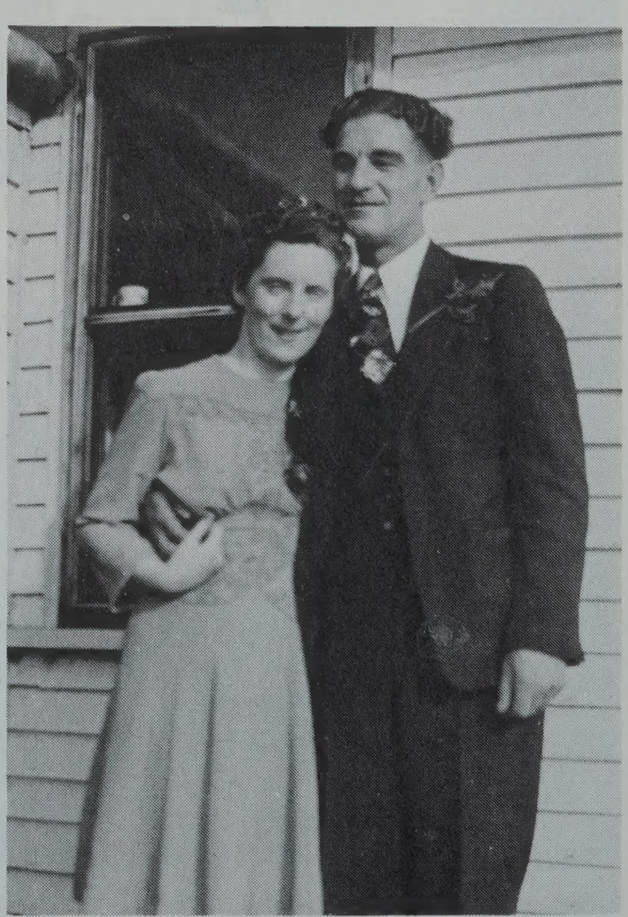
Alix Pharmacy in 1958. Later remodelled.



Alix town from C.P. Railway Station, prior to 1920. In background — Grand Hotel, old Lumber Yard; old Hardware Store on Main Street; the small store could have been the Cobbler Shop.

Susan and Jennie Ross at Alix Dam. C.P.R. Pump House in background.

George and Lulu Bell.



Nan (Howe) and George Kuffler.

CLIVE

Independent Order of Oddfellows (I.O.O.F.) #117 — by Iona (Knutson) Thomas

Friendship, love and truth.

The Clive branch of the Independent Order of Oddfellows was organized on May 19, 1914, with twenty-three charter members. All of the Oddfellows' records were lost in the fire of 1937, so we are indebted to Ken Meers and to the Grand Lodge, Calgary, for the photostatic copy of the list of the charter members.

My father, Bill Knutson, joined the Oddfellows on Oct. 5, 1926, and was a faithful member for over thirty years.

the I.O.O.F. held their meetings upstairs over the Pioneer Store (see Page 259 of "Pioneers and Progress") until the town burned. They later built their own hall south of the lumberyard. During the early Fifties the attendance dropped off, and the remaining Oddfellows went to Lacombe meetings for awhile, and later transferred to Alix. They sold the hall to the Clive Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion in 1959.

The I.O.O.F. began as a charitable organization to help out in times of disaster or emergency, as well as being a fraternal organization. One such emergency arose when Walter Duncan had the misfortune to lose his leg in a threshing machine accident. I was just a youngster at that time, but I remember how the Oddfellows spear-headed the drive to help the family, and purchased an artifical limb for Walt. This was only one of many such projects undertaken by the Lodge.

Many folks will remember the dances, card parties and social evenings sponsored by the I.O.O.F. During World War II they established a fund to send cigarettes and gum to the boys overseas. Baby spoons were given to members with new arrivals. A direct donation of $50.00 was given to bereaved families to help with funeral expenses. It was also the Oddfellows who established the custom of allowing free rent for use of their hall for bridal showers. This custom is still carried on by the Legion members.

Of course what I remember best about the I.O.O.F. was what we used to call "Ice Cream Sunday". One Sunday a year the Oddfellows had a grand march to the church in full regalia to attend the service, and their chaplain gave the main sermon. Clive had an excellent band, and some of its members were Oddfellows too, and the band always led the parade. It was a real thrill to hear the beautiful music, and watch the men in their bright sashes and collars marching past. Oddfellows from the other towns, and the Rebekahs, also attended.

We always had a full church on I.O.O.F. Sunday. We always sang "Faith Of Our Fathers", "Onward, Christian Soldiers", as well as many other favorites. I remember once sitting in the congregation, singing "Showers of Blessings" with the rain pouring down by the bucketful. It really tickled me, and I had a hard time to keep from laughing. I have learned long since that showers of blessings come in many more forms than rain. Incidently, the skies had cleared and the sun was shining brightly when the service was over.

Another Sunday that stands out in my memory was when Bob Haskins was Chaplain, and he gave an inspiring address on "The Family". Bob, together with Mrs. Harrow and Charlie Morton, and Vin Duffy as Director, had presented the play "The Bear" at the Dominion Drama Festival in London, Ontario. (See pages 261-263 of "Pioneers and Progress".) They had won great acclaim and praise for their production from everyone who

saw the play. Lord Tweedsmuir presented Bob with the Best Canadian Actor Award. Bob said that the day after the presentation he received a letter in the mail. On openng it he found a torn sheet of newspaper with the report of the play, and in the margin was scribbled, "That's my Pop!" signed "Nellie." "Yes," Bob said, "That was the biggest thrill of all! It is very important to do things as a family."

Well, I was sitting in the choir, looking down at my father sitting in the second row. He winked at me and I grinned at him, and the sparks just flew! Yes, it is important to do things as a family!

After the service all of the congregation went to the I.O.O.F. Hall for lunch, and all the ice cream you could eat, and a lot of visiting. After the festivities were over there were dishes to do and the Hall to clean. Mom was the caretaker of the Hall for the Oddfellows, so, you guessed it, we had to clean up the mess! Somehow the stacks of dishes never seemed so high after Bob's sermon. We were working as a family.

Reactions the Day the Town of Clive Burned Down — by Iona (Knutson) Thomas

In times of trouble or disaster someone would ring the church bell. The morning of the fire Alice Sloan rang the church bell, until she broke the rope. We were first aroused when we heard a car speeding up and down the street, honking the horn, and someone shouting "FIRE!"

Mom told us to run and tell the neighbors. I went over and pounded on Harry Heald's door. When he came to the door I yelled "The town's on fire!" Harry replied, "Thanks, I'll be right down."

Some of us went to alert Mrs. Dean that the fire was already shooting sparks over the cafe, and it would catch fire any minute. She refused to leave until we got out, so she could put on her corset.

Fire always created a wind, and a steady breeze was blowing from the south. We rescued what we could from the cafe, and proceeded to move most of Mickey McCormack's belongings across the street out of the path of the fire. Then the wind did a commplete reversal and started blowing stoutly from the north, driving the fire onto the hotel and adjacent buildings. Mickey's house burned, but the building north of it was safe.

Mrs. Sloan was worried about an old hen she had setting on a nest of eggs in a shed at the back of the hotel, and was bound she would go and rescue her, until we finally persuaded her it was too late.

George Harrow, being a very small boy but quick thinking, spent the whole time saving the Searle elevator house where they lived. He took a pail and climbed up on the roof, and proceeded to pour the water from the rain barrel onto the roof of the house. The water that ran back into the barrel was recycled again and again until the roof was soaked. The garage between the hotel and the elevator house burned, but the house was saved.

Bill Short said that when he woke up around eight o'clock he looked out of the north window of his house and he could see the Community Hall, so he knew something was wrong. He had slept through the whole thing, because we had forgotten to alert him.

The Alberta Wheat Pool — by Vivian (Murdoch) Clarke

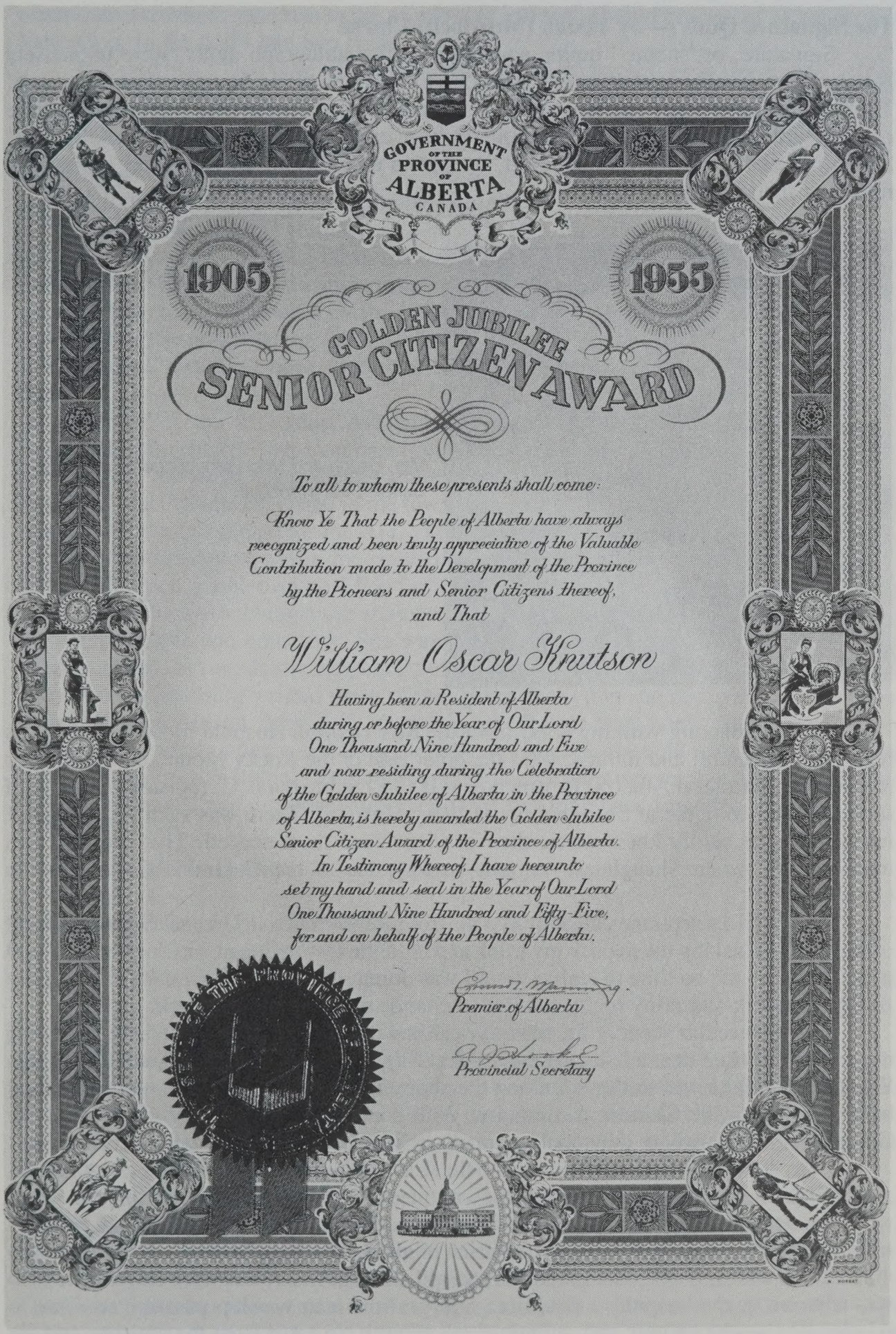
During the recession which followed World War I farmers became openly concerned about the fluctuations in the price of their products. Wheat prices had fallen disastrously, and farmers agitated for a marketing system which would avoid the pitfalls of speculation. The Federal Government was asked to establish a National Wheat Board, but to no avail. Consequently, a canvass was organized to contact more than 50% of the farmers who operated Alberta's wheat acreage, to ascertain their views as to having some control over the sale of their product. It was soon evident that a majority of them would agree to selling their wheat through a pooled marketing system.

At this time the U.F.A. Government was in power in Alberta, and was sympathetic toward such a movement. Also Henry Wise Wood, President of the U.F.A., gave strong support to the plan.

On October 29, 1923, the Alberta Co-operative Wheat Producers Ltd. was inaugurated, later becoming the Alberta Wheat Pool. Under this system of marketing, the producer delivered his wheat at a fixed down payment, with a final payment to be made at the end of the crop year.

For the first few years pooled grain was handled through the existing line elevator companies, but the farmers felt they could do better if they owned their own facilities. In 1925 they purchased three elevators in east Central Alberta. During the years 1927-1930 they built or purchased over four hundred elevators.

The first Alberta Wheat Pool elevator agent in Clive was William Murdoch, who held the position from September, 1928, to August, 1947.


GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA CANADA
1905
1955
GOLDEN JUBILEE
SENIOR CITIZEN AWARD
To all to whom these presents shall come:
Know Ye That the People of Alberta have always recognized and been truly appreciative of the Valuable Contribution made to the Development of the Province by the Pioneers and Senior Citizens thereof, and That
William Oscar Knutson
Having been a Resident of Alberta during or before the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five and now residing during the Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Alberta in the Province of Alberta, is hereby awarded the Golden Jubilee Senior Citizen Award of the Province of Alberta.
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty-Five, for and on behalf of the People of Alberta.
Premier of Alberta
Provincial Secretary

1955 — Scroll, Alberta Jubilee.

Alberta's Golden Jubilee at Clive — 1955 — by Iona (Knutson) Thomas

In August, 1955, Clive had a Sports Day to celebrate Alberta's Golden Jubilee. There were races, baseball, and all the usual sports activities, with a buffalo beef barbecue in the evening to conclude the day.

There was a presentation of scrolls to all persons who had come to Alberta before 1905, and who still resided in Alberta in 1955. My father, William O. Knutson, received one of the scrolls.

The Signature Quilt — by Vivian (Murdoch) Clarke

Signature, or "name" quilts, sometimes called autograph quilts, were immensely popular, especially in rural areas of Canada, as a means of raising funds for a worthy cause. The most popular color combination was red and white. People paid ten or twenty-five cents to write their names on it. The squares were embroidered, set together, and quilted. Sometimes the quilt was auctioned off, or sent to a charity or mission field. This story mentions such a quilt.

Mrs. Baugh and Mrs. Pethybridge taken at the Buffalo Beef Barbeque.

After graduating with my R.N. from the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton I was ready for adventure, and in those days the other side of the Rocky Mountains seemed far removed from Central Alberta. In Vancouver, B.C., I wrote the B.C. registration and civil service exams to nurse at Shaughnessy Military Hospital. There was such a shortage of nurses that one hardly knew where their services were most needed. That decision was made for me when Shaughnessy agreed to loan me to the Columbia Coast Mission (Anglican).

I received a telephone call at 4:00 p.m. from Reverend Alan Greene, Superintendent of the Mission, asking me to pack my trunk and be at the Union Steamship dock before 8:00 p.m. That gave me no time to realize what I was doing, until I sailed out under Lions Gate Bridge that dark and rainy night, too late to change my mind or turn back.

The spectacular scenery the next day calmed me to some degree, and the following morning we docked near a fish cannery at Alert Bay, on tiny Cormorant Island. The Indian School and village was to the left along the shoreline, the white village to the right, and beyond that was the Chinese community. With some difficulty I found my way to St. George's Hospital, where they could scarcely believe that help had finally arrived.

I was almost immediately directed to the B.C. Police, (the R.C.M.P. were not in B.C. at that time), and was briefed on what to do in the event of an attack by the Japanese. They were almost certain that the waters had been sounded by the fishing fleet of that country, with the very real possibility that a submarine might get through. When I went to my room that night and looked out, over the old weathered totem poles of the Indian cemetery which was adjacent to the hospital, I could see a large American warship passing, en route to Alaska. The sea had a grey and ominous look about it, to a girl from the prairies, and the haunting cry of sea gulls filled the air. I felt so alone, so isolated and apprehensive.

One day as I was making a bed, you can imagine how I felt to see a bright quilt covered with familiar names from Central Alberta. OH, JOY!

(Iona Thomas remembers me relating this incident at the bridal shower given for me by the people of Clive and District, which I shall never forget.)

The Columbia Coast Mission loaned me to the B.C. Police as an escorting Matron to bring prisoners to trial in Vancouver, but that is a long story. I mention it to point out that when I left to join Trans Canada Airlines as a stewardess I had to give notice to three organizations, which gave rise to the problem of just who should get me my ticket back to Vancouver. In the end I had two tickets.

It is said that "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December." If that is so, I am richly blessed.

Quilting — by Iona Thomas

Quilting has always been a popular pastime.

I remember helping to make a quilt with Mrs. Brereton's Mission Banders about 1930-1931. We embroidered a farmyard quilt. My brother, Carl, did the block with the big red barn. Ida (Wagner) Northcott embroidered a grand turkey gobbler, and I did the biggest, greenest frog you ever saw! With the proceeds from the quilt we were able to purchase a tapestry for the pulpit at the United Church, and curtains for along the stage, so the congregation "wouldn't have to look at our knobby knees while we were seated in the choir!"

At another time the Ladies' Aid made a quilt for the Red Cross. To raise a bit of money for the Aid, the enterprising members proceeded to sell space on the quilt for your name. For ten cents you could have your signature embroidered on a corner of a block, four names to each block. Almost everyone in the town and district had their name on that quilt. This project raised a fair return for the Aid, and the Red Cross received the quilt.

I often wondered where the quilt finally ended up. Some years later a local girl, Vivian Murdoch, came back to Clive for a visit, and told the following story.

When she was a young nurse stationed in a hospital in northern British Columbia, she was feeling alone and homesick. She was on night duty, and everything was very quiet. While making her rounds she happened to look down at a quilt on an elderly person's bed, and noticed something written there. After closer inspection she discovered many signatures, Florence Allison, Mrs. J. T. Reynolds, etc. People from home! She said she could hardly keep from shouting and waking her patient. Here was the quilt with all the signatures of people she knew at home! In the morning she shared her discovery with the patient, and they both received real comfort from a quilt that had long been forgotten.

The Clive 4-H Grain Club — by Kathleen Wagner

4-H Pledge

I pledge My Head to clearer thinking,
My Heart to greater loyalty,
My Hands to larger service,
My Health to better living, for
My Club, My Community, and My Country.

4-H Clubs have played a worthwhile part in the lives of the rural youth in the Province and on the continent. The motto and pledge were kept before the members at all times by the leaders, and they were encouraged to live by the rules. They learned to conduct meetings, speak and express themselves in a group, and enjoy working and playing together. The Clive Grain Club was an outstanding example of this.

It was organized in 1942 at Haynes, sponsored by the Alberta Wheat Pool, and later by the United Grain Growers under Joe Nolan, the United Grain Growers elevator agent at Clive, because Oats variety was chosen. The leader was E. P. Wagner, with three parental directors appointed each year. The Clive Grain Club had an enviable record over the years. The Club climbed in achievement in a few years from 96th to place in the top four or five by hard work and enthusiasm. It held top placing in the Province for five years in a row, after which, in 1949, it kept the revolving cup, and a shield was put into circulation by the Alberta

Seed Growers. A silver rose bowl was also awarded each year by the Royal Bank for general proficiency.

Each member was obliged to seed three acres of certified grain, supplied at cost by the sponsoring grain company, and to maintain a four-foot border on each plot. Good farming practices in preparation and tillage were instilled. Weeds and other grains had to be hand-rogued, and borders kept cultivated and clean. The members worked very hard to establish the standing of the Club near or at the top in the Province.

It was not all work. Regular meetings and social events were held. Plot tours were held in August each year, when all plots were visited and judged, the best border and plot was announced, and award points given. The plots were judged on yield, cleanliness, neatness, and general appearance. Hail, sparrows and stray animals did not always help appearances. The top plot of the year was entered in the Provincial Competition, which Clive won four years in a row. The Plot Tour ended with a picnic, ball games, and much fun.

Achievement Day in October was another big event. Each member prepared a one-peck sample of the grain grown on the plot. These samples must be uniform, and completely free from weeds and other grains. A seed judging competition was held at this time. Then the member with the most points accumulated through the year was awarded a trip to Olds College the next summer. Many boys won and enjoyed these trips. In 1951 Ron Cole and Lawrence Wagner were top judges on Achievement Day, and went to Olds to compete with other judging teams. They stood high in points. They were then coached by District Agriculturist Lloyd Rasmussen, and competed at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair against teams from the other Provinces. They stood second, and had a most enjoyable trip. They were presented with a cup on their return.

By 1952 the Club had won all contests in Oats so switched to Barley and started a Forage Club. Both achieved a marked success.

Clive 4-H Grain Club, 1962. Gordon Sterling, D.A., Ken Ditzler, Laverne Wagner, leader, Lloyd Rasmussen, D.A., Eb Wagner, leader, Everett Burdsall, D.A. (seated), Welland Bennett.

Other honours were won by Clive Club members. In 1950 Gerald Cole won a trip to the 4-H Congress at Bozeman, Montana. In 1953 a Farmstead Planning Project was established that produced some excellent displays and original ideas. Victor and Jimmie Grose were judged the top entries and went to Edmonton to compete with other Clubs, and won $35.00 in prize money. In 1954 Ken Ditzler was awarded a scholarship by the Royal Winter Fair for his outstanding work.

In 1953 E. P. Wagner received a handsome coffee maker from the members when he resigned from the leadership after eleven years. His son, Lawrence, took over as leader with equal energy and support from parents and District Agriculturist, who by then was Walter McNary. The Club added several community projects to its interests. The members undertook to clean and maintain the cemeteries at Clive and Tees. They built floats several years and entered them at fairs and parades in surrounding communities, and received several awards. Girls were added to the membership rolls, and added new interest and spirit to activities. Curling bonspiels and dances were organized, and enjoyed with other Clubs. A Talent Night was participated in, with each Club contributing items for the program, which brought out some surprising talent. A Fashion Show depicting costumes from 1900 to the present brought out many interesting items to be modelled.

Speaking contests were held during meetings as part of the 4-H program, and they developed ability to speak before the public. Winners from each area Club competed for an award provided at the end of the season by the Royal Bank and the Seed Companies. In 1963 the members, Club Leader, and Directors organized a reunion of previous members. They worked very hard to contact all former members and officials, and had a very successful affair in Clive Community Hall in April of that year. Many former District Agriculturists and Government and Seed Company officials were at the head table for a delightful banquet provided by the mothers. A short program and much visiting followed. Everyone declared it a successful occasion, and much praise was given the organizers.

In 1963 the name was changed to the Clive Field Crop Club, and varieties were expanded. At the end of the Club year a special meeting was held at Sargent Hall at which Lawrence Wagner resigned after twelve years as Club Leader. He was presented with a beautiful engraved tray by the members for his work over many years. He thanked them and the parents for their generous support and co-operation.

Allan Cole, a former member, took over the leadership, but so many achievements had been accomplished by the Club, and so many other activities had been established through the schools, that interest in the Grain Club waned, but it had filled a very outstanding place among the rural youth of the area.

During all these years the Mothers were often the unsung heroes. They produced the picnics and banquets, and gave encouragement in plot care and sample picking. They must be included in a job well done, 1942-1970.

Postmasters of Clive, Tees, Mirror and Nevis

Clive, Alberta. Established on:

Sec. 31-40-24-W4th on May 1, 1906, under the name of Valley City, but the name was changed to Clive on May 1, 1909.

Postmasters	**From**	**To**
F. E. Allison	01-05-1906	06-06-1906
W. T. Tennison	01-08-1906	05-11-1906
F. E. Allison	16-03-1907	10-03-1908
A. C. Johnston	01-07-1908	16-02-1912
B. F. Allison	09-10-1912	05-11-1919
Charles T. Coute	16-02-1920	15-11-1945
Vincent Gregory Duffy	03-01-1946	03-05-1946
Reginald C. Sissons	19-04-1957	14-11-1957
Stuart H. Graden	15-11-1959	

Tees, Alberta. Established on:

Sec. 6-41-23-W4th on May 1, 1904, under the name of Brook, but the name was changed to Tees on March 1, 1906.

Postmasters	From	To
J. B. Bellhouse	01-05-1904	04-03-1907
John B. Craik	22-04-1907	20-01-1910
Ernest Fry	17-03-1910	05-07-1944

Mirror Post Office.

Date of opening: 20-9-1911.

Postmasters	From	To
A. Thomas	20-9-1911	1914
G. Thomas	1914	1920
T. A. Hardy	1920	19-9-1923
F. L. Smathers	20-9-1923	24-3-1959
H. Holland	25-3-1959	24-2-1962
Mrs. E. M. Holland (acting)	25-2-1962	31-5-1962
J. R. Wilson	1-6-1962	
	to date on our file	5-11-1969

Nevis Post Office.

Date of opening: Between 1-12-1910 and 1-12-1911. The exact date is not known.

Postmasters	From	To
S. Johnson	1911	1912
T. Q. Moore	1912	1915
Miss A. Malin	1915	1917
T. Duncan	1917	1925
A. Standly	1925	7-7-1928
Mrs. C. Williams (acting)	8-7-1928	28-8-1928
Mrs. M. Lymbery	29-9-1928	5-11-1937
D. N. Lund (acting)	6-11-1937	12-1-1938
J. H. Williams	13-1-1938	30-9-1950
Mrs. M. C. Williams	1-10-1950	31-7-1964
Mrs. J. Elliott	1-18-1964	
	to date on our file	3-2-1970

Clive Home-Coming 1980 — by Avis Sayers, Clive Community Club

A group of seventeen people met in October 1979 to discuss the possibility of a "Homecoming". The people who attended were wanting, for the most part, a reunion of the "Old Brick School", which no longer exists, but ran from 1912 to 1952. However it was finally decided to have a general "Clive Homecoming", which would work in well with Alberta's 75th Anniversary. An executive of nine persons was elected, with Lorne Joslin as Chairman and Marion Grose as Secretary-Treasurer.

So the first thing to do was to let people know. Thank heavens for old timers and long time residents. They gave us many married names and contacts. Old school records at the County Office in Lacombe gave us names of former students. We tried to let everyone know that had lived here previously but no longer resided here, nor had any relatives here to let them know. Needless to say it took a lot of man-hours, but finally the letters of invitation went out in March for the week-end of August 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1980. They kept going out too, right into July, as more addresses were found and more people were thought of.

Now planning for the week-end! Clive has only a small population of about 330, so a lot of help came from rural residents. Organizations like Churches, the Chamber of Commerce, the Lions Club and the Legion all pitched in. School districts like Sargent, Eclipse, Westling, Birch Lake and Chigwell all assisted. They gave us a lot of manpower during the preparations, as well as during the three-day "Homecoming". Accomodations were arranged in Lacombe and Red Deer, camping places were set up, sewer disposal built, and parking arranged.

We used the Clive Community Hall as a registration centre and the newly built Clive Sports Complex for meals, program, dance, etc. As the week-end approached the final touches were being done. Grass was cut, garbage cans put out, food all ordered in, and registration kits packed.

On Friday night the "Registration" started, and we waited to see how many would come. A lot came, and many more came Saturday and Sunday. Over One Thousand people

signed the guest book. The local turn-out was not great, but there were a lot of visitors. Mrs. Florence McLeod did an exceptional job of setting up a picture display of old school classes, family groups, etc., which was enjoyed by everyone. A pancake breakfast was held every morning, with local volunteers doing all the work. A "Beef on a Bun" supper on Saturday night was catered.

There was a small parade on Saturday afternoon, but the Central Alberta Antique Car Club attended and made it a big success. It was really nice of them to stop on their way through to the east country. On Saturday evening there was a community get-together at the Complex, with singing and **local** entertainment, followed by a dance.

Several plaques were presented. (a) The teacher serving during the earliest period — George Vanderzyl. (b) The person travelling the greatest distance to attend — Evelyn Cook of New York. (c) The oldest student attending Enterprise School — William Short. (d) The oldest student attending the Brick School — Ida Forcht.

On Sunday morning a large crowd turned out for the undenominational church service in the Sports Complex.

The only real damper on the week-end was the weather. It started raining late Saturday afternoon, and just poured all through Sunday and into Monday. Everyone pretty well had to stay in the Hall or Complex. Even this was good in a way, because you got to see more people.

Everyone was fed, had accommodations, and, hopefully, had a good time. Many "Thank you's" were received from people saying they had a marvellous time, so who knows? Maybe in ten years we'll have another one. At least we have some experience now and planning might be easier. It was a lot of fun, and it shows that the community spirit is still alive. We hope that everyone had as good a "Reunion" as we did.

My Memories of Clive — by Vivian (Murdoch) Clarke

Who could forget the Village of Clive, and the people who lived there during the Nineteen Thirties? The events that took place at the Community Hall, The School Fair, the movies, plays, dances, and the Christmas Concerts? The skating, the carnival, and hockey in winter at the rink. Ditzler's ingenious toboggan on runners that was pulled behind the car. The opening of the baseball season every 24th of May, with the parade and the Maypole dance. The Strawberry Socials, the Swedish Picnics, the Chicken Suppers, the Box Socials, when the ladies' decorated lunch boxes went to the highest bidder.

Septembers, with Arbor Day clean up and tree planting ceremony at the school. George Vanderzyl, our Principal from the year I started school until I graduated. Vic McCormack, jumping on his bike at recess, and racing to his Dad's barber shop for the score during the World Series. The school picnics at "the spring" on Grose's Hill.

Mrs. Brereton's Mission Band; Mrs. Allison and the United Church Sunday School, with its small church replica to receive our birthday pennies; the Baptist Church's summer Bible School, and their annual Christmas Concert.

The trains, with their steam engines, that flattened small objects we placed on the tracks; and the dray that was always waiting at the station for the trains to arrive; in winter; hitching a ride with our small sleighs behind the dray, or the farmers' sleighs that were hauling grain to the elevators.

Watching Mr. Shove at work in his blacksmith shop; the Minstrel Shows, piano recitals, and chivarees. There is nothing to stir the memory more than happy thoughts like these. The list is endless. I could go on and on, ad infinitum.

When asked "where are you from originally?" I have always been proud to say, "Clive, Alberta, just east of Lacombe." I can't think of anywhere I would rather have gone to school or spent my childhood.

John Elliott — by Jessie Elliott

Back in the year 1899 John Elliott's first wife was very ill, and the Doctor told him that he should take her out West where the air was drier than in Ontario. He made an arrangement with his brother, George, who was out West putting up windmills, to get a homestead for him. They both took up homesteads in the Pleasant Valley where a friend, who worked on the railroad from Calgary to Edmonton, lived.

The Elliotts were born at the town of Tweed, Ontario, where their farm had lots of

stones. The house they were raised in was built from stones gathered on their land. When Dad asked George to get land he asked for no stones, but lots of water and grass for cattle. George took as their homesteads the South half of Section 6, Township 40, Range 24, West of the Fourth Meridian. They also had land on Section 31, Township 39, Range 24, West of the Fourth Meridian; this being C.P.R. land. Dad thought it was the Garden of Eden, with such good land.

But Dad's first wife died before he was able to leave, and left him with Bill, his five-year-old son. As he had his homestead he decided to come on, so in November, 1900, he left Ontario. His two sisters came with him on the train to take care of his son, Bill. Dad brought his settlers' effects with him on the freight. He arrived in Medicine Hat, where he had to stay all day as the train froze up at forty below zero Fahrenheit. He arrived in Lacombe on November 26th, 1900, where a chinook was blowing, with snow melting. He thought he had arrived in a wonderful country. Dad's two sisters arrived before he did, and his brother didn't have his home finished. So the two sisters and Bill stayed with people by the name of Owens who lived where Art Sissons lives now, which was their homestead, until Dad got here and finished George's log house, where they all lived until Dad had his own log house up. Dad cut the logs on the land where Lawrence Wagner lives. Then in July, 1901 the neighbors and friends gathered for a house raising bee.

To make some money that first winter Dad and George hauled coal from south of Alix on one day, and went on with it to Lacombe the next day. He also did chores at Mr. McCleish's place, as Mr. McCleish was J.P. in Edmonton. In the summer of 1902 Dad worked for Krafts, haying. He walked from his place every other weekend to Kraft's, then on Sunday he went over to see his girl friend, who was Jane Rainforth. She and her father lived where Dick Rainforth lives now.

They were married on June 3rd, 1903, and to this marriage were born eight children, Charlie, Isabella, Jessie, Joe, Miles, Olivia, Archie, and Bob. In 1913 Joe came down with typhoid fever and was very ill; he had drunk water out of a pig trough. Dr. McNab was our doctor, but when Joe didn't improve he called in Dr. Shore from Alix, and they both decided there was nothing else to do. They were very surprised to have Mother phone to say Joe had changed for the better. You will see the quarantine card on the door in the picture, which was taken the first time that Joe came outside. He was two years old at the time.

When the Municipalities were formed our land was in Lamerton Municipality and our school was in Lacombe Municipality. The Eclipse School was where we got our education.

Original J. G. Elliott homestead, 1913. L-R — Isabelle, Jessie, Mr. Elliott, Aunt Nan Elliott, Aunt Isabelle Elliott holding baby Miles, Mrs. Elliott holding Joe, Charlie and Bill. Typhoid Quarantine sign on door.

Old-timers will remember Dad, as he dragged the Satinwood Road with a team of horses from our home to Sherburne's, east and south of Haynes.

Dad's two sisters would have liked to have returned to Ontario, but money was too scarce in 1903. My aunt made some money by knitting, and bought a quarter of land for $439.20 and a sister in Tweed bought a quarter of C.P.R. land at $3.00 an acre.

Dad and George fed steers for Pat Burns in the early years as they had lots of hay; they ground feed by a windmill. We were fifteen miles from Lacombe, and the trail from the east country went by our house. Many people stopped and stayed for dinner or overnight, as travelling by horses wasn't too fast.

The Stephen Foster Family

Stephen Foster and his wife, Edith, their three sons, Garnet, George, and Steve, their two daughters, Lillian and Barbara, came from Calgary to the Westling District around 1912. Mr. Foster was a C.P.R. engineer, so was not home too often, and then only for short stays. That meant that Mrs. Foster, Garnet and George had to do what farming was done in those days.

Garnet and George soon left to marry and make lives of their own, then Steve did the farming.

In 1920 Mr. Foster retired and sold the farm to Axel Westling. The Fosters lived on rented farms for a time, north of Nebraska School; later moving to Calgary where Mr. Foster passed away in 1923. His wife then moved to San Diego, California, to be with her daughter, Barbara. She passed away some time later.

Daughter, Lillian, had married Robert Gish in 1922, and they lived at Eckville for twenty-five years, then in Red Deer for twenty-five years. Mr. and Mrs. Gish are now retired and live in Kelowna, B.C. There were four children born to this family, three of them live in Alberta and one in Vancouver. All are married.

Garnet Foster

Garnet Foster married Myrtle Monson about 1916 or 1917, and they farmed in the Westling and Clive districts. They had three children, Edith, Verna, and Harry. Myrtle died February 26, 1922, when Harry was only ten days old. Grandmother Monson raised the three little ones. She had raised ten of her own, after being widowed in 1915.

Edith Foster married Adolph Nieper. They had one daughter, Marlene. All are deceased. Verna has never married, and has lived in Calgary for years. Harry married, had three sons, and lived in Calgary. He also is deceased.

Victor John and Irene Gale

Jack Gale was born in Calgary on the 24th of May, 1909, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gale. He spent most of his life farming in the Milton and Chigwell area. While living in Lacombe he was employed with the E. C. Furlong construction until moving to Coronation in 1962.Then in 1968 the J. Gale Oilfield Construction Company was formed and was in operation until 1975.

Irene Gale was born in Calgary on December 22, 1905, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Butlin, and lived in the Morningside area. She worked for the Alix Wilson of Chigwell and for Mr. and Mrs. Dave Graden.

Jack Gale was married to Edna Norris of Chigwell. They had two children, Victor Jr. of Rocky Mountain House and Donna Pierson of Tees. After Edna's death, Jack married Irene Vooys. Irene has four children, Helen Williams of Delburne, Arie (Bud) Vooys of Langley, B.C., Lois Dennis of Dawson Creek, B.C. and Polly Reaney of Clive. Dorothy passed away in 1945. There are eighteen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

In June, 1975, Jack and Irene moved to Clive where they have enjoyed their retirement, camping, fishing and travelling during the summer.

Daniel, Laura and Hugh Hudkins — by Hugh Hudkins

My father and mother, Daniel and Laura Ella Hudkins, moved from Michigan in 1901 with five children: Myrtle, Iva, Marion, Glen, and Royal. They homesteaded on SW¼ 16-40-24, four miles southeast of Valley City. The name was changed to Clive in 1905. In

1904 Daniel (named after his father) was born, and in 1910 Hugh Clive (named after the town) was born. Marion and Glen served in World War I, Hugh served in World War II.

In 1915 Dad moved into Clive, lived in the Valley Hotel, and built a house, which is the Westling home across from the Baptist Church. The whole family was of an agricultural nature, as they all farmed at one time in Central Alberta. In fact two granddaughters and families are still farming in the area. All of the original family except two sons have passed away. Royal lives in Edmonton, and Hugh lives in Lacombe.

I, Hugh, was born on the homestead south of Clive, SW¼ 16-40-24-W4, and moved to Clive in 1915. I took my schooling in Clive, except for Grade 10 which I took in Kent, Washington. I worked on farms in Clive area until 1932. From 1932 to 1939 I farmed the SE¼ 21-40-24. In June, 1940 I joined the armed forces, and was stationed overseas until September, 1945, during which time I was united in marriage to Winnifred Tricker in London, England, on July 24, 1943. A son was born to us on September 8, 1944 in London, Clive Glenn.

I was discharged from the armed forces, and farmed in the Clive area on the NE¼ 3-40-24-W4 from 1946 to 1962. Our daughter, June, was born in Lacombe on September 18, 1948. In 1962 we moved into Clive where we operated a store, Clive Sundries, until 1966. From there we moved to Lacombe, and I worked for the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires at Penhold Base until October 31, 1980, and since then have retired.

Our son, Clive, now resides in Pitt Meadows, B.C., where he is a carpenter. Our daughter, June, married Rod McDermand of the Alix District, where they farm. They have two daughters, Tammy and April.

Dan and Laura Hudkins with Hugh standing behind.

William Murdoch — by Vivian (Murdoch) Clarke

William Murdoch was born in Calgary on December 15, 1890, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Murdoch. George Murdoch had come west from St. John, New Brunswick, to Maple Creek, which marked the end of the rails. From there he travelled by wagon, and on May 13, 1883, he unhitched his tired team (a mule and an ox hitched together) at Fort Calgary. Three days later he placed in the window of his shanty the announcement of his trade: "HARNESS MAKER". He was a devoted community builder, becoming Calgary's first Mayor and Chief Magistrate.

Mary, Bill Murdoch's wife, was born in Edmonton on April 6, 1896, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Schlamp, who had come to Alberta in 1887. For two years Mr. and Mrs. Schlamp farmed in the Medicine Hat district, then went to Edmonton where Mr. Schlamp became an interpreter at the Alberta Supreme Court. He had travelled extensively in Europe when a young man, and had mastered the seven languages and various dialects, which made his services as an interpreter so valuable, translating as he did with accuracy and pains-taking correctness.

Mary and Bill Murdoch were married in June, 1921. They lived in Crossfield where he had an insurance and real estate business. A daughter, Vivian, was born in Calgary on May 3, 1922. During the summer months Bill Murdoch adjusted hail claims, covering most of Alberta.

In 1928 Mary, Bill and Vivian moved to Clive, where the Alberta Wheat Pool had built an elevator that year. The annex wasn't added until the early 1940's, when it became increasingly difficult to store grain during the war years. There was a large engine at the back of the elevator office, which had to be started and running to operate the machinery for elevating and loading the grain. They moved into "The Gibbons House" across the street from the Harry Williams family. The house contained a small engine in the basement that had to be started at night to generate the electricity for the lights. Soon after taking up residence the Murdochs were persuaded to board a schoolteacher. Miss Iva Hunt was the first, followed by Nina Bagley, then Nora Young, and finally Beth Watson.

In October, 1936, their son, Billy, was born in Red Deer. In 1939 they moved into a company house built by the Alberta Wheat Pool. In August, 1947, the year their first grandson was born, they moved to Stettler, where Bill was the Pool agent until his death May 20, 1953. Mary died in Calgary on October 10, 1962.

Vivian, a resident of Vancouver, married Jack Clarke, who died in 1956. They had two sons, Jay Brent, who is a lawyer in Vancouver, and Edward William (Ted), who is a dentist practicing in Vancouver.

Son, Bill, married Jan Finlayson, who was born in Scotland. They have two children,

1938 — Mary Murdoch, Jim Doran, Don Ditzler, Mrs. Ditzler, Mrs. Harrow, Mr. Harrow, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Doran. Front Row — George Harrow, Lillian Harrow, Ethel Willson, Doris Williams, Billy and Bill Murdoch.

Vickie and Mike. They also live in Vancouver, where they own three retail stores, named Dundee Hobby Craft.

Martin Oro and Family — by Bob Oro

Martin and Hilda Oro moved from the Stettler area to the Clive District in March of 1945, when they purchased land from Mrs. N. T. Nesbitt. Dad served on the Lacombe Municipal Council for a number of years. Mother belonged to the Sargent Ladies' Group and busied herself with family, home and garden.

The family members are Jean Milling, now in Calgary; Bob at Clive; Leonard of the Spring Valley district; Archie of Haynes; and Marvin who lives at Calgary. Mother and Dad retired from farming in 1965, and lived on the farm until their passing, Dad in June of 1973 and Mother in September of 1973.

Bob Oro Family — by Bob Oro

My wife, Elsie, and I moved to the farm in 1965 after having spent some years working for Hopkins' Construction and Bill Mills' Construction. When Mother and Dad retired from farming we purchased the land, and we continue to farm.

Our son, Greg (20), attends N.A.I.T. in Edmonton. He is in his second year studying Industrial Heavy Duty Mechanics. Michael (14) is in Grade Nine at Clive School. Our family has been active in 4-H, and enjoys taking part in community activities.

William John Sturgess — by Mrs. Helen Rodney

William John Sturgess was a carpenter, painter and decorator who lived in Clive at two different times. It is believed he did the interior decorating of the first Clive Baptist Church when it was built in 1924-1925.

William John Sturgess came from England in 1911 to Smith Falls, Ontario. In the winter of 1913 he moved to Red Deer, and to Clive in the spring of 1915. He moved to Penticton, B.C. in 1921, then back to Clive in 1924.

In the fall of 1930 he moved north to Athabasca where he and his son, Roy, took up homesteads, cleared some land, and built a house and some buildings. He later moved into Barrhead where he built another house. In July of 1945 he retired to Vancouver Island, and died there later.

There were five children, Helen, Kitty, Roy, Hilda, and Buster. Helen married Thomas Rodney of Birch Lake; Kitty married Marsell Geis of Barrhead; Hilda married Eric Charters of Barrhead, they later moved to B.C.; Roy Sturgess married and lives in B.C.; and Buster has always lived in B.C.

William and Mrs. Sturgess, Helen, Kitty, Hilda, Roy.

The Winfred Weeks Family — by Muriel Gessleman

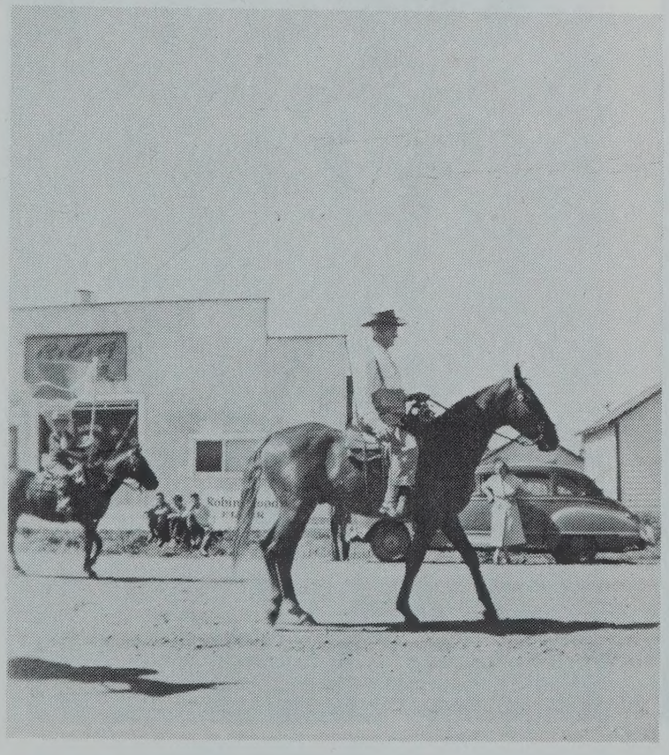
Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Weeks and son, Kenneth, settled near Clive in 1912. They lived on what was sometimes called the Orange place. After staying for a short time they sold their land to Roy Reynolds and had a sale. At the sale Mrs. Weeks' brother, Charles Mills of Haynes, bought most of the furniture.

The Weeks family moved to Portland, Oregon, and had a family of seven. Son Keith was killed in the South Pacific in World War II.

In 1980, the 75th Anniversary of the Province of Alberta, Mrs. Weeks and her son, Kenneth, returned to Alberta. Kenneth was two years old when they left Clive. Mrs. Olive Weeks was 94 years old on December 23rd, 1980. Winfred Weeks passed away March 20th, 1980.

Len Wagner, Scotty Wilson, Cecil McWilliams.

Pete Harrow, Frank Cripps, Don Ditzler.



Mayor Ken McLeod, leading the parade, 1962. 50th Anniversary of Clive as a Village.

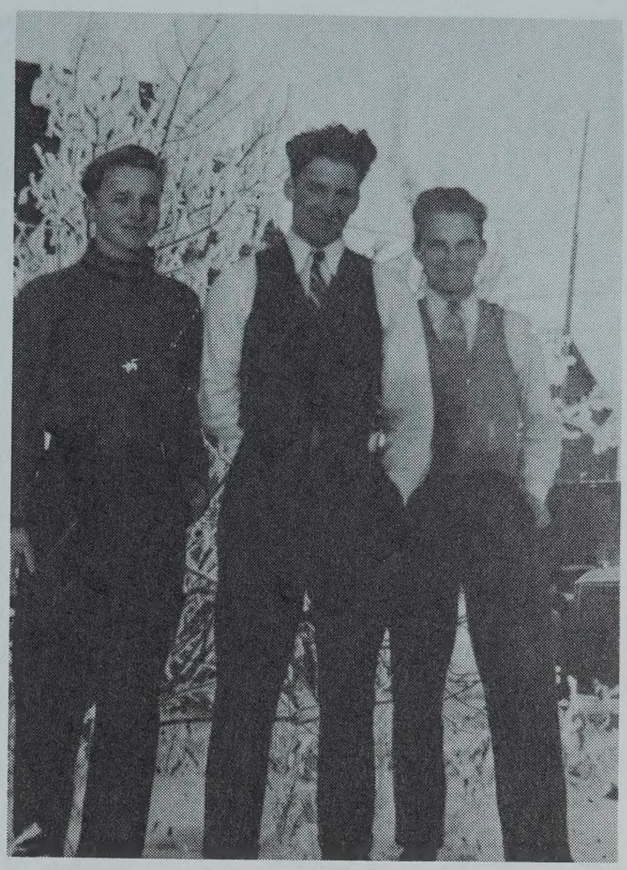
1939 — Anna Rose and Alta Mae Boston, active in sports and community.

Margaret Williams, telephone operator, active in community.

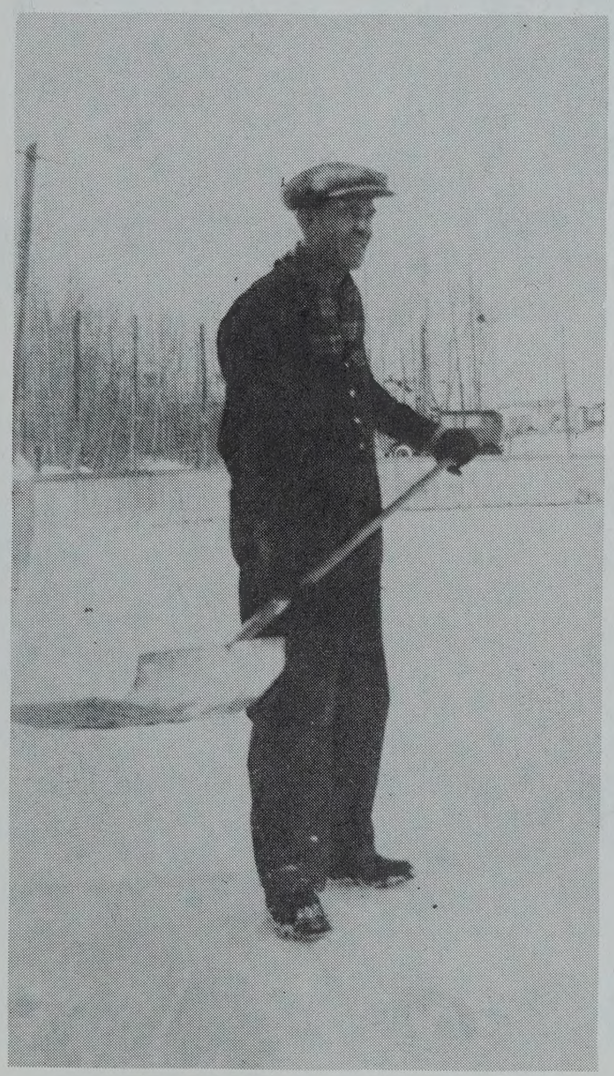
Hazel Hill, telephone operator.

Kay Mack remembered for horsemanship.

Frank Allison (See page 287 Pioneers and Progress).



1939 — Bob Jeglum, Vic Jeglum, Harry Williams.



Vin Duffy cleaning and flooding Clive skating rink.

1937 — Tap dance — Vivian Murdoch, Elaine Duffy for variety nites and between acts of plays. Teacher of piano, dance and choir — Esther Ditzler.

Marjorie Will remembered for horsemanship.

Clive Community Hall.

1937 — Alice Sloan and Hugh Hudkins in "Ali the Cobbler." Plays and variety shows to help pay for the hall.

1954 — Margaret (Coote) Duffy working on the switchboard in the A.G.T. Office, Clive.

Spanish Dance — Vivian Murdoch, Helen Harrow, Elaine Duffy, Alta Mae Morrison.

1945 — Clive Choir. Doris Thomas, Aileen Strandberg, Sylvia Law, Dale Duffy, Jean Kenworthy, Gayle Allen, Miss McCurly, Betty Duffy, Martha McLean.

Mary Allison and Grade V girls, 1941. Back Row — Nora Short, Dale Duffy, Madeline Johnson, Jean Morton, Julia Nolan, Violet Heald, Doris Thomas, Lois Hecht, Grace Williams, Dorothy Steadman. Front Row — Thelma Herbert, Marguerite Kozak, Lois Nesbit, Ethel Steadman, (teacher — Mary Allison), Aileen Strandberg, Annie Kozak, Margaret Nolan.

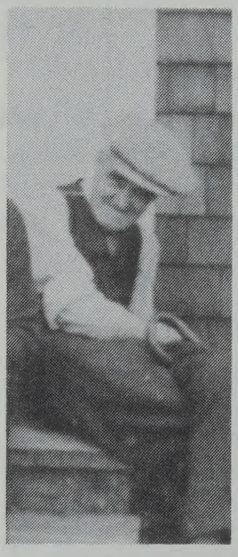
The Vin Duffy Family — Dale, Elaine, Jean, Betty, Vin and Margaret.

Mickey McCormack Family — Evelyn, Margaret, Victor, Hilda and Mickey.

Harvesting in the late thirties, tandem hitched binders pulled by tractor.

Clive Dray, 1940. Owner Norval McMillan on dray. Danny Eidt and faithful dray team King and Prince.

Back view of Creamery. Chester McMillan in the doorway, in the mid-thirties.



Sam Scott ran insurance office, secretary of school board and village for many years. (See page 285 Pioneers and Progress.)

The Forester Family in front of the parsonage — June, Art, Rev. Fred Forester, Mrs. Forester, Arnold and Bob in the early forties.

Will Thomas Family — Grace, Floyd, Blanche, Ruth. Sitting — Nancy, Dorothy and Will Thomas.

1936 — Mr. Harry Tompkins, station agent and youngest daughter June.

A group of Clive ladies about 1937.

Early Pioneers of Clive — Mrs. Emma Gschwendtner, Mrs. Northcott, Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. Knutson, Mrs. Rainy, Mrs. Mary Hecht, Flossie Thomas. Front Row — Mrs. Annie Higgins and Mrs. Sara Grose.

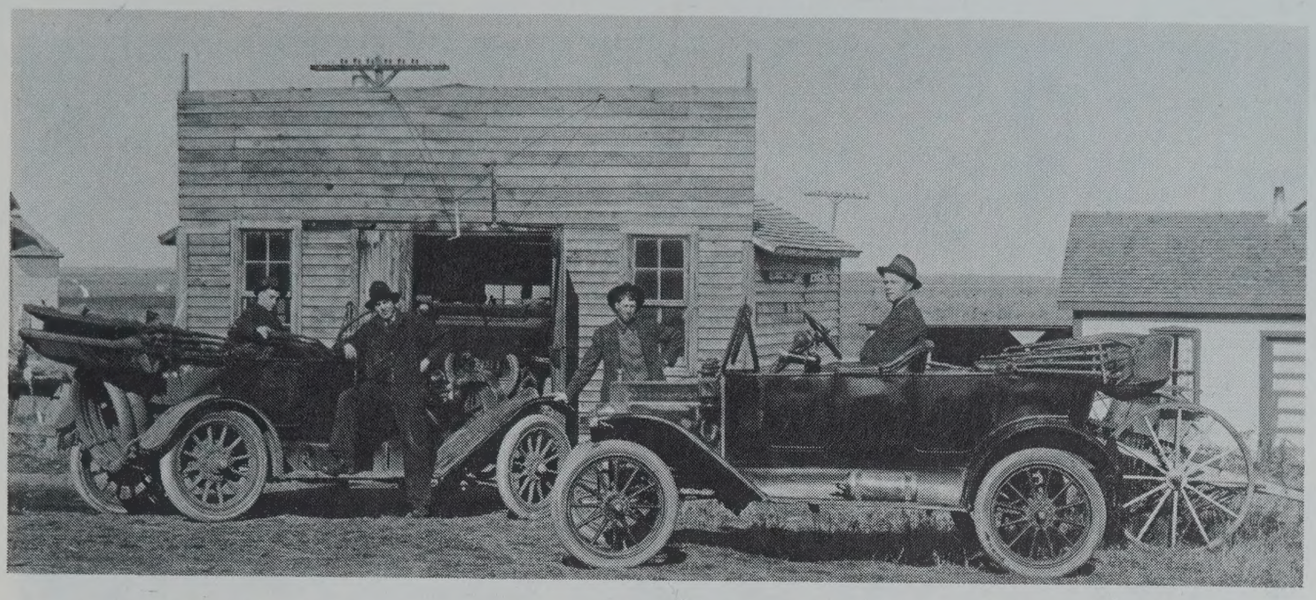
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cassel. (See page 297 Pioneers and Progress.)

Back Row — Arnold Conrad, Gerald Conrad, Vivian Conrad, Frances Conrad, Howard Thomas, Delbert Thomas, Roy Thomas, Gordon Handley, Harold Thomas. Centre Row — Mrs. Annie Higgins, Flossie Thomas, Rena Handley. Front Row — Doris and Jim Thomas.

Teacher Nina Bagley and classes on a picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McMillan Family, Charlie, Don, Minnie, Gladys and Norval.

Back Row — Bill Adams, Charlie Adams, Roy Reynolds, Jack Daykin, Bill Mathias, Newton Burdick. Front — Jack Morton, Jack Reynolds, Mrs. Reynolds, Frank Randell, Ray Bagley.



L-R — Chuck Parsons, Vin Duffy, Joe Cassel, Fred Allison in Ford. Taken in front Lee Phares' blacksmith shop in Clive.

1931 — Neil McLeod, Ernie McWilliams, Lenard Reynolds, Herb Law and Wilfred McLeod.

1920 — Roy Reynolds, Bill Trotter and Nickalson.

1908 — Mrs. Annie (Reynolds) Wagstaff. (See page 639 Pioneers and Progress.)

Windy Thompson's steam engine and threshing machine.

Windy Thompson's steam engine and threshing outfit. (See page 451 and 452 Pioneers and Progress.)

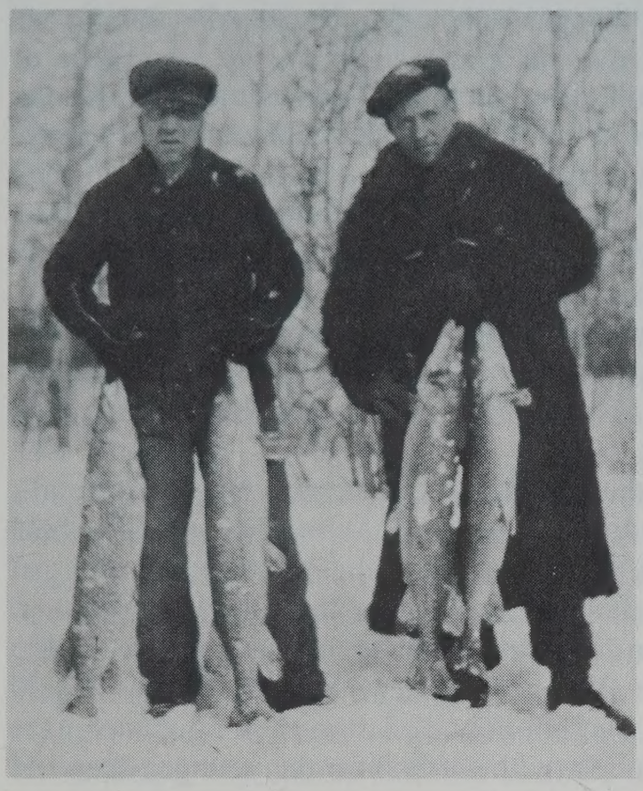
1906 — Gertie (Reynolds) Reid riding side saddle, Bill Reid.

1906 — Tees baseball team. Back Row — Manager Bill Tees, Will Thomas, Wallace Johnston, Ed Hayden, Art Crown. Centre — Ed Bellhouse, Dor Greene, Don Greene, Clarke Minnick. Front Row — Fred Duke, Jessie Morgan.

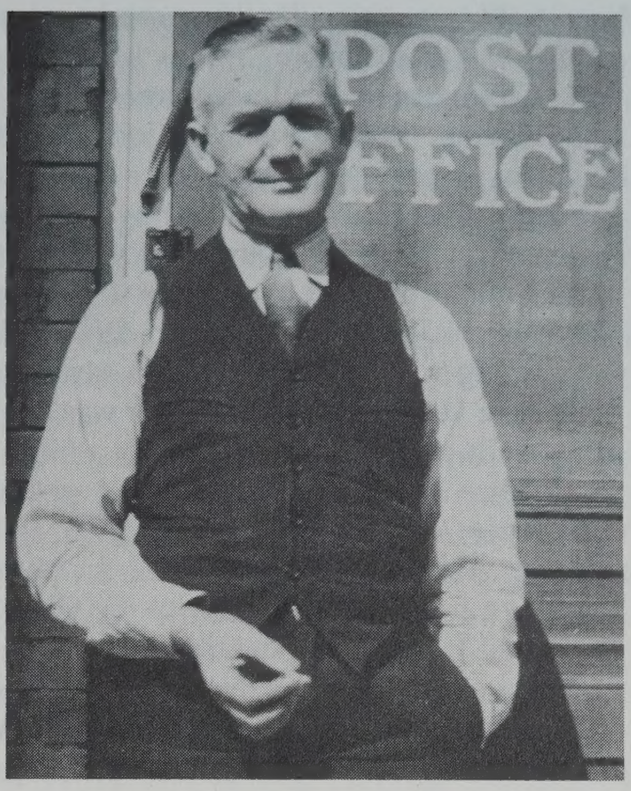
Before 1913. Clive's first elevator which was later moved 200 yards west to present site. Passenger train taking on water, C.P.R. station and passengers.

1913 — Main Street Clive. West Side — G. S. Wood Livery and Feed Stable, vacant lot later purchased by H. M. Illsley, Big Store, McLeod Bldg., Pool Hall, and Barber Shop. East Side — Charlie Henn's first Harness shop Restaurant, Pioneer store and Hardware, King Edward Hotel, Creamery Bldg., Large Warehouse south of track. (See page 261 in Pioneer and Progress.)

Clive, 1939. After the second fire showing street which was destroyed by 1937 fire, taken from church steeple.



1918 — Will Thomas and Angus Montgomery showing jackfish caught in the Gadsby Lake.



Milt Coote in front of Clive Post Office. He helped Mr. Coote the Postmaster.

Early Days In The Sargent District — by Dorothy Pethybridge, from Notes made by W. R. Pethybridge.

(These notes are largely true of the whole area).

Most of the district land was at one time covered with trees or bushes. This provided berries for the families or neighbours who sought to supplement the winter food supply. Most families lived off the land. Beaver dams had provided chains of sloughs which yielded ducks, which were hunted from far and near. Prairie chicken, rabbits, and the occasional deer were also sought.

In the early days the range cattle and horses foraged for their food during the summer months among the mazes of raspberry, saskatoon, and cherry bushes and various wild grasses. They drank from the sloughs, and doubtless flavored their food with berries in season.

Winter feed was usually hauled from the haystacks that had been built, largely by hand and sweep, right in the hayfield, or from stacks of green feed, by means of hay-racks mounted on bob-sleds, to feedlots or semi-sheltered areas near the barnyard. Much of the livestock had to stay out all winter. Some hay would have been stored in the barn lofts for the use of the team or the ponies which did the farm chores. Many cattle ate snow, or had a hole chopped open daily for an ice cold drink from the sloughs, Water was pumped daily by hand from the farm well for years, later to be replaced sometimes by a small gasoline engine or windmill — both subject to the whims of the weather.

Harvesting was done in stages; cutting by horse-drawn binder, stooking by hired man, when available, and by women and the children after school, or by the men when the teams had worked a long day.

Then a steam outfit, with twenty-two or more men ranging from the waterboy to the steam engineer and separator-man, came to thresh the grain. The huge straw-piles were usually placed in the centre of the field to make the shortest hauls as the teams, men, and racks raced to load and unload. One large outfit did the whole district, and the crews were often busy for two months in order to complete every farm before the snow came. Women and children did the daily chores at home during this time. Sometimes the older boys did not return to school until the threshing was done.

After that came the long haul by team and wagon or sled to the elevator or flour mill for the family flour supply. Butter and eggs were traded for "store" supplies. A shipment of barrels of apples and the odd oranges were real treats. Later cream was sent weekly by the can to the Alix Creamery. Filling the cream can added to the list of chores for each

household, separating the cream, and washing the cream separator. Keeping the cream cool enough was also a chore.

Cutting trees, hauling in tree lengths and piling them until such time came for the wood-sawing "bee" was another job to be done in time for the really cold weather. The tree-length logs would be cut by a motor-driven saw into stove-lengths, which were thrown back into huge piles for later splitting by axe into sizeable pieces and kindling. This had to be hauled or carried to the house daily to dry behind the stove, and to be fed as required to the kitchen range or heater. Ashes had to be removed and emptied daily in fair or foul weather. The livestock had to be hunted up, fair weather or foul. Snow was often melted to augment the washing water supplies, and to save soap. Soap was made from tallow and lye. Most wells were very deep and the water was hard. It was hard work pumping by hand too, and many wells periodically ran dry for a time.

Community activities centered around the Sunday school picnics held at Morrical's Grove near Clive. This was a highlight of early July. In the fall the School Fair would be held in Clive. Most children competed for points and prizes, with the winning boy and girl winning a week's free holiday at the Olds School of Agriculture the following summer. During the late Thirties and times of rations on sugar and gasoline the picnics were held in various groves closer to the individual districts. Ball games after Sunday School were held first on the H. Cramer place across from the Sargent School. Later, evening games were held on the N. Sargent Homestead picnic grounds, with softball for the younger ones and ladies, a hardball game for the men. Summer fun for all.

Winter recreation consisted of card parties, square dancing, and, for the out-doors, sleighing on the hillsides near and east of the Sargent School. Some of the younger boys often rode home-made toboggans, skis, or sleds behind the bob-sleds at work feeding or hauling bedding for the livestock. Happy hours were spent tumbling down straw-stacks, getting buried and being dug out again. Only to be repeated again and again. Skating and wiener roasts could well be enjoyed after a day's work of shovelling or pushing the snow from sloughs — only to have the next wind blow it all back again.

Blizzards often kept roads blocked for days and weeks, and short-cuts were taken across fields and fences to attend school as soon as the storm abated. Lost travellers had to trust to "horse-sense" to lead them home from town, taking to fields and known trails. Many disasters were likely averted by the team's sense of which way the home farm lay. In the early Fifties one blizzard blocked the old Number Twelve Highway tight for miles. Cars and trucks were left at the Highway, and Easter holiday visitors rode to the farm by bob-sled over fences and bushes, and were returned later by Bennett-buggy to their vehicles to go back to school or work.

Cattle were often driven miles to market or stockyards, losing pounds by the mile. These were later trucked out, and supplies brought back for the small stores.

Coal for winter fires came from mines on the banks of the Red Deer River. This meant a long day's trek for horses and driver, and often hours of shovelling coal or snow, or both, before arriving home.

Breaking land was done by oxen for some years — later by four-horse teams, and followed by tractor work. Then came the back-breaking work of picking roots, piling and burning them before seeding the first crop. Most of the district's land was cleared in yearly stages by the families who own it.

School Memories — by Dorothy (Sissons) Hosegood

Memory grows dim after half a century. I enjoyed my first summer school at Raven, but in the fall of 1920 my father persuaded me to accept North Star, which was nearer home for his sixteen-year-old daughter. I boarded with the Gilberts, and found the pioneer tales of Mrs. Billy Gilbert very interesting. Although the children needed firm discipline, Stella McCutcheon led her class when she moved to Lacombe School, and the Walters twins did well in their grades.

I dreaded my first Christmas Concert, but with Dorothy Mathews (Sage) presiding at the piano, and the young people putting on a black face comedy, we had a good program.

One Monday morning Dad was helping me unload supplies at school when our usually dependable team headed for home at full gallop, scattering clothes and books along

the road. Fortunately Linc Morrical caught them and brought them back, so Dad didn't have to walk home. He merely muttered about his youngsters spoiling saddle horses for driving by racing them when mounted. They didn't feel their oats after he drove them home at top speed!

That spring my youngest brother took scarlet fever and Doctor McNab clamped down with strict quarantine, refusing to let me go home or get my clothes, so I had to buy new ones. The district was kind, people inviting me for week-ends, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fawcett drove up from Satinwood to take me to a debate and church on Sunday.

All teachers dream of having an ideal school where pupils have the urge to excel, and Sargent was that district for me. I taught there during the depression from 1931 to 1933, prior to my marriage to Harvey Hosegood of Didsbury.

One drawback was illness in my second winter. All my primary pupils took whooping cough, so I had to redouble my efforts to cover the curriculum. Then I took scarlet fever, with one of my older pupils succumbing also, so school was closed for December.

The weather also didn't co-operate, as the winter was severe. One day it blew and snowed so heavily that Donna, my saddle mare, was covered with lather before we had gone a mile. As she was in foal, I dismounted and waded through the drifts, fearing she would step on me as I led her. We both were exhausted. In those days there were no snowplows for country roads, so I had to ride through farmers' fields and learn to open and shut gates on horseback. I was unable to motor until the first of May, just making it through a large mud puddle. The Inspector was not so fortunate that day, and he had to be pulled out.

When I remarked on the lateness of his inspection he said, "This is the first time I've enjoyed my visit to this school. The children no longer mumble, but speak out clearly. The walls are bright with art and enterprise, and all grades have made good progress." There were no mistakes in mathematics tests, and only one in spelling. Our final coup was for the Strathcona Shield when our clever pianist, Jean Waterman, played the paino while we went through our physical training program. Needless to say, Sargent got an excellent school report.

Every year Clive school held an outstanding School Fair. When I informed my pupils that we had only four girls to compete, the boys offered to enter the baking. And they did! The result was that Edwin Pethybridge placed first and Edward Baugh placed second. Edwin offered to give up his chance to go to Olds School of Agriculture, and let Edward attend as this was the last school year Edward could qualify for that Week. Edwin thought he might win again next year, and he did!

Even in sports the will to win persisted. As I was ill my last year we had no Christmas Tree, so I bought a softball and bat to compensate. In the spring we would pile into my car after school on Friday, and would compete with other rural schools. Many of the fathers had been former ball players so the boys got good coaching. One noon I found the big boys practising in the backfield and the smaller boys on base. On my inquiry they replied, "We hear the Clive High School boys will be coming to play us Friday. We can't stop them hitting the ball, but we can catch their flies." And they did!

I was feeling sad when I dismissed my pupils on my last teaching day, when the mothers surprised me with a lovely shower! Mrs. Seeger informed me that she would further honor me by having a baby girl on my wedding day. And she did!

I was also delighted when the men came to break up land for a wind break, which has since beautified the schoolyard for many years.

Sargent Ladies' Aid (1943) — by Lucille Morrical

Now don't get alarmed, and don't be dismayed,
I'll make you acquainted with our Ladies' Aid.

There's Cora and Mildred, the leaders, I'd say,
With Etta Mae Reynolds not far away.

Then Hazel and Maude are just down the line,
Always arriving at meetings on time.

Mrs. Baugh, Mrs. Pethybridge, and Mrs. McLeod,
Three lovely ladies of whom we are proud.

Dicky and Crystal live not far apart,
Their help and best wishes come right from the heart.
Kathleen and Dot live down by the school;
They help out a lot, never breaking a rule.
Ella and mother come from North Star,
They bring us good cheer and aid from afar.
Now I'm not quite sure of the number we have,
So if you are left out, don't feel too bad.
But as for me, I don't count very much,
Just arriving in time for the lunch.

Snowdrift Memories — by Howard and Iona Thomas

In the winter of 1946-47 the snowdrifts were so high along the old highway that our four-year old son, Gary, romping on the drifts with his dog, could reach up and touch the long distance telephone wires. One time, when the roads were blocked for several days, it was a thrill when Ed Jennings and Frank Graham came skiing in on their way home to Alix from Lacombe, where they had been stranded, and stopped for coffee.

Sports were uppermost in young folks minds then too. One Sunday morning when the roads were blocked we heard a great whooping and hollering, and here came some thirty young sprouts, led by Earl Sargent, shovelling out the highway from Alix to Bert Kingston's service station, where the hockey team from Nordegg was stuck on its way to Alix for a hockey game. The distance from Alix to the service station was about thirteen miles.

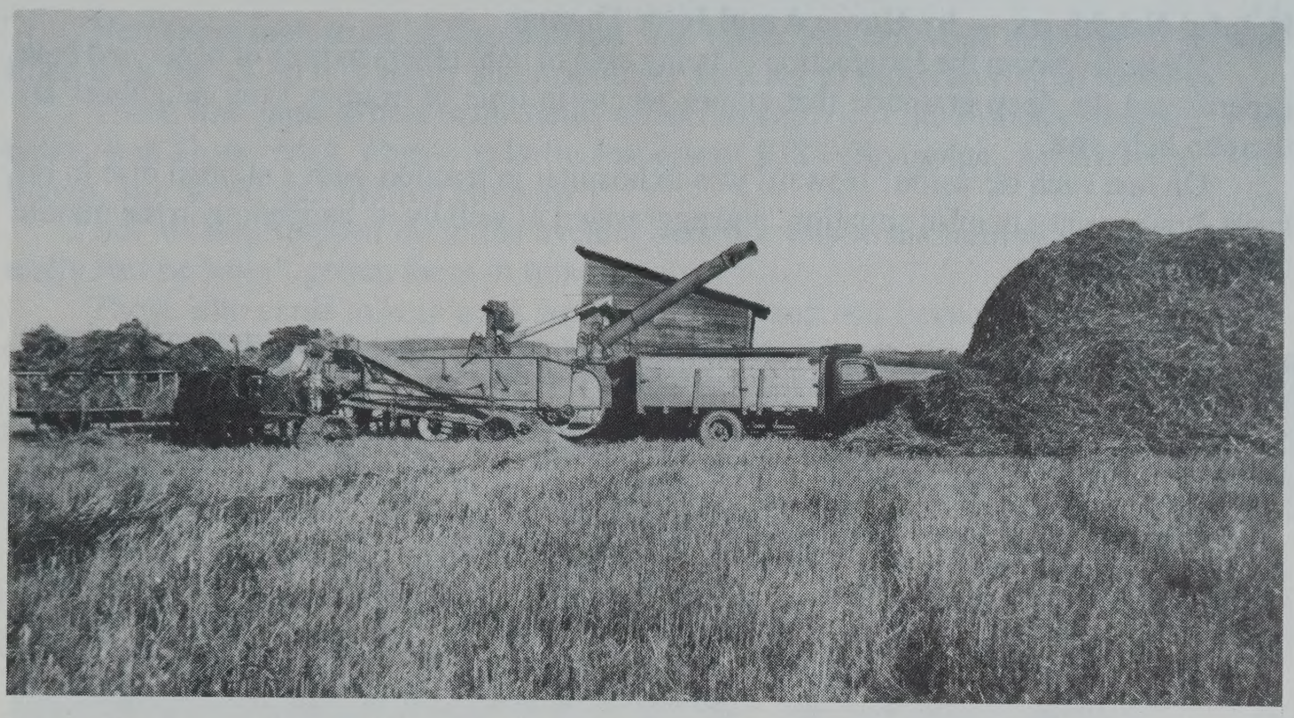
Allyn Mann had a four-wheel drive army truck, and everyone would pile on to ride between the blocked stretches, then climb off, shovel again, and repeat, until they finally reached their destination.

Threshing Time — by Howard and Iona Thomas

A tribute is due all the farmers for all their hard work, long hours, and worry through the spring, summer and fall; their reward being a crop that was in the granary before the first snow fell.

A tribute also to the farmers' wives, for the extra chores they carried while the husbands were away threshing. For their long hours of cooking and baking, and making sure that lunch was to the field on time. Their reward was the thrill of watching strong men devour great quantities of home cooking, and, once in awhile, even getting a few compliments. After tummies were full, with a fresh burst of energy the men would take off for work again, determined to get the crop in before winter caught them.

Threshing — Harry Heringer and Pike Thomas pitching bundles.



Howard Thomas threshing machine, early '40's.

To a small boy, the best part of threshing was lunch in the field with Dad and the threshing crew!

To the threshermen, the challenge of a hard job well done! They always took great pride in their well cared for teams of horses. The horses were fed first in the morning, at noon, and properly cared for at night, before the men had breakfast or supper. Anyone that mistreated horses soon went down the road.

We had five young fellows from Leedale District who came to thresh with us for five years in a row. They were the Heringer twins, Harry and Harold, Joe and Ivan Cornforth, and Bruce Johnson.

Pike and Ella Thomas always raised turkeys, and every year the story went something like this: "That sure is a beautiful bunch of turkeys out there, Ella. I guess I'll have to steal one of them some night and have a turkey feed," says Joe. "If you can catch that big gobbler," says Ella, "I'll cook it!" To make a long story short, the gobbler always lost his head, and the threshers had a full course turkey dinner.

Lunch time, Howard Thomas and Gary.

Helpful Neighbors — by Howard and Iona Thomas

We have known the satisfaction of being able to help others in time of need, and have experienced the deep gratitude that comes when, in time of trouble, your neighbors are there to help you.

On one such occasion, Howard was in hospital in traction with a slipped disc in his back. It was a very painful situation, and aggravated as well by its happening in the middle of spring work.

Art Mervyn, Garf. Ogilvie, Bill Pethybridge, Ernie Baugh, Jim Scott, Martin Jesperson, Earl Giles.

Terry Thomas, Dick Watson, Louie Waddy, Don Sim, Earl Giles.

Neighbors took stock of the situation, and bright and early one morning the air was filled with the sound of tractors and machinery arriving to finish putting in the crop.

Those who came to help in the fields were Garf Ogilvie, Louie Waddy, Don Sim, Earl Giles, Bob Giles, Dick Watson, Martin Jesperson, Bill Pethybridge, Art Mervyn, Ernie Baugh, Jim Scott, and Marion Hudkins.

Jim McKay stopped by in the evening, on his way to his farm near Tees, and felt really bad he hadn't gotten there in time to help.

Those who came to help cook were Florence Scott and Bertie Mervyn. Liz Watson came hiking about one and a half miles with a big batch of fresh-made doughnuts for lunch.

Those who came with moral support were Grandma and Granddad Knutson, Elsie and Diane Sim, Audrey McKay, and Rev. Bob Warren.

The Richard Monson Family — by Luella Collins and Agnes Belmore

Our Dad, Richard Monson, better known as "Dick", was born in Wheaton, Minnesota, U.S.A. on October 7th, 1894. He came to Wetaskiwin at the age of five with his parents, Martin and Ellen Monson. At that time there was a family of six.

We remember our Grandmother telling us how they arrived in the fall, and winter came early that year, and they were unable to build a house at that time.

The Pete Wickenberg family had a home of two rooms, and with the wonderful early pioneer spirit they invited the Monsons to spend the winter with them, even though the combined families totalled twelve. Besides the daily routine of housework, the women kept busy knitting, quilting, making soap, etc. In later years Grandma Monson remarked that she had never spent a more fun-filled winter.

It was the following spring they came to the Westling district to stake out their homestead, where they remained for the rest of their lives, raising their ten children.

Our Dad took his schooling at the Westling School and attended Saron Lutheran Church, being confirmed December 13th, 1908.

As a young boy he worked on various farms in the area. Jobs were few and money was scarce, but how well I remember him telling us that with room and board and Five Dollars a month he was still to save a couple of dollars each pay-day.

He also spent a few years with the railway, and hauling freight from Lacombe to Stettler with horses and wagons. He would travel as far as Alix and spend the night in the livery barn office, and continue on to Stettler the following day.

In 1912 he helped in the building of the Clive Station and School. Many times in passing the old School he told us of how he and another worker cemented the numbers 1912 above the door as the finality of the building.

Our Dad purchased the NE¼, 12-41-25 W4 from Jake Sulky, which our Mother still owns. About 1920 he rented and farmed land from James Tees Sr. for approximately four years.

In 1925 he married Hazel Hilsabeck, daughter of Ben and Ellen Hilsabeck, and at that time moved to the Smith place north of Clive, now the property of Rod Jeglum. From there they moved south of Clive to what is known as the Reynolds Ranch, then back north of Clive to his own place, and in the spring of 1935 moved to the Gschwendtner farm south of Clive. This is the same quarter on which the Gulf Plant is now situated. In 1947 he returned back to the Westling district, where he resided until his passing on September 17th, 1964. He is buried at the Saron Lutheran Cemetery in the Westling District. Our Mother resides in the Stettler Nursing Home.

To this union four children were born, Lloyd, Luella, Winnie and Agnes.

Lloyd was born in 1925 on the Smith place, and took his schooling at Westling, and later at Sargent School.

He joined the Army in 1942 and served in the Second World War with the Calgary Highlanders and 84 Co. R.C.A.F.C. He also served during the Korean Campaign, Second Battalion P.P.C.L.I. While with the P.P.C.L.I. he made Thirty-eight parachute jumps, and has also made two free-fall parachute jumps with the Edmonton Parachute Club.

Upon leaving the Army Lloyd returned to Edmonton, where he spent the next thirty-two years with the Edmonton City Police Force. He retired from the Force in 1978 with the rank of Sargeant Major.

He has since taken up auctioneering, and is presently working in and out of Edmonton.

I, Luella, was born on March 30th, 1927 at the Reynolds Ranch south of Clive. Every year on my birthday my Dad and I would reminisce the story of my birth, how I had arrived long before Doctor McNab, who had to come frm Clive, could get there. When he did arrive by horse and cutter he found mother and daughter doing fine, so he gave my Mother a stick of chewing gum and my Dad the bill for Ten Dollars, which was the 'Stork Fee' at that time.

I took my schooling in the Westling and Sargent districts.

Through the Thirties I well remember life being a struggle for my parents as money was scarce, and often the crops were hailed out, dried out, or frozen out.

I recall that when I was very young my Dad cut and hauled trees out of the bush all winter. Then we would hold a sawing bee with the help of several neighbors. In the summer it all had to be split by hand, and I would help stack it neatly in a wagon box, as my Dad took pride in giving good measure to his customers.

I was often given the privilege to go into town to deliver this wood. I was always glad when we sold to Mrs. Dean who owned the Cafe. For a triple wagon box full of wood my Dad would receive $2.00, and she would always give me a free ice cream cone. That ice cream tasted better than it does today, and I could make it last half way home.

My Mother was handicapped with arthritis most of her life, and sometimes had to stay in bed for days. However her spirits were good, and somehow she always managed to raise a big garden and had lots of vegetables and flowers. She always canned a lot of fruit and berries, averaging four to six hundred quarts per year.

At the early age of fifteen I went out to work for Albert and Dot Carlson. It was in the fall and a busy time of year, but Dot always had time and patience for me. I will not forget her kindnesses shown. I remember once she took time from her busy schedule and drove to Alix to buy me a new dress and pair of shoes so I could go to a dance that evening.

In the following winter I went to work for Cox's General Store in Clive and was employed there for five years. Most of the time I boarded and roomed with Mickey and Hilda McCormack. A finer couple I never knew, and certainly it was a wonderful place to stay. This was during the War, and the store business was quite different than today. We didn't have hours as today, and on Saturday we always worked from 8:30 a.m. until midnight and enjoyed it. We were glad to have the jobs. A lot of foods were on ration and had to be bought with coupons. Many products couldn't be bought at all. A lot of the goodies — chocolate bars, gum, jam, cigarettes, meats, etc. — were saved to send in Care Parcels for our boys Overseas in the War.

In 1947 I married Bob Collins of Fenn, and have lived on the family farm since that time. We have two children. Our oldest, Rick, is married to Elaine Simpson and they live at Hinton, where Rick is foreman for Byers Trucking Co. and Elaine works for Parks and Recreation at Jarvis Lake.

Our daughter Wanda married Len Nighswander of Stettler and they reside in Edmonton, where Wanda works at Radiological Professional Services for the University Hospital. Len is with the Edmonton City Police Force.

Our only grandson, Robbie, is presently in Calgary.

Winnie was born on April 6th, 1930 and took all her schooling at Sargent School.

Upon leaving school she worked at the Clive Hotel for a short time, and then trained and worked as a Nurse's Aide in the Red Deer Hospital.

It was during this time she met and married Harold Lee of Penhold, who was employed by B.A. Gas and Oil. They were first transferred to Camrose and then to Wainwright, where they have made their home.

Five children were born to this union. Judy is married to Rod Arthur and lives on a farm at Wainwright.

Randy married Bonnie Belson of Hay River and they live in Springfield, Missouri, where Randy is studying for the Ministry.

Connie is married to Dr. Carl Rosenstock, and they reside in Edmonton.

Heather Lee is presently teaching school at Chauvin, Alberta.

Trevor Lee resides at home in Sherwood Park.

Richard and Hazel Monson, 1955.

Winnie passed away April 5th, 1969, the evening before her birthday. She is buried in the Saron Lutheran Cemetery in the Westling District.

I, Agnes, was born January 9th, 1935 and attended school at Sargent, Clive, and Westling. I can remember starting Grade One at Sargent School as if it were yesterday. I was only four years old at the time. My first teacher was Mrs. Stella White, and what a great teacher she was! I guess the bad part of school was the long walk on those cold winter mornings. Mrs. White was always waiting to help us with our coats and boots. Each article was placed around that big stove to dry, and be warm for our 3:30 p.m. journey home. Each little one had to pass her inspection for warmth before leaving.

I remember one day when the blizzard of the year arrived about noon, and all I could think of was how I'd ever get home. My worries were soon over when Albert and Dot Carlson, who farmed across the road from the school, came to the school and decided it best that I go home with them; and Albert agreed to go by horse and tell my parents where I was, as there were no phones. Dot, Albert, Arnold and myself held hands while walking to their place so we wouldn't get parted in the storm. I'll never forget the Carlsons for a good supper and a warm bed that night.

After leaving school at Westling I started working out, first in Stettler, then Red Deer, Edmonton, and Lacombe. It was while I worked at the Park Inn Service at Lacombe that I met and married Joe Belmore of Alida, Saskatchewan, who was working in the oil industry at that time.

We moved to many different oil towns in Alberta, and in 1966 moved to Carnduff, Sask.

Since 1968 we have owned and operated Belmore's Feedlot Cleaning here. We have two sons, Kevin aged twelve and Carter aged four.

In the past ten years I have taken a great interest in collecting salt and pepper shakers. As to date, 1980, I have fourteen hundred different sets.

We still reside at Carnduff, even though the Clive area will always be home to me.

Earl H. Rue and Family — by Lydia E. Rue

Earl H. Rue, son of Alef and Annie Rue, was born in Skandia, Minnesota, U.S.A., and came with his parents to a homestead twelve miles southwest of Young, Saskatchewan. He was the fourth son in a family of four boys and three girls. He attended the Favorite School, two miles from their home.

Lydia was born at Radisson, Saskatchewan, where she took her schooling. She later

acquired her stenographer's course at Saskatoon. They were married in December, 1928, and lived on the farm at Young where their two sons, Lloyd and Raymond, were born.

Earl took over the home place after his father's death, and went in for mixed farming. After suffering drouth and crop failure he decided to file on a homestead at Horsehead in northwest Saskatchewan, so we packed our belongings on a hayrack, left the chesterfield open so the boys could sleep if they felt tired, covered everything with a big tent, and left Young in May of 1932. We took five horses, two cows, and some chickens, a mower and a rake behind the hayrack. It was slow going, and made us think that we were in the pioneering days. We stopped with my parents at Radisson for a few days to rest the animals. The journey to our destination took two weeks, and on the last day it rained heavily all day. We were almost there when the wagon reach broke. We contacted my brother at Horsehead, who came with his neighbor and their two wagons, loaded what they could take, and we covered the rest with the tent. It was then dusk, the roads were narrow and rough with large tall trees on each side, and there was a creek to cross, which the horses hesitated to do. We were very tired and were glad to come to the end of our travelling.

Earl started to build a log house with my brother's help, and when the four walls were up a bush fire came and burnt it up. We decided to leave Horsehead, and we purchased a quarter section of C.P.R. land at Spruce Lake. It had quite a bit of bush with few clearings and no buildings. Earl went to work for a dairy farmer. That summer we built a log house and barn, cleared some land, and moved to our premises late that fall. The next spring we rented a quarter section adjoining ours and put in the crop.

In October of 1936 we lost our home and all its contents by fire. Lloyd had just started school that fall, so coming home from school and finding our house burnt he thought of his toys. Both boys were saddened by losing all their things. In those days children did not have many toys, so treasured them with great care. Our daughter, Doreen, was born while we still lived there.

In early May of 1942 we again packed our belongings and came by train to Clive, Alberta. It was snowing heavily, but the snow was gone in two days. We rented a farm without knowing its condition, and were greatly disappointed to discover that the house had just one large room and two stained windows, both on the north side. There was no barn, only small sheds, a well four hundred feet deep and unusable. The municipality did not allow us to put in any crop as the land was badly weed infested. It was fortunate that our neighbor, who was renting a farm across the road from us, was moving out and gave us the use of that house for the year. We rented land from Mr. Geoffrey Fretwell for the next four years. The boys attended Turville School; Doreen started at the Eclipse School. In 1946 we bought the S½ 21-40-23-W4 at Alix from Mr. H. H. Mann of Lethbridge. Lloyd and Raymond went to Tees School and Doreen went to Hickling and later to Mirror Schools. While we were there our third son, Garry, was born. He attended school at Alix for three years; Mrs. Morris was his teacher.

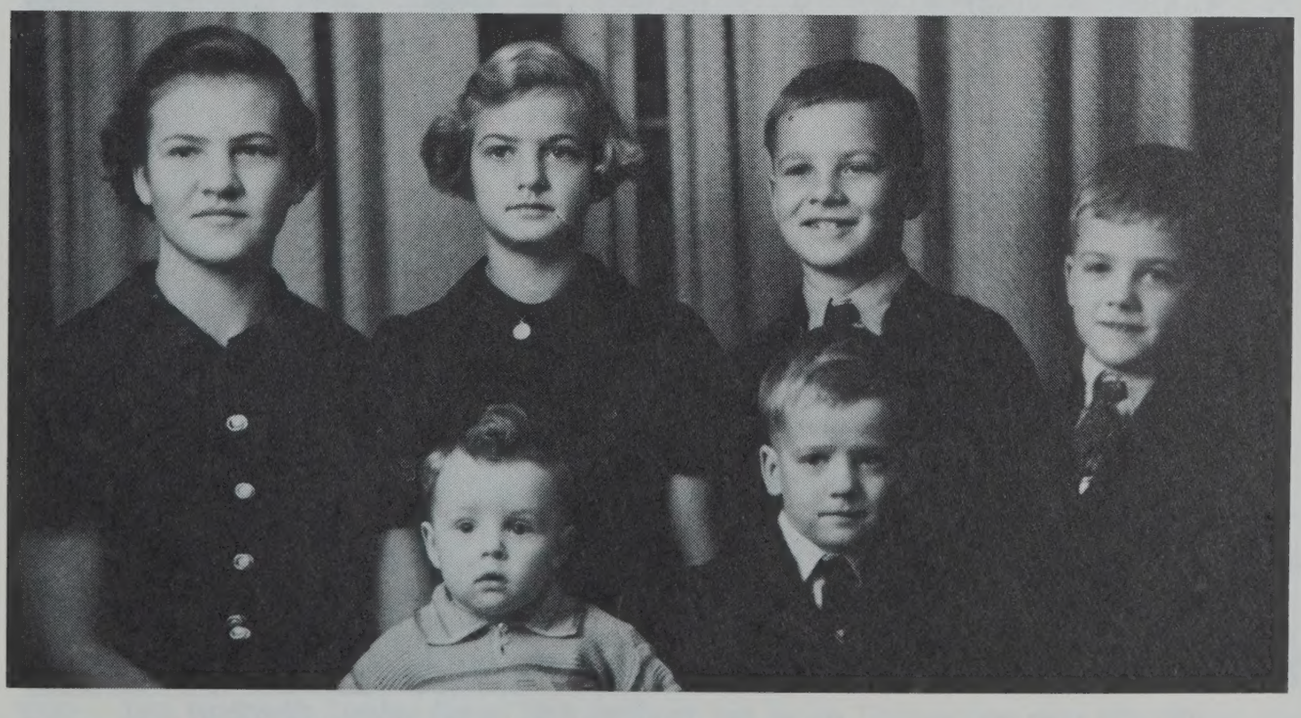
We sold out in 1960 as my husband's health was failing, and we went to Sydney, Australia, taking Garry with us. Our daughter and her husband lived there at that time. It was a great change for us to come from a quiet farm life to a large populated busy city. The seasons were opposite to ours, and their driving was opposite, which confused us at first, but we soon got accustomed to their way of life. We returned to Canada after two and a half years.

After arriving back in Canada we took a position at the Children's Home north of Grande Prairie, and later we moved to Red Deer where Earl worked in a hatchery. His health was affected by the sprays used there so he had to quit. He was then employed at the Auxiliary Hospital in Red Deer until his passing away on April 23, 1971. I was employed at the Alberta School Hospital (now named Michener Center) until my retirement. I live in Red Deer.

Our family of four: Lloyd married Helen Golley, they live in Blackfalds district and have four children, Allan, Beverly, Myrna and Harvey. Raymond married Betty Stanchfield, they live in Red Deer and have five boys, Douglas, Gordon, Deryl, Terry and Ronald. Doreen married Kenneth Jespersen, they live in Calgary and have one son Terry and one daughter Sherry. Garry married Lynsy Flint, they live in Red Deer, and have one daughter Barbara.

1964 — Mrs. Annie Anderson and family. Roy Hecht, Harold Hecht, Mrs. Anderson, Ruth Harrison, Lucille Morrical and Lewis Hecht.

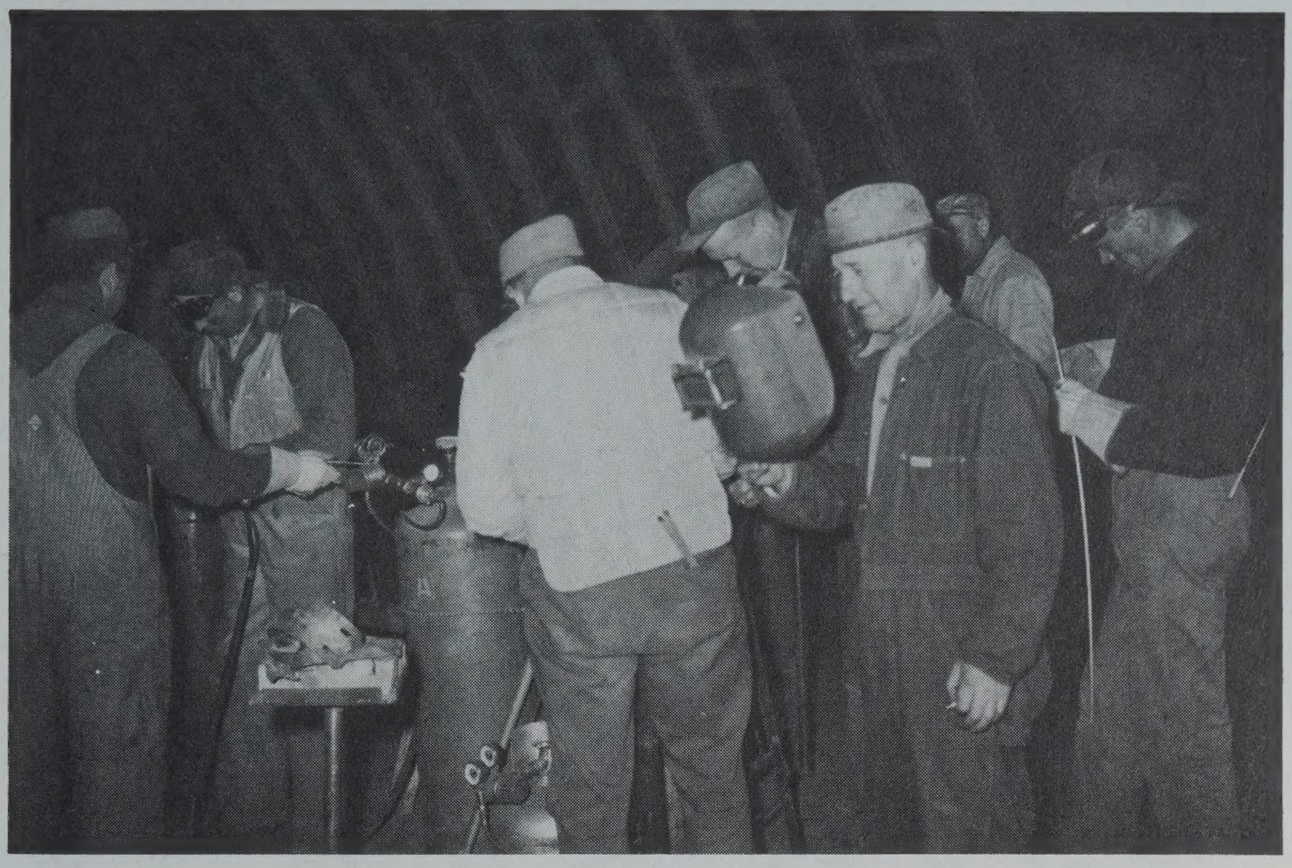
1929 — Roy Hecht, Shirley Hecht, in Ford Coupe at the old house.



The Roy Hecht family. Shirley, Mae, Stan, Bill. Front Row — Gerald and Rodger.

1966 — The Bill Hecht family. Sheila, Donny, Kenny, Barbara, Bill and Roy.

Back Row — Mrs. Pethybridge, Cliff, and Art. Front Row — Tommy, Dorothy, Stan, Harold.



1961 — Welding School at Pethybridge farm.

1960 — Dick Northcott's Lumber Camp. Dick Northcott and Janice Thomas (see page 635 Pioneer and Progress).

1961 — Welding School at Pethybridge farm.

Country Cousins. Back Row — Harold Thomas, Uncle Ray Thomas, Bill Wagschal, Howard Thomas, Pike Thomas. Centre — Verona (Handley) Wagschal, Hazel (Handley) Norton. Front Row — Gordon Handley, Maude (Thomas) VanEaton, Norval McMillan.

1905 — Mrs. Annie Hecht farm where the first 30 acres broken were done by oxen.

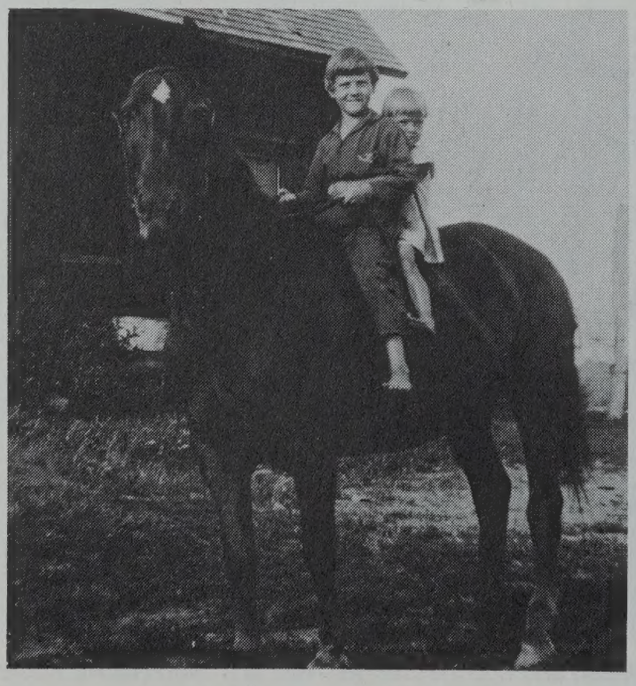
1905 — Neighbors taken on Annie Hecht's farm.

1941 — Exercising. Sargent School. Left Side, B-F — Helen and Maxine Seeger, Mac and Stan Hecht, Adele Seeger, Agnes Monson, Bill Hecht. Right Side, B-F — Shirley Hecht, Luella Monson, Jack Waterman, Winnie Monson, Roger Hecht, Margaret Waterman, Arnold Carlson.

Gschwendtner Place, 1942. Gas Plant is there now.

L-R — George Reid, George Walters, George Vanderzyl (the three Georges).

"Running Water" (run and get it). Winnie and Luella Monson.

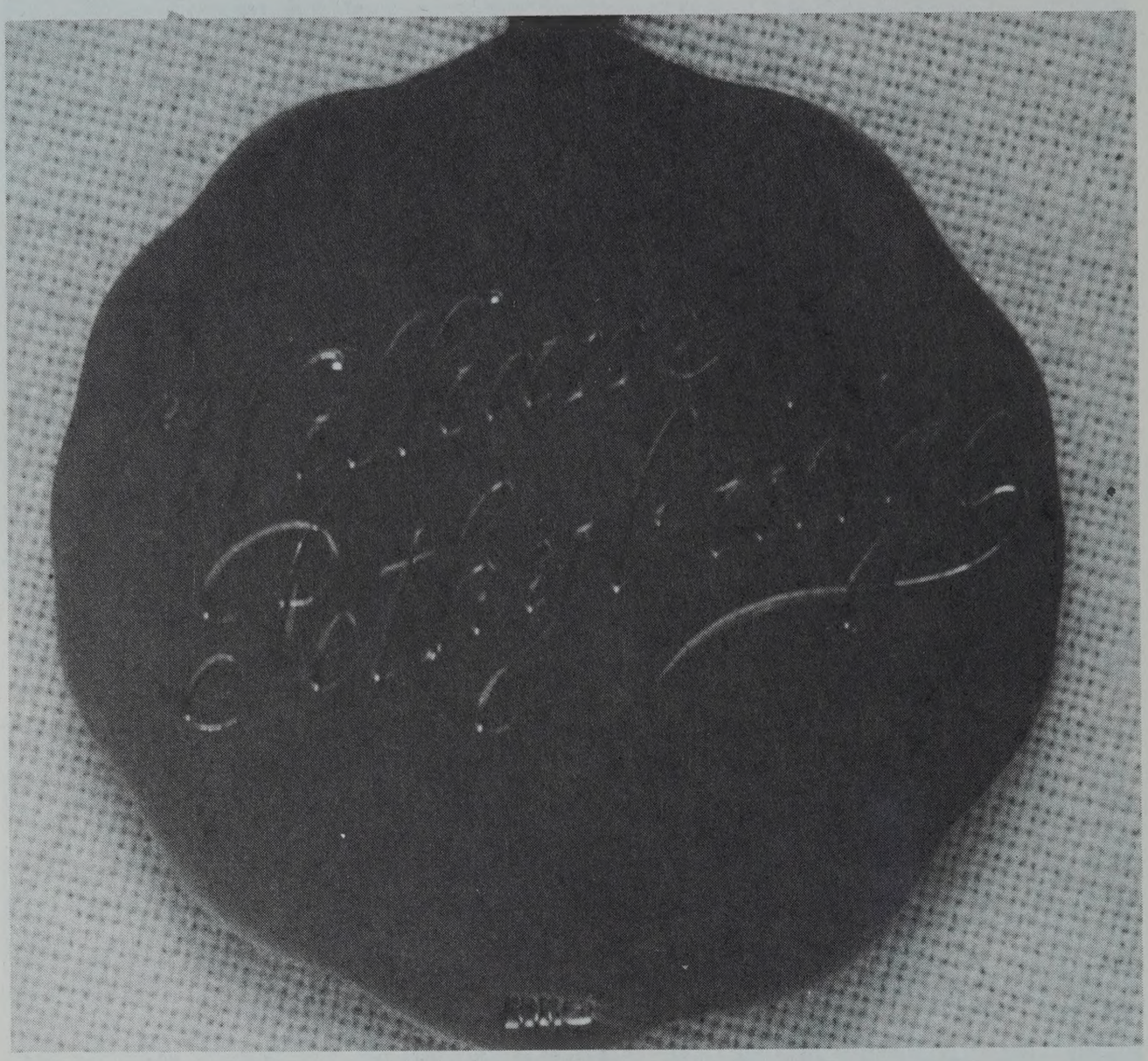


1932 — Shirley and Mae Hecht on Lady in front of house.

1927 — Taken on Reynolds' Ranch. Hazel Monson holding Luella, Lloyd holding pony.

Early 1900 — John Maurer farm, note sod roof on house.

The Gold Medal won by Wm. Pethybridge at Boys' Camp in 1931. (See story on page 213, Pioneers and Progress.)



Back of Bill Pethybridge's Gold Medal.

1940 — Sargent School. Back Row — Donald Waterman. Hidden — Harley Scorah, Alva Bradley, Norman Seeger, Stella Bradley, Shirley Hecht (teacher). 2nd Row — Mac Hecht, Ruth Davis, Luella Monson, Maxine Seeger, Jack Waterman, Winnie Monson, Helen Seeger. Front Row — Bill Hecht, Adele Seeger, Stan Hecht, Kenneth Davis.

Harold Pethybridge, Edwin Pethybridge, Edward Baugh, Bill Baugh, Vic Jeglum. Early 1930's.

Satinwood School Entries

(Note: The following ten items were submitted by pupils of the Satinwood School, in response to an invitation extended to the children in all schools of the district.)

The Kullman Story — by Don Kullman

My great-grandfather came from Germany to Canada by boat in the early 1900's. They homesteaded in southern Saskatchewan for the rest of their lives. My grandfather was born in 1908. When he was sixteen he moved to Alberta, and married Kay McKibbin in 1936. They moved to B.C. where he got a job in a sawing mill.

About 1941 they moved to where we live now. My Dad was born in 1939, Bill was born in 1943, Kathy was born in 1940. Bill got married in 1961. Kathy married Alvin Barr in 1958; they now live in Rimbey.

My Dad's name is Robert P. E. Kullman. He married Eunice Hudson in 1960. They lived in Red Deer where Bob was born in 1965. I was born in 1967. We moved back to where Dad lived, in 1971. We have been there ever since.

The McKibbin's came from Ireland to U.S. and then to Alberta. Harry, Ray, Hazel, Peggy and Dorothy are my great-uncles and aunts. Harry and Ray are bachelors. They all lived near Calgary. Harry, Ray, Hazel, Peggy and Dorothy all came back. Harry and Ray live four miles west of Alix. The girls are married. Their parents died, but their house and farm are still standing, but someone else owns it now.

The Story of Mrs. Ethel Hornseth — by Jackie Thon

Mrs. Hornseth came to the country in 1900 when she was five years old.

She went to school for eight years. She had to walk about a mile to the Hopedale School. For amusements at school they would put on concerts and play games. At the end of the year they would put on a community picnic. After the picnic they would sometimes put on a barn dance.

For Christmas they would not put up a tree. They would hang their stockings on the

back of a chair. For presents they would get a ribbon with a ring, and other times they would get a cup and saucer. The students in the class would take up a collection for a present for the teacher. Then the teacher would give all of the students a book or something.

To get their groceries they went to Lacombe.

After Mrs. Hornseth quit school she looked after her grandparents. She would also help cook for the threshers.

She was married in Stettler and still lives in the Haynes District.

Lignite — by Sandra Bouchard

Thirty or forty years ago
There stood a coal mining town,
People flocked from miles around
To settle by the estate of Crown.

So now look at the recent map.
This map shows no more
The town that for years
Mined coal from the earth's core.

People say that town faded away
Into the cold cold ground.
It vanished, just disappeared,
Without a mark left to be found.

The old folks still will reminisce
About the strange ways
In the forgotten ghost town
And remember the good old days.

The wind blows swiftly
And in the silent night
The trees will never move
When they whisper about Lignite.

(Note: For the History of Lignite see "Pioneers and Progress" Page 518)

The Coming of the Settlers — by Carmen Ditzler

When people heard about our land
In the wild unsettled West
They brought their wagons, tools and hands
To make our land the best.

They plowed the land by horse and hand,
People believed they had a dream,
Built houses, barns and fences on their land,
To build a community they worked as a team.

They stayed through times good and bad,
Through depression, drought and fires they stayed,
Remembered all the good times they had,
And now look at the land they made.

The Fawcett Story — by Edward Fawcett

My great-great-grandfather came to this country in 1898 with a baby boy which was named Lindley Ora who was my great-grandfather. The baby kept on crying and crying, and finally the conductor of the train that they came on asked "Where is this kid's mother? Get this kid's mother!" Then the father said she was in the "Baggage Coach Ahead". Then everyone understood because they all knew that the "Baggage Coach Ahead" was for coffins. There was a guitar player on the train who wrote a song called "The Baggage Coach Ahead".

My great-great-grandfather homesteaded the land where Jim Johnson now lives. My great-great-grandfather sent my great-grandfather to Ontario to study law. It wasn't really his thing, and he came back to Alberta to farm. He married Alice Faulkner from Calgary,

and they homesteaded the place that Garth Fawcett now lives on. They had one son named Edward Lindley. (Not me.)

Edward Lindley married Pearl Sage, daughter of Leonard and Dorothy Sage, who lived in this community. They farmed where Frank Fawcett (my father) now lives. They had five children, Frank (my father), Lindley, Garth, Lisa, Kenny.

Lindley was killed in a train-car collision in 1964.

Garth married Jo-anne Preston from Coronation and they have three girls, Sandy, Tracy, and Crystal. And one is coming in this month.

Berry Picking — by Shauna Littau

In the late Twenties or early Thirties a fire burned most of Section 19, which is southwest of Haynes. No one knows how it got started. After the fire there were all different kinds of berries such as raspberries, saskatoons and currants. People would come from miles away to pick berries. They would bring buckets, basins, pails, anything, and when they were done their containers would be full.

They would come and spend the day, bringing their lunch. The road past there was not very good, so people came by horse and buggy, walking, and horseback.

My Grandma said it sure looks different than what it looked like then, because now there are lots of trees. There still are berries but not as many.

Country Life Back Then — by Norman Waldron

When the days were starting in the morning, and the men and some boys were going to the field, the other children would start off to school. Then the women, and maybe some of the older girls, would clean up the house and start cooking for the men who were out working. In the evening the children would come home from school, and then the other boys would go out and help in the field. Sometimes the men and women folk would go to the store. In the fall and winters the men, and some days the older boys, would go out to hunt for furs and the meat for over winter.

The J. L. Walters' House — by Leslie Linklater

The J. L. Walters' home on E of 20 of Township 39-24 was begun in 1909, and completed in 1911. The first occupants were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Walters, who first came to Pleasant Valley in 1892, with the intention of being large farmers. To their dismay each quarter was occupied, so they headed for Milk River. They didn't make it because they heard Milk River was like Pleasant Valley, so they returned in 1894. Upon arrival they found that all of the squatters had left, so they stayed. They were the only settlers in the Valley until the W. Morricals arrived in 1894.

The Walters built a log house which they lived in for fifteen years. In 1909 plans for a three-storey house, seen in California, arrived and construction started. The Walters moved in 1911.

Gravel for the basement and foundation was hauled from the Red Deer River by wagon load. The outside walls were built from 2 x 6's with 16 inch centres. Two brick fireplaces were installed, and ashes from them fell one and two stories down to the basement.

Mr. Newman of Lacombe laid most of the oak floors in the house. The house is not insulated, and took forty tons of coal to heat it during the winter. The large furnace sent heat up to radiators which kept the house warm.

The house had two features uncommon for 1911. The Walters installed a light plant to generate electricity, and there was a bathroom on the second storey when the house was built.

The house has two staircases; a grand oak one in the front, and a back staircase which my grandmother, Mrs. Linklater, fell down when she worked there during the winter of 1927.

The house has six rooms downstairs and five bedrooms, one of which has a large walk-in closet with a rose window, and a bathroom on the second storey. The third storey has three rooms, from one of which you can gain access to the roof. Another room is a finished bedroom, and the third room is an unfinished bedroom used as an attic.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walters sold the farm in 1963 and moved to the Ted Elder farm north

of Haynes. The Walters' farm was sold to Mr. Hubbard from Montana, who sold to the Hutterite Brethren in 1966. They established a colony on the farmsite, and use the house for storage.

The Turkey Story — by Janice Duffy

One day (or should I say night) the neighbourhood boys gathered together for the annual pranks and decided to take a neighbour's old turkey gobbler, boil it and eat it. Well, they snuck into their neighbour's yard, swiped his turkey, took it back into the trees, butchered it, put it in a pot of water and boiled it. It boiled for two or three hours, then they tested it. It was way too tough, so they put it back and cooked it some more. They kept testing it every so often but it was always way too tough. Finally after two days of cooking it they gave up and threw it out to the coyotes. I'll bet those boys never tried to cook a turkey ever again.

Those Were The Days — by Brenda Dalby

Farmin' was hard
but it was a livin'.
We'd wake 'round 6:00
an' sleep 'round 7:00.

The house was cold
an' the winter too,
The summers warm
an' the people too.

Those were hard days
but I'd do anythin'
to do it all over again.

The J. L. Walters House on the move — from The Lacombe Globe, March 4, 1981

A landmark of the Haynes district was moved from its site of the past seventy-two years on Monday, March 2nd, 1981.

The homestead home of the James L. Walters family was moved from the Hutterite colony northwest of Haynes to the S.W.¼, Sec. 3, Tp. 39, Range 23, which in early years was the homesite of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bucknell.

James Walters moved to the district about the turn of the century, and built the home in 1909. It remained in the Walters family until 1963, when it was sold to John Hubbard. Shortly afterward the land was sold to the Hutterites. For the past seventeen years the home has been unoccupied, but was used for storage.

The elegant three-storey structure featured such luxuries as floors built of hardwoods, imported from Ontario, hot water heating, and a large pillared front verandah. The latter was removed to facilitate the seven-mile move. The home was purchased by Eugene and Brenda Brown of Stettler, who intend to restore it to its original state.

Albert Curry — by Marie (Curry) Bandura

In the fall of 1900 Albert and Lily Curry arrived in Lacombe with their five-year-old son, Cecil, from Forester Falls, Ontario. Cecil started school after the new school was finished in 1901 or 1902.

In 1905 the Currys moved to Pleasant Valley and on to the homestead S.E.¼ 18-39-24-W4. Cecil rode five miles to North Star School on horseback. Miss Barnhill was the teacher. Later Satinwood School was built. Boys usually only attended school in the winter months, as spring and summer were busy with haying and breaking new land with teams of oxen and horses.

In 1913 the Currys traded the farm for the Livery Barn in Blackfalds. In 1915 the Livery Barn was sold to Ray Trout, and the Currys moved to Calgary. They purchased a coal and wood yard at Ogden in 1916, which they operated under the name of Curry and Son.

Cecil Curry went overseas in 1917, and managed to get home just before Christmas of

The J. L. Walters' House On the Move.

Cecil Curry, Alvy Norton, about 1915.

1918. In April, 1919, Cecil married Muriel Norton from Blackfalds, and they moved to Matsqui, B.C., in 1920.

1915 — Cecil Curry.

One of Nature's Wonders — by Molly (Rice) Nielsen

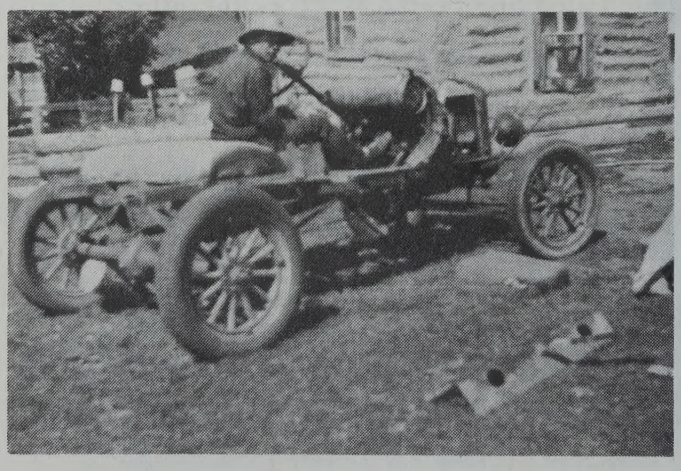
There are some wonders of Nature we only see once in a lifetime, if we are lucky and in the right place at the right time.

I cannot remember the year we saw this one but believe it must have been around the early nineteen thirties.

One evening there was a sudden electric storm and a heavy down pour of rain for about a half hour. After a storm we, the Rice kids, always went to see how deep the puddles were, and how much rain water we caught for wash day, and how far the moisture went down in the garden, etc. Little did we expect to see a large migration of salamanders. Up until this evening I had always thought salamanders were slow moving creatures. Now there were hundreds of them with tails erect and all going in a northwest direction. We counted over a hundred between the gate and the house, moving quickly. They were all around the house.

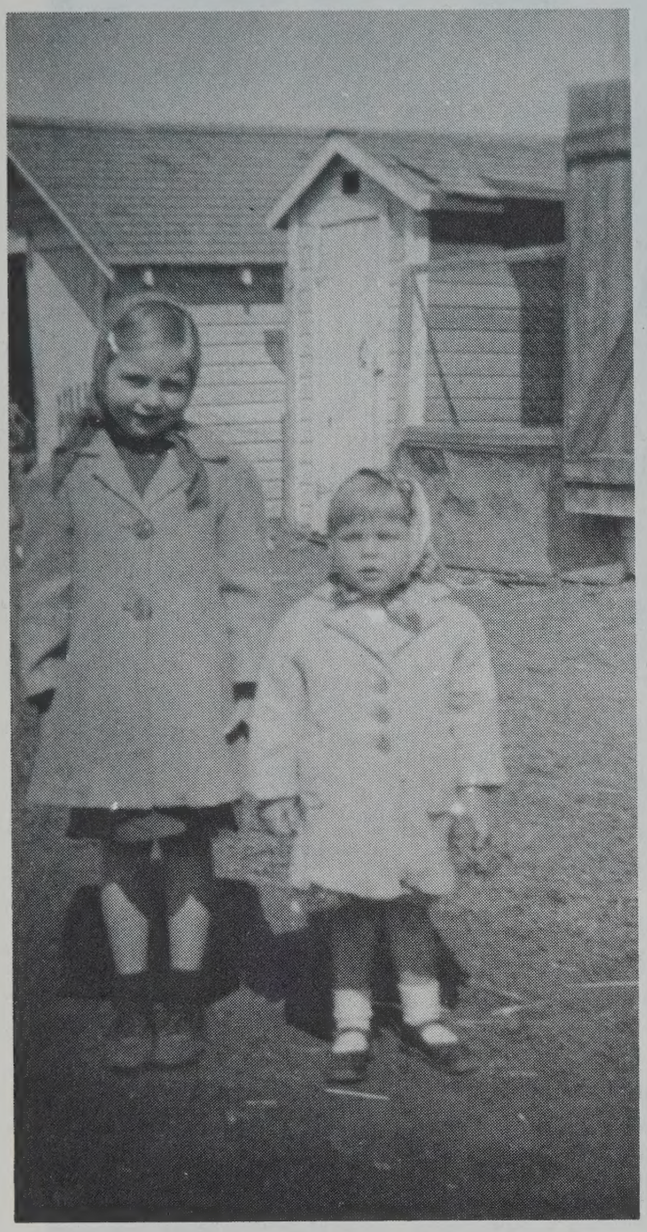
My sister, Het, and I slept in a room that was on ground level. Some salamanders in their march had got in there. With the help of broom and dust pan we carried all we could find outside. We were reluctant about going to bed as they were far from welcome guests. Every sheet, blanket, and pillow case was carefully examined before we climbed into bed.

In the morning there wasn't a salamander in sight. Where had they come from and where did they go?

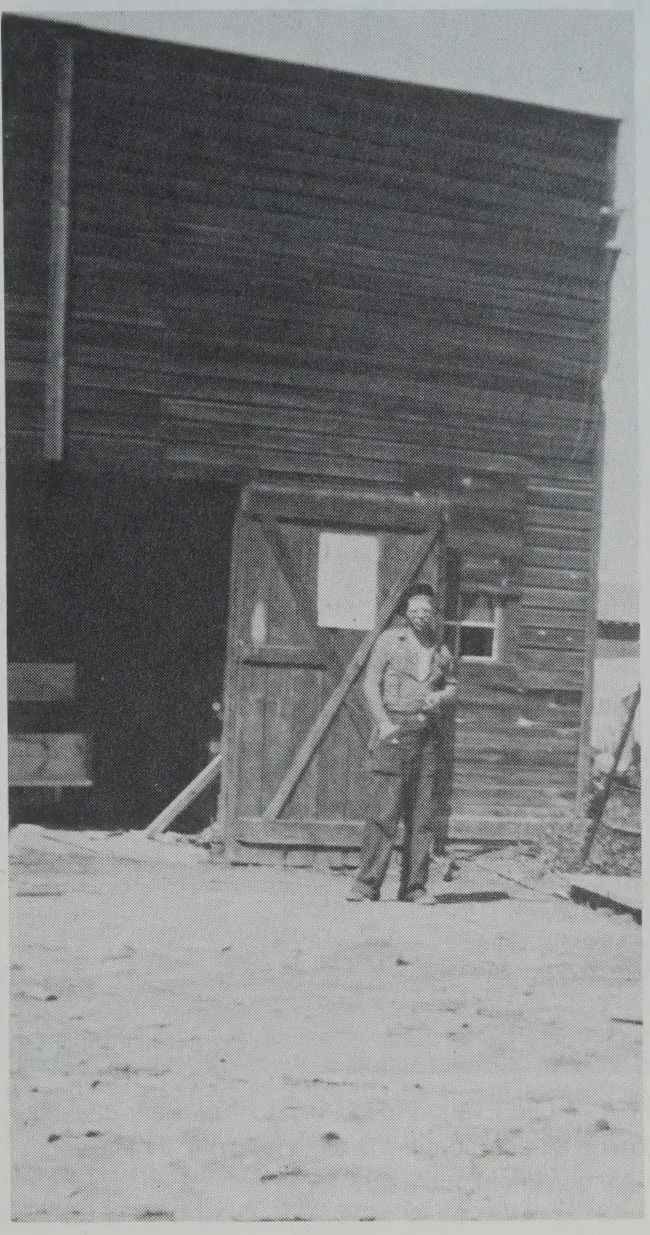


Lud Evang in his 1928 490 Chev.

When we see movies of the lemmings migrating in the North it reminds us of the salamanders on the march that evening of the heavy rain.

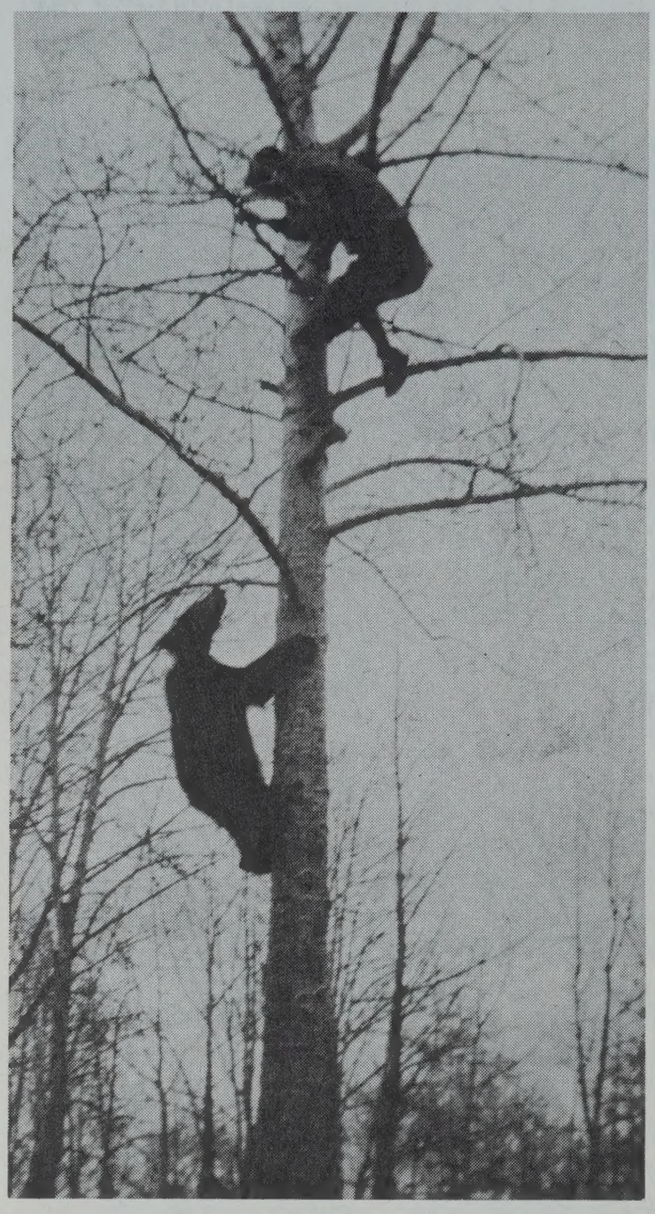


1945 — Melva and Joan Evang at the old 'old' lumber yard at Haynes.



Lud Evang shop where he built the first paddle grain loader in 1939.

1939 — Lud's blacksmith shop.



1929 — Lud Evang trip to Peace River. Bear chased him up a tree. "Lord if you can't help me, for Heavens sake don't help that bear!"

1940 — Arnold Evang, Mildred Evang. Melva and Lud Evang in front of Cardamony House, Albert Bredo's house next door.

Mickey Stuart family. Leona and Mickey, Sharyl, Jennifer and Charlie. Mickey ran store at Haynes from 1944-1969.

Jack and Helen Hopkins. Jack Hopkins and Lud Evang started first blacksmith shop in Haynes in 1936. Then Jack was the founder of the Hopkins Construction Co.

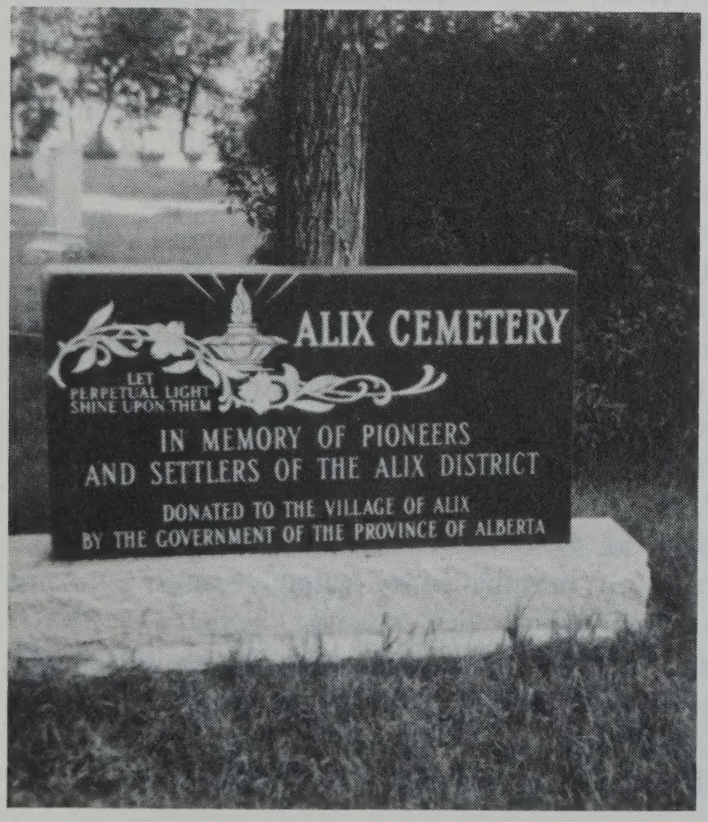
Fallen Leaves

Tread Softly (Pioneer Graves) — by Ella Jane Jewell (from "Gems" by permission)
They rest in peace, after a life of hardships.
Tread softly when you pass their place of rest,
And let them sleep, they've earned the long, long quiet,
Before they're wakened to dwell among the blest.
Tread softly, whenever you go past them,
Lying so still beneath the prairie sod.
They were so very tired. Leave them sleeping.
Let them be wakened gently by the touch of God.

Fallen Leaves — At Rest In Alix Cemetery — by Alice Nielsen and M. L. Ludvigsson

Our Pioneers are leaving us. Their early works have been accepted with not enough thanks, but their efforts have put our feet on the paths to progress.

Many of the Pioneers lie in the Alix Cemetery, or in the Fairview Cemetery in the Stone District, and many of their number are not mentioned elsewhere in these pages of local history. The early records for the Alix Cemetery are incomplete, some were probably lost when the Union Bank burned in 1928, but from the records that exist, and from tombstones still standing, the following information is obtained. The year of death is given, and the age of the person, if known.


ALIX CEMETERY
LET PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON THEM
IN MEMORY OF PIONEERS
AND SETTLERS OF THE ALIX DISTRICT
DONATED TO THE VILLAGE OF ALIX
BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

Alix Cemetery Monument (stone), 1981.

Undated — Rex Hargrove, 13; Mrs. Ross, N. G. Golberg, Pilling, Baby Melvin, McClain, Harbottle, Lizbeth Johnson.
1905 — Emily Stevens Walker, 73.
1907 — Opal Sims, 4 months.
1908 — Kathleen Bryan Jaeck, 2; Harold Frederick Jaeck, 9 days; Sarah M. Carroll 47; Laura S. Barritt, 77; Joseph Livernash, 68.
1909 — Louis F. Toepfer, 62; James Riley, 77, Frank Graham, 46.
1910 — Baby Jack, 10 months; Robert Marryat Yerburgh, 7 weeks; Howard Sutherland Frederick, 22.
1911 — Gladys Yerburgh, 29; Paul E. Cockrall, 4.
1912 — Baby Lambarde, Angus Wood, 46.
1913 — Clyde Oscar Donaldson, 34; Warren Roper Barritt, 10 months; Robert Bruce Cook, 61; Francis Hurly, 5.
1914 — Mary Christian Worke, 18 months; Robert Frederick Beattie, 41; Baby Carroll, 1 day; Emerson Watts Roper, 24; Stanley W. Bullivant, 28; William Leo Ditto, 21; Percy Hudkins, 17.
1915 — Cynthia Maretta Bearss Todd, 58.
1916 — John Wood, 53; William Bonham, 81; Baby Ditto, John Palmer Bailey, 39; Mary Ann Brown Early, 62; Ernest Lindsay Marryat, 76; Frances Ida Pinnell, 5 months.
1917 — Nathaniel Merrifield, 81; Oleta Margaret Rouse, 5 weeks; Everson Early, 65; Kate Goater, 47.
1918 — Helen Leta Bissett, 7 months; Herman Samuel Sanderson, 32; Robert William Conway Hurly, 27; Christina Smith Tallman, 62; Richard David Hill, 13.
1919 — William Thomas Clarke, 46; Marion Marie Tucker, 49; Maude Mathews Ditto, 35; Neva Black, 33; Ann Eliza Bonham, 75; Louise Sims, 7; Jack Sims, 1.
1920 — Jenny Lind Monson, 45; Francis Robert Mitchell, 63; Mabel Winnie Boowmer, 39; William Jesse Carroll, 76; Dick Taylor, 4.
1921 — Ole J. Sorum, 79; Baby Carroll, 3; Sarah Lestina Merrifield, 73; Margaret June Paulson, 18 months; Gwyneth Smith, 4 months; William Wallace Mogridge, 13; Helen Barritt, 3.
1922 — Chesley Morrison Boowmer, Michael James Harper, 74; Nathaniel Otto Merrifield, 9; Blanche Demers, 16; Elizabeth Wilton, 8; Howard Hamilton, 14.
1923 — Per Verner Lofstrand, 32; Joseph Todd, 73; Theodore Smith Jr., 18 months; John C. Palmer, 44; Louis Franklin Rouse, 63; Ingebor M. (Isabella) Sorum, 82; Dallace Wallace, 3.
1924 — Cedric Mansell Smith, 1 month; Henry Berg, 27; Alfred Victor, 8; Laura Daisy Gilbert, 50; Margaret Riley, 71.
1925 — Donald Stanley Sutherland, 5.
1926 — Ida (Ada) Yahnke, 52; Francis E. Sheldon, 71; Arlington Hanson, 50; John R. Hill, 70; John Mansbridge, 35.
1927 — Elizabeth Marryat, 81; Thomas Garrett, 38.
1928 — Mrs. G. W. Lagore, 70; Roger D. Dye, 35; Vivian Lily Whitefield, 5 months; Anna Anders, 60; E. W. Coons.
1929 — Laura Way Gilbert, 6; Martin Monson, 63; Ellen Nelson Garrett, 69; Joseph Albert L'Hirondelle, 18; Oscar Toepfer, 53; Clayton James Swanson, 3; Wilfred Graham, Annie McDermand, 67; Helen Schnepf, 59; Theodore W. Barritt, 74; Anna Siddons, 35; Donald Charles Whitefield, 4.
1930 — Baby Peterson, Andrew John Sundberg, 60; Jean Anderson, 10; Marjory Straub, 8; Jemima Curr, 58; Martha Cook, 77.
1931 — Lena Victor, 40; Barrie Richard Wood, 4 months; Ernest Theodore Gassnick, 82; Charles Henry Alfred Engelbrecht, 10 months; Mary Hannah Smith, 69; Anna Augusta Sundberg, 68.
1932 — (F. Mann) Smith, J. P. Zimmerman, George Ross, Emelen Horden Olsen, 77; Albert W. Lee, 70; Minetta Dorothy Cruickshank, 53; John Merrifield, 8; Richard Warren Barritt, 53; Valentine Schnepf, 70.
1933 — Dorothy Elsie Toepfer, 27; Phoebe Mann, 56; Jean Helen Foster, 2; Annie Melvin, 74.

1934 — Henrietta Scholz, 83; Dietrich Frederick Primus, 62; Oliver Olsen, 77; Bertha Gassnick, 41; W. R. Brown, 78.

1935 — R. E. Harbottle, 58; J.Hurly, 73; Samuel Rosevear Wood, 35; Mary Barritt, 78; Paul Carl Toepfer, 45; Daniel Byrd Ripley, 74; Alexander Anderson, 41; Ella Frances Rouse, 71; Justin Merrifield, 66.

1936 — Wm. Loughridge, 81; Ernest Pears, 60; Ewen Alexander MacKinnon, 63; Emily May Bailey, 53.

1937 — Robert Louis Toepfer, 62; Harvey Franklin Early, 56; Silas Colin Andrews, 54; Janet Cunningham Ross, 68; Wm. McCombie Gilbert, 71.

1938 — James Robertson Docherty, 71; Florence Greene, 45; Geo. Washington Lagore, 78; Wm. Lawrence Pettit, 56; Adeline Mary Straub, 62; Annis Ames, 71.

1939 — Thomas W. Bullivant, 56; Paul Frederick Ditto, 20; Alvena Matilda Ripley, 71; Chas. McDermand, 78; Sarah Priscilla Brown, 81; Margaret L. Woolgar, 46; Adell Carroll, 34; Kate Marie Shuell, 81; Agnes Margaret Loughridge, 84; Elisa Felice Marie Masi, 54; Clarendon S. Tallman, 83; Jennie Erica Sundberg, 49.

1940 — Morris Mastin Brown, 79; Blanche Allan, 83; John Chester Mattie, 19; Donald Robert Curr, Charlotte Wilhemina Price, 51; Jasper Newton Ames, Gustave Emil Lissack.

1941 — Herman Anders, 81; Almenda May Swanson, 35; Ludwig Gerlin, 78; Richard Woolgar, 66; Douglas John Donald McCallum, 28.

1942 — Charles Alvin Cockrall, 65; Alberta Lois Papineau, 2 months; Otto Winniford Merrifield, 71.

1943 — Peter Erik Lofstrand, 79; Harriette Leona Barritt, 60; John Barker, 68; William Melvin, 83; Frederick Allyn Mann, 66; Isabelle Russell Larkin, Donald James Johnston, 1; Angelina Priscilla Zimmerman, 73; William Clarendon Tallman, 47; Caleb Manly Yarwood, 82; Adolph Winifred Mattie, 64.

1944 — Robert Clarence Golder, 33; Robert Donald Curr, 78; Augusta Catherine Docherty, 68; Annie Elisa Mitchell, 87; Robert Frank Alexander Sheret, 43; Cal Jackson, Marie Edgar, 57.

1945 — Alexander C. Findlater, 72; Mary Florence McCord, 52; Lydia Maud Glendening, 67; Anne Golder, 66; Darrell Gordon Sutley, Joseph Rudolph Fox, 79; Stewart Cruickshank, 86.

1946 — Amelia Victoria Hamelin, 69; Felix H. Straub, 69; Annie Laura Pears, 65; Joe Johnson, Eva Bateman, 78.

1947 — Ruth Hicks Beecher, 57; Charles Hubbard Pinnell, 76; Herman Anderson, Mike Macey, Robert Fred Sanderson, 92; Alicia Nielsen, James Todd Carroll, 78; Charles Dale Rouse, 64.

1948 — Lawrence Clyde Hill, 63; William Wallace Glasspool, 78; Robert David Lyle, Victor William Lyle, 1; Margaret Lyle, 25; Charles Woolgar, 76; Thos. G. Curr, 46; Richard Bleay, 94; Isaac Smith, 60.

1949 — William McLellan, 53; John Richard Mackie, 65; Elizabeth Mote Johnstone, 77; Isabella MacLeod, 76; Gustav Hamelin, 78; Leslie Stewart Eller, 24; Christopher Henry Eller, Evelyn Mabel Freelove, Victor Albert Lyle, 49; Alfred Kenneth Batchelor, 3; Ulric Graham Marryat, 62.

1950 — Stella (Garrett) Baker, 48; John A. Hindsley, 61; Edward Herbert Anders, 46; Eliza Jane Roper, 90; John Erik Emanuel Ludvigsson, 64; Philip Shuell, 55; John Rottenfusser, 65.

1951 — Bruce Deen, John Clark Wilkinson, 77; Sandra Lynne Walker, 3 months; William Harold Seelye, 45; John Newton Guss, 81; Octavie Cornelie Vandenbroucke, 74; Rayno Edwin Pihlaja, 40; William Ernest Morris Strange, 77; William Graham Patrick, 64; Edward McKenzie Hall Parlby, 85; David Melvin, 68.

1952 — Walter Coventry Hall Parlby, 89; Fred McGonigal, 65; Lilly Palmer, 72; Aksel Skage, 69; Adelia Maria Guss, 80; Anne Morison Hall Parlby, 78; Isabella Sanderson, 85; Katharine Bethune Marryat, 67; Robert Housen, 4; Peter David Clark, 48.

1953 — Robert Dean, 70; Mary Elizabeth Deen, 54; Bricken Lofstrand, 87; Joseph

Hamilton, 75; Adeline Docherty, 82; Nathaniel Richard Sargent, 52; Norah Hurly, 69.

1954 — Grace Isabella Mackie, 65; Earl Francis Sargent, 38; Dennis Albert Hornett, 3; Auguste Joseph Henri Roland, 87; Daniel James Oslanski, Archibald John McDermand, 67; Ann Marie Breton, 53; Joseph Breton, 43; John Erastus Brethour, 73; Alan Douglas Keast, 21; Judy Marlene Macey, 8; Richard Sargent, 81; Jules Henri DeZutter, 68.

1955 — Walter Deen, 33; Kathleen Elsie Mortimer, 54; Walter Barker, 77; Doris Marjorie Raddis, 41; Alice Louise Simmons, Robert Whitfield, 75; Arthur H. Solie, 51; Henry Harold Anders, 48; George W. Bell, 91.

1956 — C. T. Keast, 50; Jean Robson, 64; Alonzal Lovern Zimmerman, 56; George Robson, 70; Winnifred Rodgers, 42; Mary Hurly, 77; Mrs. Findlater, Ralph Gassnick, 43; Garfield Webb, 66.

1957 — Peter Jamieson, 79; Murdo John MacLeod, 91; Agostino Cosentino, 71; Meredith Aldon McColl, 71.

1958 — Willie Wallace, 85; George Marshall Newton, 76; Agnes Maude Cunningham, 64; Jessie Ethel Walker, 69; Charles Tommy Brown, 81; Baby Girl Barritt, Albert Franklin Barritt, 81; George William Hewett, 71.

1959 — Mary Alice Whitfield, 76; Marshal James Williams, 79; Charles Henry Simmons, 71; Sidney Seal Roberts, 71; Viola May Schnepf, 50; Jessie Jamieson, 76; Robert Docherty, 87; Martin Anders, 63.

1960 — Emily Beatrice Clarke, 85; Samuel Pattison Zimmerman, 55; William Clarence Graham, 72; Baruck Arthur Waddy, 68; Margaret Wolferstan, 81; Christopher Wayne Pidherney, 8; Ed Bray, 74; Matilda Josephine Brown, 74; Katherine Wallace, 79; Catherine Lorraine Rottenfusser; John Wilfred Bonham, 87.

1961 — Frederick Zimmerman, 59; Julia Octavie Roberts, 64; Edna May Lundy, 43; Anna Kathryn Mark, 68; Nina Jessie Strange, 80; Jack Tallents, 75; Hannah Mabel Andrews, 79.

1962 — Lynda Ann Gowler, 19; Charlotte Lucy Bonham, 77; Lewis Charles Mortimer, 38; Minnie Floretta Cockrall, 76; Agnes Walker Larkin, 70; Emily Teressa Cleef, 71; George Everett Mark, 70; Frank Duane Walper, 23.

1963 — Mary Kathleen Hewett, 71; Frank Golder, 84; Monto Russell Nielsen, 61; Frank Pinnell, 91; Thomas Milton Knight, 87; William Adam Becker, 82.

1964 — Annie Prokopuk, 59; Michael Solvey, 81; Brenda Jean McDermand; Cuthbert Wolferstan, 82.

1965 — Emma Lavina Walker, 66; Gordon Clarence Mortimer, 32; John Svitana, 64; Mary Irene Parlby, 97; Harold Edgar, 82; Cecilia Toepfer, 88; John Francis Cleef, 76; Barbara Svitana, 72; Annie Lavinnie Magle, 90; Henry Joseph Eller, 84; Leslie Bernard Pears, 60.

1966 — George Leicester Bailey, 84; Maggie Barker, 86; Catherine Kirby, 89; Ellen Woolgar, 86; Amy Sargent, 82; Albert Joseph Rottenfusser, 55; Cecilia Jennie Mansbridge, 69; Karen Marie Elizabeth Barritt, 53; Dorothy Louise Ripley, 62; John Krebel, 64; Wayne Aaron Metz, 22.

1967 — James Rennie Nicol Allan, 74; Ann May Schnepf, 69; Edith Carroll, 98; Anna Magdelena Swanstrom, 87; Harold George Rogers, 18; Thomas Mather Cruickshank, 81; Olive Angell Mattie Brown, 74; Eleonor Burguess Smith, 74.

1968 — Alice Maud Mary Bleay, 105; Ivy Margaretta Knight, 86; Mary Elizabeth Greene, 59; Georgina Timpe, 88; Albert James Sargent, 64; Jessie Howe, 81; Michael Edwin Hornett.

1969 — Cecilia Norquay, 74; Margaret Newton, 79; Mabel Estelle Barritt, 87; Ira Seth Walker, 86; Annie Amelia Roland, 101; Elsie Margaret Rottenfusser, 80; Christian Sorensen, 73; Joseph Alexander Cowan, 66; Lillian Ada Rogers, 74; Robert Henry Sargent, 28; Henry Franklin Sargent, 64.

1970 — Ralph Greene, 90; Samuel Masi, 81; James Curr, 54.

1971 — George Clarence Mortimer, 76; Belle Amelia Patrick, 73; Robert Eldon McGonigal, 17; Donald Roy Pae, 55; George Austin Wheeler, 91; Bryel Dee Ripley, 79; Brent Wayne Wilton, 1; Adam McGregor, 70; Charlene Jean McGonigal; Archie Loughridge, 87; Hulda Josephine Rhodes, 87.

1972 — Lulu Mae Bell, 87; Kelly Paul Brown, Joseph Churchill Welsh, 69, Curtis Alan Lymbery, 13; Raymond Baker, 69.

1973 — Marjorie Sutley, 51; St. Elmo Sanderson, 85; Ida Pinnell, 85; Charles Edward Powell, 85; Andrew Nicol Allan, 84; Florence Rachel Rouse, 83; Doris Mae Achtzener, Mary Barrie Doble, 48.

1974 — Maria Scheiber, 93; Carl Franklin Carroll, 64; Lovell Guss, 67; Samuel Meister, 17; Viola Mae Cowan, 79; Robert Nicol, 71; Isabella Francis Hamilton, 89; John Gilbert Rogers, 87; Minnie Pearl Wheeler, 84; Maggie Russell Melvin, 89.

1975 — Lena Maria Graham, 80; Charlie Edward Sargent, 67; Gustav Gotlieb Bachor, 82; Ralph Henry Green, 58; John Christian Hennel, 66; Florence Vera Richards, 81; Erwin Sipe, 84; Myrtle Adaline McDermand, 85; Harry Helgeson, 60; William Paul Rodgers, 77; Robert Whitfield, 71; Howard Manford Wells, 71; Eleonora Bartoli, 73; Troy Victor Wychuk, 9 months.

1976 — John Edward Gowler, 66; Helen Nicol Gowler, 57; Thomas Cunningham, 84; Shawn Bradley (Davenport) Ross, 8; Phyllis Vera DeZutter, 55; Humphrey Marryat Parlby, 76; John Walter Ludvigsson, 65; Jesse Delbert Giltner, 59.

1977 — Dorothy Hannah McCuaig, 56; Muriel Hennel, 65; Viola Amanda Bray, 86; Marjorie Eloise Bly, 72; Thomas Hamilton, 67; Jean Florence Prevost, 63; Margaret May Sanderson, 83; Morris V. Schnepf, 81; William John Handley Warren, 41; Jessie Lilian Hornett, 82.

1978 — John Conway Burton, 84; Olive Elizabeth Allan, 83; William Edward Jennings, 84; Cory Gordon Victor, 16 months; Jessie Ann Curr, 64.

1979 — Laura Kristina Skage, 87; Christine Liebrecht, 42; Betty Ziegler, 50; Corey David Catellier, 7; A. Clark Walker, 95; Lyman B. Sutley, 68; Vivian Thelma Jennings, 72; Alma Wilhelmina Antonia Primus, 100.

1980 — Alice Alma Anders, 68; Diane Heather Rottenfusser, 2; Karen Lynn Rottenfusser, 5; Dora May Housen, 91.

1981 — Albert Edward Hornett, 86; Laurine Marion Morris, 68; Frank Graham, 85; Aaron Edgar Metz, 73.

"No Flowers By Request"

Sweet flowers, you shall not lie upon my grave
A lovely living sacrifice for me,
While people with hushed voices stand and rave
Of virtues which in life they could not see.

You gave me pleasure, they but made me sigh.
You stood outside their thoughts of worldly gain.
Why should you lie in moldering heaps to die
Through blistering summer heat, or bitter rain?

The ones that loved me need no flowers to tell
How much they'll miss me in the years ahead.
The others, such belated kindness, Well!
What can it matter after I am dead?

Jean Sheret, Calgary, 1937
Shortly before returning to Alix

Other Fallen Leaves — by Alice Nielsen

Most of the Pioneers have left us now, and many of their children have also laid down the burden of the years. Another generation rises to assume their responsibilities, and it is a vibrant hope that this next generation will put good and modern ideas to work, without destroying the heritage from their forbears.

Many of our friends whose names appeared in "Pioneers and Progress" have passed on since that book was published in 1974. Their names may be in the records of the Alix and Fairview (Stone) Cemeteries,and listed in the preceding pages, or rest as "Fallen Leaves" in other places. With the increased use of crematoriums, the records of local cemeteries cannot be searched for particulars of their passing.

Names of other "Fallen Leaves" that come to mind appear hereunder:

1972 — William Rice, Dave Lofstrand, 79.

1973 — Sarah Elizabeth Moorhouse, 97.

1974 — Francis O. H. Eaton, 80; Pearl Margaret Eaton, 72; Margaret Zarr, 80; Violet Pihlaja, 73; Charles Earl Mills, 93; John Burton Bradley, 66; Myrtle Maggie McMillan, 83.

1975 — John Waterman, Walter Oren (Pike) Thomas, 68; Sara Jane Wade, 90; Rose (Walt) Allison, 72; John Alexander (Jack) Ross, 67; William James Gauld, 86.

1976 — Gus Weins, 70; Paul Weins, 61; Dorothy Brown, 74; Edna Sorum, 70; Clarence Leroy Hoppus, 77; Edith Sims.

1977 — Andrew Howitt, 82; Mathew Thomas Currie, 56; Leo Leroy (Pat) Ness, 67; Irving Peterson Sr., 91; Carl Kurp, 81; Alberta (Kraft) Green, 77; Janet (Waterman) Ehnes, 89; Billie Mills Gessleman, 63; Ellis Stone, 66; Carl Schnepf, 69.

1978 — Fred Crook, 86; Eino Pihlaja, 83; Walter Kozdrowicki, 78; Irinda Melissa Howe, 70; Cecil Henry (Petry) Petrides, 79; Elvin Lee Richardson, 68; Elmer Glen Stump, 77; Emmanuel William Strohschein, 75; Mary Kathleen Warren, 75; William J. Warren; Ruth Elizabeth Wickenberg, 81; Gustav Shauer, 80; Andrew Charles Van Nest, 99; Ewen McDonald, 65; Eugene Debs Deen, 74.

1979 — Arthur Sidney Raybauld, 77; Teresa Lucia Angela Cosentino, 93; Donald Rix, 59; Walter Leroy Bachelder, 67; Jake Hoeppner, Marius Kaas, 84; Grace Edna Curr, 81; Sam Hornseth, 86; Len Johnson, 65; Sadie Mae Whitesell, 86.

1980 — Margaret Allcorn McDonald, 91; David Paul Hayes, 77; Mountene (Shuell) Lanway, 87; Harry Buckley, 93; Floyd Elmer Cockrall, 70; Marion Hudkins, Robert Rice, 75; Mathilda Love, 71; Alex Findlater, 85; Olive Kittson Stone, 65; Barbara Ellen Gray, 66; Jessie Deen, 69; Colin McKenzie Ross, 57; Lottie Hoppus, 92.

1981 — Cecil Christian Grabill, 69; Rex Ness, 54; Gordon Weatherill; Wilfrid Charles Weatherill, 61; Edna Sim, Roderick John McLeod, 74; Julius Karl Pomrenk, 73; George Stevens, 67; Aza Leo Senecal; Maurice Earl Brown, 81.

Fallen Leaves — At Rest in Fairview (Stone) Cemetery — by Alice Nielsen

Many of our Pioneers have been laid to rest in the Fairview Cemetery in the Stone District. It is better known locally as the "Stone Cemetery", although at the beginning it was known as the Coalbank graveyard. That was before the cemetery was officially registered at Edmonton.

Charles E. Stone had donated the land, and the citizens of the surrounding countryside met March 12th, 1904 in the Hopedale School, near the present hamlet of Haynes, to organize a committee to lay out the graveyard. They elected A. L. Thomas as Chairman, and Charles E. Stone as Secretary-Treasurer, of the committee. J. B. Cundiff, J. A. Carter, S. Cundiff and Orlando Carter are other names appearing in the Minutes of this meeting.

This group adopted J. A. Carter's plan for laying out the graveyard. It also accepted J. A. Carter's bid of $30.00 for laying out the ground according to plan, with ground and road located and plots staked; fencing the ground with three wires, using good willow posts eight feet apart and well braced; and putting in wire gates.

Anyone paying $2.00 was to be entitled to a lot, and Mr. Patterson would collect these fees and report to the Secretary once a month. A row of lots on the east side was to be left for paupers.

In the records of early burials in that cemetery the former residences of many of the deceased persons are given as "Bullocksville", or "Fountain Town". Bullocksville was a Post Office and store, which gave its name to the surrounding district. It was situated near where the Larkin Brothers now have their line of granaries. Fountain Town, or Fountainstown, was the Post Office and store in the home of Jim and Hester Rice, four miles south of Haynes. (See "Pioneers and Progress" Pages 719 and 790.)

The following names are of those appearing in the records of the Fairview Cemetery, or on the tombstones, showing the year of death, and the age of the person, if known.

Fairview Cemetery.

Undated — Bedwell, S. Dweak, Teddie Thon, Baby Herman, Deaver.
1902 — Isaac Rufus Belt, 57.
1903 — Albert A. Bean, 53.
1904 — Isaac Pearl Keeton, 21 months; Jessie M. Stone, 2; Bessie M. Stone, 2.
1905 — Sylvester Haney, 54; Cecil C. Jaeck, 9 months.
1906 — Moses Cole Belt, 63; James E. R. Brazier, 35.
1907 — John Phillips, 68; Gordon Arnold Jaeck, 18 months; Mrs. Len Jaeck.
1908 — George Wm. Rice, 37; Merrit Fox, 38.
1910 — Janet Ortha Russell.
1911 — Charles Orchison, 85; Albert Brazier, 32; Achsa M. A. Deen, 3.
1912 — David H. Larkin, 74; Daniel Hoppus, 87; Harold N. Bronson, 7.
1913 — Pearl Lilly Shular, 40.
1914 — Jas. Brazier, 27.
1915 — M. C. Belt, Fred Thomas, 38; Elsie Baker, 4 months.
1916 — Charles Herman, Emery Baker, 71; Baby Keller.
1917 — Annie Hunter, Edna May Haney, 16 days; Christine Cundiff, 46; Christina Orchison Russell, 31.
1918 — Charles H. Ralston, 18; George Rogers Larkin, 28; John P. Dweak, 53.
1919 — Neeltje Cundiff, 22; Perry Howard Cundiff, 19; Alberta Russell, 40; Austin James Keller.
1920 — Leslie Lorne Carter, 33; Annie Helena Bronson, 39; Evan Earl Carter, 34; Lafayette Deen, 38.
1921 — George R. Ralston, 35; Sarah Alice Randall, 52.
1922 — Isabella Baker, 69; Pearl Christine Thomas, 16; Emma Bowker, Emily Vosburgh Bean, 67; Francis Mary Hoppus, 88; Mannie Keller, 51.
1923 — Freda Elmeda Lawton, 9; Ruby Ellen Sage, 4 weeks; Martha C. Daniels, 73; Lois Isabel Daly, 6 weeks; Arthur Baker, 22.
1924 — Jemima Ralston, 55; Ralph Wallis Hoppus, 13; Minnie Hales Bronson, 46.
1925 — Joy Virginia Cundiff.
1926 — Roy Francis Bronson, 19; Elizabeth Brazier, 15.
1927 — Mafler Meslink, David J. Keeton.
1928 — James Andrew Jakvin, 52; James Clark Bronson, 63; Sarah Broughton Stewart, 73; Stephen Nichols, 73; Archie E. Burdick, 32; Charles Earl Keeton, 30; Charlotte B. Kirkham, Lucetta M. Haney, 79.
1929 — Truman Laurence Larkin, 49; Isabella Larkin, 88; Donald L. Cundiff.
1930 — John Lakeman, 71; Gardin Francis Johnstone; Fay Baker, 29.
1931 — Helen Marion Svederus, 25; Kenneth John Svederus, Edwin Kraft.
1932 — Hulda Bucknell, 68; Nancy Alvira Thomas, 82; Giner Wing Wong, 7 months.

1933 — John Russell Larkin, 57; Lottie Baker, 52; Mary Ann Hockin, Carry Josephine Deeds Keeton, 64.
1934 — Adna L. Thomas, 86; Mary J. Lakeman, 66; Casper Maller.
1935 — Fred Bondarchuk, 44; James Clark Stone.
1936 — George Ralston, 69.
1937 — Susanna Bronson, George Nielsen, 77; Victor Willis Hoppus, 73; Gale Waitte.
1938 — Mary Anne Albert Russell, 32; Abram Martin Keeton, 81.
1939 — Welton Amasa Bronson, Donna Mae Shauer, Agnes Boyd Nichols, 79.
1940 — Jessie Russell, 83; Jacob Bredo.
1941 — Harry Baker, 31; Norman Donald MacKinnon, 60; Peter Russell, 80.
1943 — John Bryant Cundiff, 93; Frederick Clare Thomas, 33; Richard Frank Bucknell, Richard Stewart, 84; John Davidson, Mary Campbell Davidson.
1944 — Charles Edward Stone, 84.
1945 — Donald Henry Maller.
1946 — William David Shular, 77.
1947 — Glen A. Hoppus, 35; Robert Russell, 64.
1948 — John Henry Nichols, 59.
1950 — Hazel May Cundiff, 46; Glen Alder Ralston.
1951 — Ida Maria Hoppus, 88; Chester R. Deen, 58; David Earl McDermand, 7.
1954 — Septimus (Pete) Hunter, Charles Baker, 78; Andrew Rutherford Larkin, 71.
1955 — John Russell, 74; John Arkle (Jack) Nixon, 80.
1957 — Mary Belle Stone, 78; Alexander Russell Larkin, 75; Austin James Keller.
1958 — Lennora Jean Shauer, Cecil Amanda Aldrich, 78.
1959 — Ernie P. Cameron.
1960 — Charles O. Russell, 79; James Gilchrist Ralston, 62
1961 — David Hardie Larkin, 75.
1962 — Olive Deen, 91; Nellie Muriel Larkin, 68; Mary Christine Thomas, 75.
1963 — Martha Electa Russell, 77; Cora Ellen Nielsen, 90.
1966 — Peter A. Aldrich, 79.
1970 — Hannah Georgia Hoppus, 78; Twyla Lawayne Sim, 7; Clarence Casper Maller, 71.
1972 — Hugh E. Housen, 80.
1976 — Lydia Louise Carter, 84; Savilla Matilda MacGregor, 83; Nivan Norman Shauer, 39.
1977 — Ethel Irene Hoppus, 59; Anna M. Maller, 80.
1979 — Peter Russell, 92.
1981 — Bryant Dayton (Jack) Nielsen, 81.

The Top of the Hill — by Jean Bigelow, 1952
In Memory of my parents, Edward and Anne Parlby

They have taken the "One Way Road",
And lie at the top of the hill,
Where the leaves and the snow
Will drift each year
On their forms forever still.

But we who are left will remember,
Through the long and lonely years,
That they lie at peace on the hilltop
After a journey of laughter and tears.

For their feet had trodden the hard road,
Of days when the land was new,
When life was raw in the making,
And comforts far and few.

And though they are gone from our knowing
They seem to be with us still,

In memories left behind them,
Though they lie at the top of the hill.

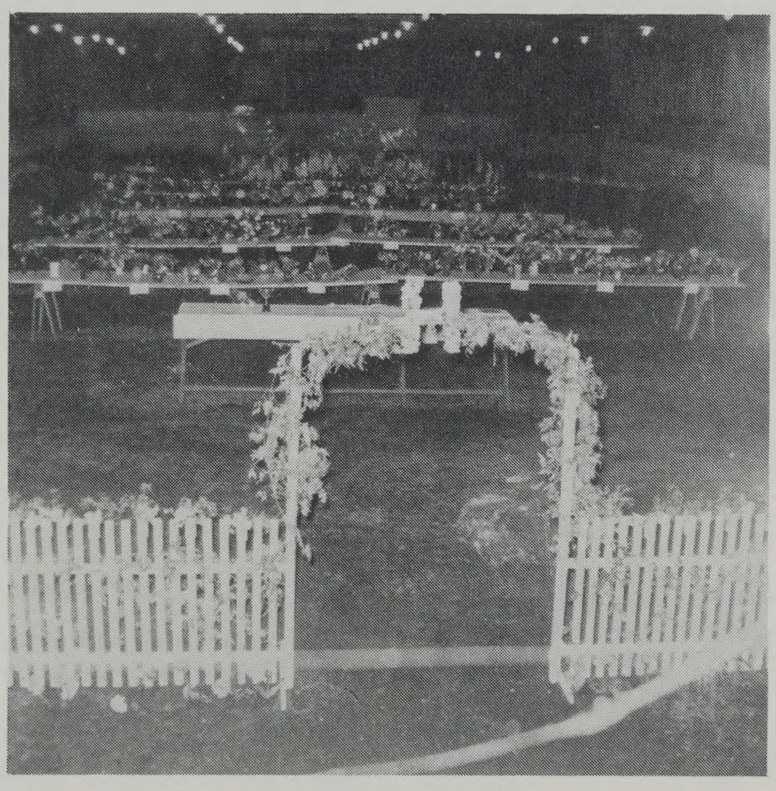
Fallen Leaves From Clive

The following are the names of people of the Clive District who have passed away since Pioneers and Progress was published in 1974:

Eb Wagner
Emma Gschwendtner
Annie Hawkins
Ben Hawkins
Bertha Knutson
Lula Heald
Ida Hudkins
Anina Wagner
Dale Bell
Terry Bell
James Orange
Walter Duncan
Clarence Brace
Ryan Monson
Alberta Nirigaard
Ruth Tyler
Peter Anderson
Miles Elliott
Ken Stanyer
Irene Stanyer
Harold Illsley
Ivy McPherson
Mickey McCormack
Harold Danser
Mac Wilson
Wm. Short
Elsie Gallagher
Richard Magee
Roderick McLeod
Gerty McLeod
Harry Heald

"That they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Revelations 14:13.

To Eileen Danser our thanks for submitting this list.



The Gate Beyond. (to Flower Show in Alix Arena)

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DUE RUTH MAR 2 0 1983

JUN 1 6 RETURN

MAR - 6 RETURN

DUE RUTH APR 3 0 '88

MAR - 8 RETURN

DUE RUTH APR 30 1983

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DUE RUTH APR 21 '93

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DUE RUTH JAN 03 '95

DUE Ruth MAY 17 '95

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